September 26, 1936

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Collier's

THE N EEKLY

The Doubtless Democrats
By Walter Davenport

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EPT. 21 1931

"Four dogs ... four pops ... and ten of Ethyl for a hungry car"

Modern automobiles, with their high compression engines, STARVE on "low compression" gasoline. Their hunger cry is the KNOCK that cuts down power, wastes gas and oil. Read why.

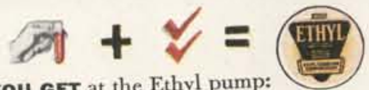
LOOK OUT for a "pinging" sound when you push down the accelerator to pass another car with safety or to make a hill in high! It means that your motor is knocking and failing to give *all* its power at the times you need it most—that you are wasting gas and oil.

DON'T BLAME your car for knock. Blame the fuel! Knock occurs when gasoline breaks down (burns too quickly) under the heat of the modern high compression engine. It's your engine's way of saying: "I'm starving on low compression fuel. Give me more anti-knock!"

* * *

THAT'S WHY most oil companies now are improving their gasolines by using anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

These companies recommend as their best year-round fuel—and the richest in anti-knock quality—the special gasoline sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the globe or base.



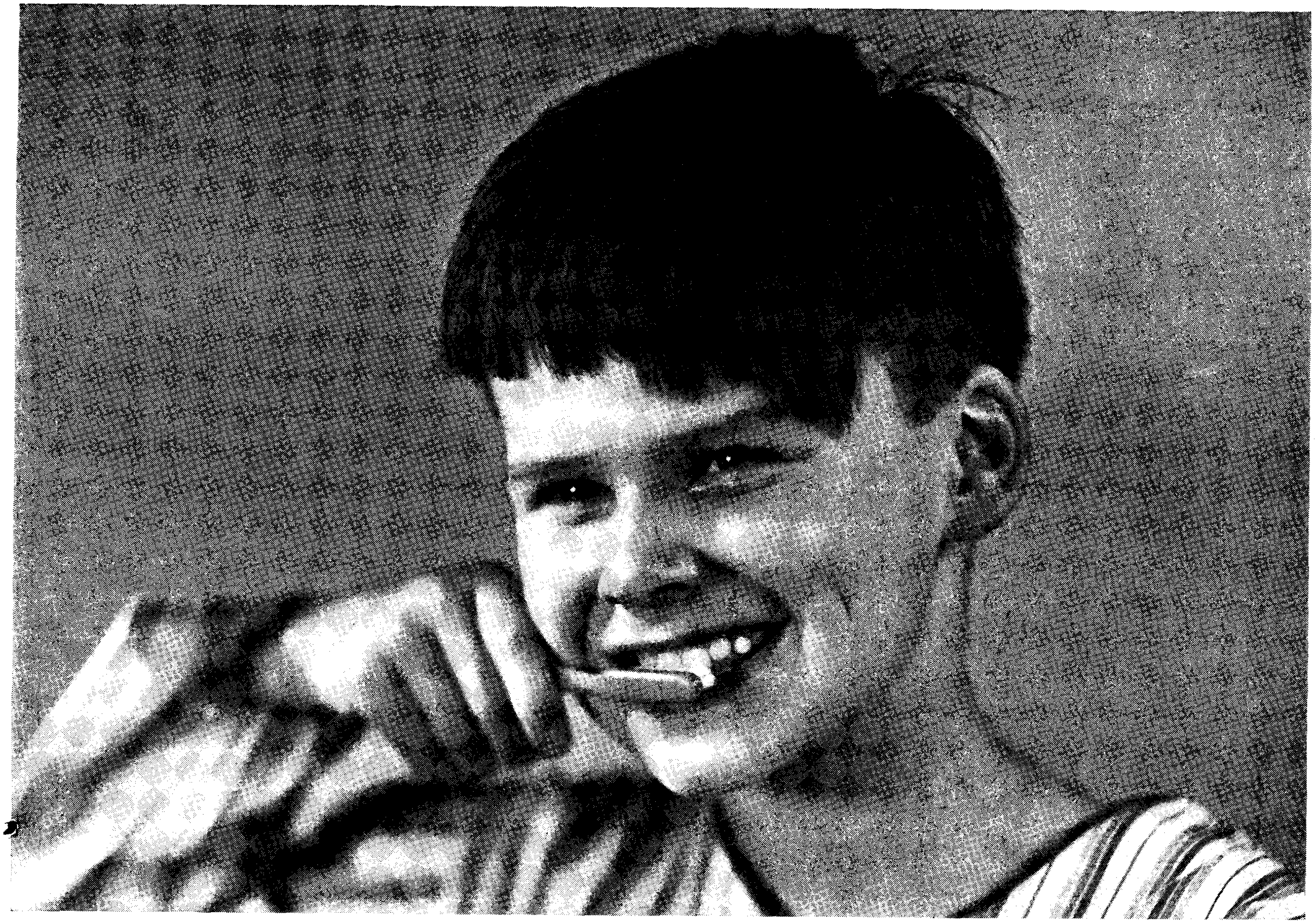
YOU GET at the Ethyl pump:
Enough anti-knock fluid to stand up under the highest engine compression and bring out all the power of your car.
All-round quality that is double-checked—*by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.*

* * *

GET RID of that expensive knock! Stop that waste of gas and oil! Give your car the fuel it needs—the gasoline *richest* in anti-knock value—and the highest in quality by every count. Next time get Ethyl!

FOR 100% ENGINE PERFORMANCE NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION



A Fellow who wants his Pilot's Wings can't take chances with his Teeth and Gums!

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

No wonder the dental *health habit* of Ipana and massage is so deeply rooted in so many American families! Modern dentists endorse and encourage its practice. In thousands of schools modern teachers stress its importance, even to the youngsters in the primary grades, in daily classroom drills. And common-sense parents—intelligent and practical fathers and mothers—make it their duty to see that this sensible precept of dentist and teacher is carefully observed.

For there is a real need for Ipana plus massage. There is a simple, logical reason for its use. Our modern soft-food diet does not give teeth and gums the exercise and stimulation they need for health and firmness. Hard, coarse, fibrous foods would help, but where do you find them on modern menus? Naturally, gums grow lazy, tender, sensitive under this soft-food regime. And eventually that dental signal, that warning of trouble, makes its appearance—"*pink tooth brush.*"

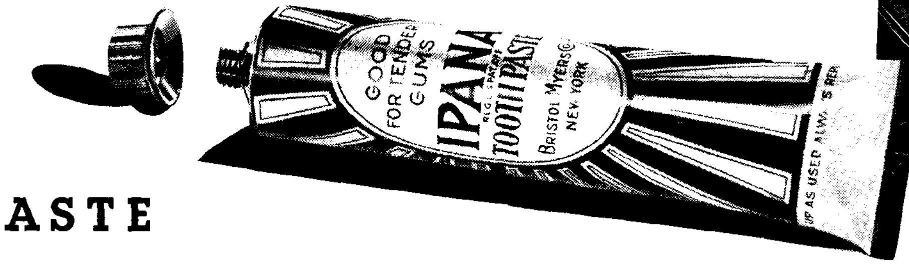
When *you* see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist! You may be in for serious trouble and it's wisest to play safe. But if his verdict is simply gums that need more work and exercise—gums that need the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage—schedule yourself immediately for this modern *dental health* routine.

For Ipana is especially made to benefit your gums as well as your teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! It's stimulating. It strengthens the tissue! It gives you greater immunity from the really serious gum disorders.

• With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

TEDDY DILLON had several million dollars, quite a number of millions—enough to buy anything he wanted. Phyllis Connor was one of the things he wanted.

The adventurer Shane had no special place in Teddy's plans. He had saved Teddy's life in a barroom brawl, and Teddy had taken him aboard his yacht for amusement. But something went wrong with that: Teddy couldn't get any amusement out of him. And then there was Phyllis and "A Flame at Night." In a dramatic short story Thomas Walsh shows you a millionaire caught where his millions could do him little or no good.

AT 11:30 one night last April a fully caparisoned general called on ex-President Calles of Mexico. Such calls are a commonplace of Mexican political etiquette. They mean one of two things—the firing squad or banishment. In the case of Señor Calles it was banishment, but it meant something more. It meant that the new radical government of President Cardenas was embarrassed and needed a scapegoat. Since that night the embarrassment has increased until now there is the possibility of civil war. In "Next Door to Communism" Owen P. White graphically explains.

ELLY MARWOOD had been on the lot, making a picture. Suddenly she walked away and disappeared. Word flashed from coast to coast. Agents, producers, newspapermen were frantic. Nobody knew where she was. With one exception. And he didn't know why. In "Early Autumn" Alec Rackowe tells the delightful story of a girl who was ambitious.

HOW would you like to be captain of a round-the-world freighter? You would have to know quite a lot about everything from astronomy to fine silk. You would have to be ready for any emergency. If this sounds too hard, just take a trip on one with Jim Marshall and see the romantic business of "The Long Haul" at first hand.

"YOU must be playing hooky from heaven," Ray Hodge said when he met Lois Faraday. And right there begins the romance of a lovely girl whose life was shadowed in mystery. Quentin Reynolds writes "Mrs. Faraday's Ring."

THE Short Short Story is by Hilda Mary Hull. Kyle Crichton, William MacHarg, Janet Lane, E. Phillips Oppenheim, George Creel, Kathleen Norris, Freling Foster and others make contributions. With you in mind.

This Week

●

September 26, 1936

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●

Any Week

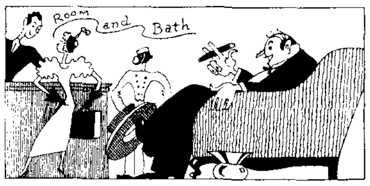
WE HAD scarcely arrived in Duluth, Minnesota, when Doctor Benjamin Franklin Boyser took charge of us. He said that everything we heard or were likely to hear about the forest fires and the drought was likely to be true. "But," said he, "don't get excited about the fuss some of our newspapers are making about the informal executions of John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, Baby Face Nelson, Eddie Green and Ma Barker. The G-Men did all those rugged individualists in and now somebody is asking us to consider it Murder in Cold Blood. We are peace-loving and law-observing citizens up here, but if knocking off John and the rest of them was murder we're for more of the same."

IN ST. PAUL we were halted by the sign, The Covered Wagon—Air-Conditioned. We went in. We looked around pretty carefully but saw nothing of Governor Landon. But a Mr. Plattner, one of the barkeeps, told us that Mr. Hamilton, Governor Landon's drum major, had been in and had promised to send a recording of Oh, Susanna for the gramophone. It had not arrived. Mr. Plattner was of the opinion that Mr. Hamilton had found another café more alluring—Ye Olde Horse and Buggye which, while not air-conditioned, boasted of an atmosphere that "will make you homesick."

IN SOUTH DAKOTA we met a gentleman who becomes violent every time he sees men with axes on their shoulders. He assumes that they are on their way to fell trees. He says that it is murder and he will vote for anybody—even the Honorable Bill Lemke—whose platform will oppose tree cutting. This gentleman goes so far that he will not cut the grass around his pretentious home. Says it is cruel.

WE SPENT two or three hours with Mr. Lemke too and were impressed. At first Mr. Lemke was pretty calm and we reminded him that he was supposed to be radical. "Keep your shirt on," said Mr. Lemke. "I haven't even tuned up yet." So we were patient and were nicely rewarded. At the conclusion of the interview Mr. Lemke was pushing us around the front yard of his home and we were pushing back. It was one of the most interesting statesman-journalist meetings we have ever attended.

WE GOT to talking too to a group of ladies and gentlemen who had driven to Cleveland, Ohio, to the convention of Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice. They had agreed to wear their best clothes and carry their working clothes—overalls and aprons—in their baggage and put them on when they arrived in Cleveland. But an argument arose whether they should stop at a tourist camp while in Cleveland. The ladies contended that they would live in a good hotel or go home. The men said that wearing overalls and the like in hotels wouldn't look right. But the ladies were adamant. So they got up early each morning and changed into their ginghams at some tourist camp.



BUT the subject changed to hotels when we met Mr. Thorne Litely in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mr. Litely is very fond of hotels, spending an average of five hours a day in hotel lobbies—talking and speculating about each arriving guest. "Everybody these days," Mr. Litely told us, "asks the clerk for a room and a bath. By gosh, they wouldn't have asked old Sam Morgan of Atlantic, Iowa, for it. Sam run the hotel. He used to say, 'We ain't got no rooms and baths in this hotel, mister. And if you're as dirty as that we don't want you anyway.' "

MR. LOUIS GENTLE of Omaha, Nebraska, told us that he was "researching" for the Honorable Bill Lemke. He said: "Lots of folks would vote for Lemke if they thought he was for what they are for. So I am going around asking such folks what they are for and will tell Mr. Lemke so he can be for them. Mr. Lemke is for all the people who tell him what they are for."

HOWEVER, in Kansas City, Missouri, a gentleman named Heybury told us that his cousin, a butcher, accidentally locked himself in a fine new refrigerator. "Tim like to froze to death," said Mr. Heybury. But Tim was rescued. When thawed out he wrote to the manufacturers. His letter read in part: "What the hell do you know about making refrigerators for butchers? I bet you ain't got a butcher in your whole plant. So how the hell can you know how to make refrigerators for butchers?"

ANOTHER tip for Mr. Lemke.

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"'Hold the line,' the operator said. And next thing you knew, there he was. Sounded just like he was right here. It wasn't like that when I was a young fellow."

• • •

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Time has proved the value of the Bell System plan of operation—"One policy, one system and universal service."

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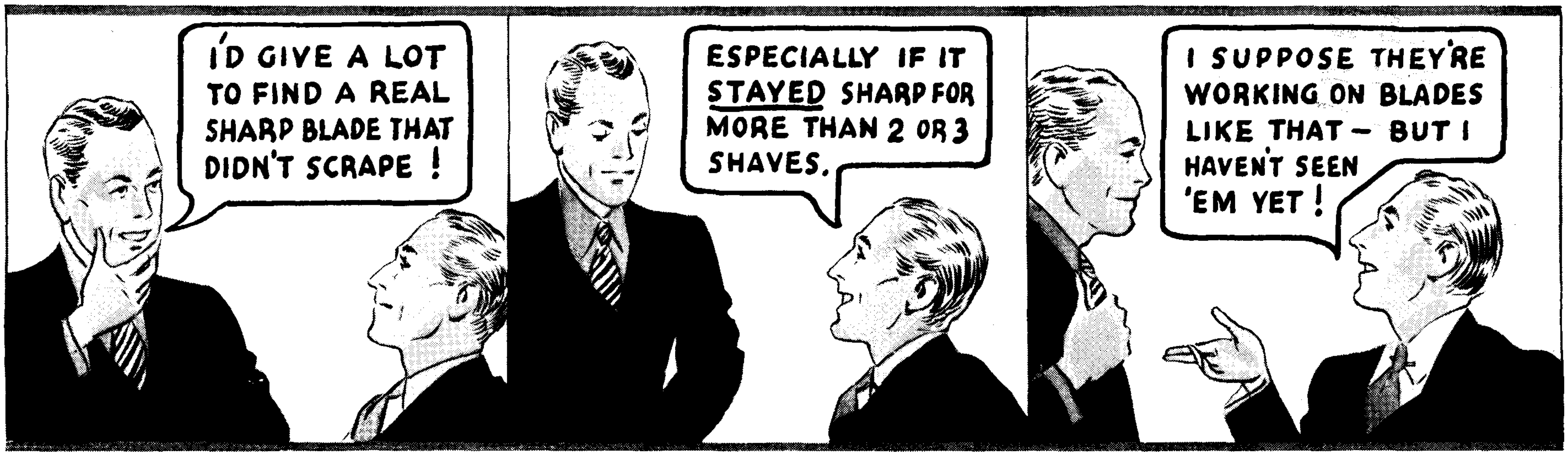
I'D GIVE A LOT TO FIND A REAL SHARP BLADE THAT DIDN'T SCRAPE!
ESPECIALLY IF IT STAYED SHARP FOR MORE THAN 2 OR 3 SHAVES.
I SUPPOSE THEY'RE WORKING ON BLADES LIKE THAT — BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM YET!

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The result is an edge never before commercially possible. You get refreshing shaves . . . *complete* shaves — clean to skin-level, assuring neat appearance from shave-time to bed-time.

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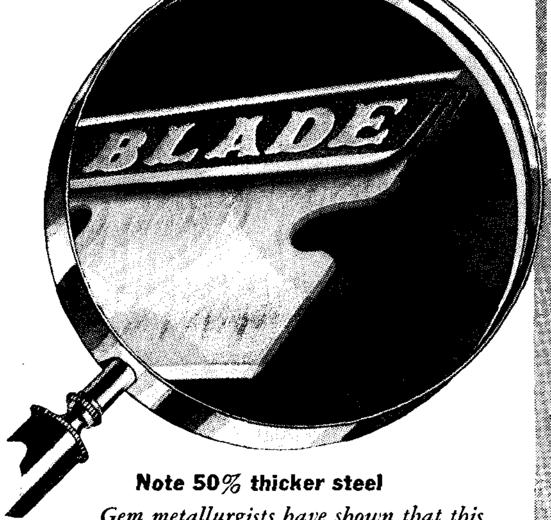

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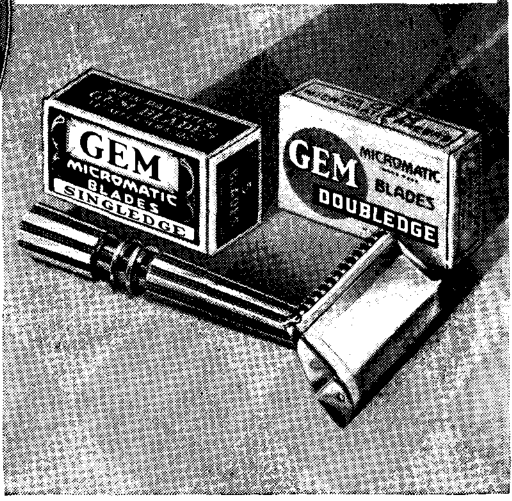
Twist — it opens! Twist — it closes!
All One Piece (nothing to take apart)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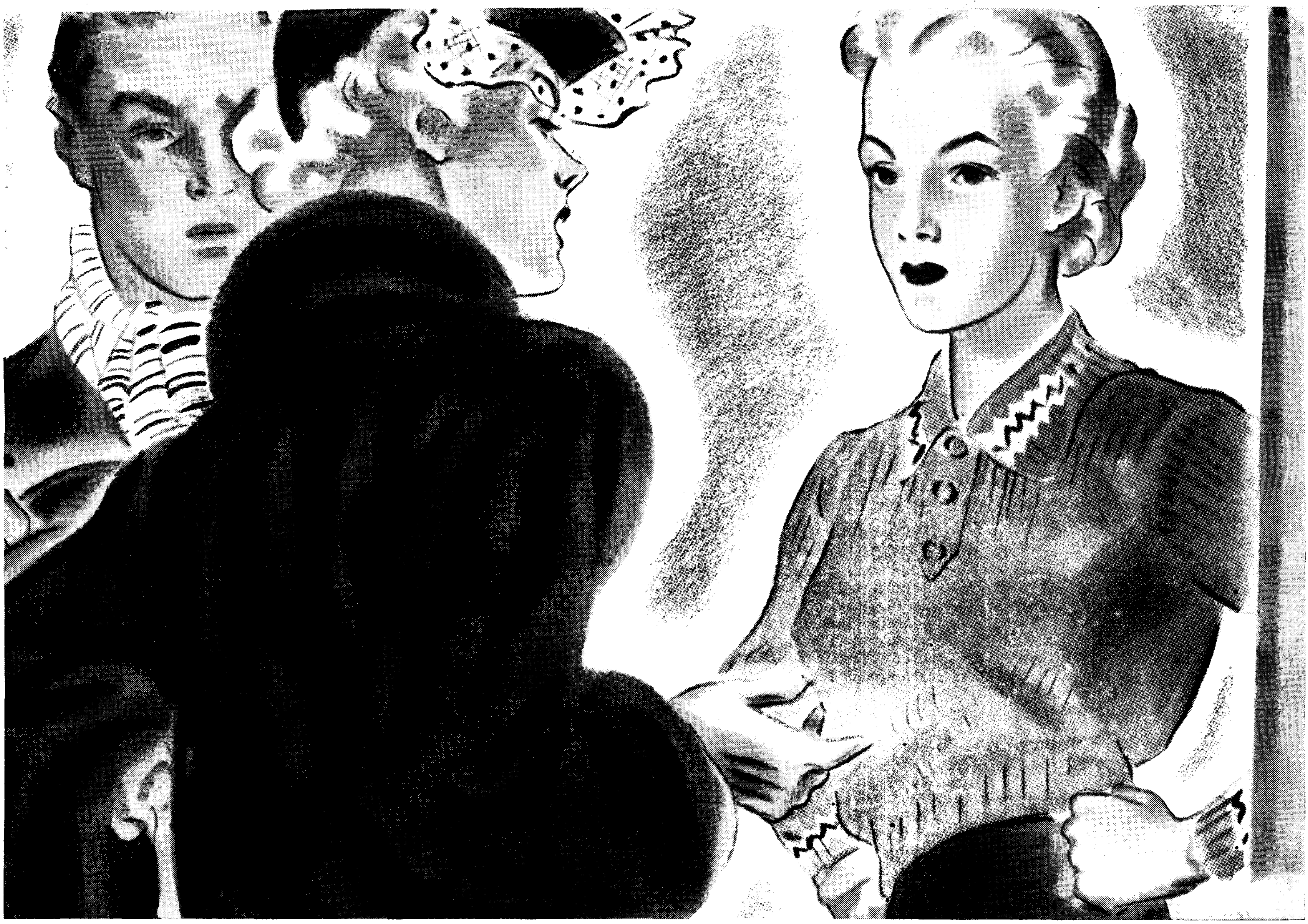


"But, Jerry," Madeline said when the introductions were over, "I supposed that Jinny was just a—child!"

Out of the Woods

By Leona Dalrymple

A love story which, beginning quietly in the woods of northern Maine, moves to an exciting finale amid the bright lights of Manhattan

A WOODSMAN in northern Maine, Joe Townsend was thinking, was no kind of a parent for a pretty girl.

Long, lean, brown as an old saddle, he sat in the Canadian Fur Company's booth in the Sportsmen's Show, displaying a giant wolfskin to an idle crowd on the other side of a rustic fence, but only a part of Joe's mind was occupied with the show and the company's furs.

Jinny, Joe could see, was still watching for Jerry Welden. She had been in and out of the old log trading post at the back of the booth a dozen times, as light and quick in her movements as a restless deer.

In summers in the Welden lodge in Maine there had always been Jerry. Jerry, copper-brown in bright canoes with his father, in swimming trunks and trout pools and in and out of Joe's cabin. Jerry fourteen in his prep-school sweaters when Jinny was six, her small moccasined feet racing happily in his shadow.

If a youngster could fall in love, Joe Townsend believed, then Jinny had been in love with Jerry Welden most of her life.

She was nineteen, Joe's daughter. Clear, bright health burned in her brown eyes and scarlet cheeks.

Sometimes, bringing furs down from James Bay and Labrador in the years of Jinny's childhood, Joe had had to leave her alone with an old Penobscot squaw. Sometimes now, when his dog team carried the mail over six feet of snow and blizzards delayed him, she was alone all night in the cabin. Once two winters ago, when an angry doctor had tied him in bed, she had carried the mail, muffled and hooded in heavy fur.

That year Jerry's father had died and Jerry had leased the big log lodge on Moon Lake to a family of strangers.

The summer without Jerry had made a difference in Jinny. She had grown up suddenly. Often after winter howled down the mountain Joe had found the cabin dark at twilight except for the fires and Jinny at a window watching the last of the sunset through a windy tangle of branches. In the afterglow on the other side of the lake, cold dark scarlet hung behind a closed lodge and a thousand empty acres of Welden woods.

Snow and trees. And on Joe's side of the lake, more snow and more trees and the old black logs of his solitary cabin. Winds shrieked endlessly out of the north, broomed over the frozen lake and rattled his windows. The cabin troubled him. Weathertight as it was with its warm fires and his old bearskins on the heavy floors, it was no home for a girl.

He had said once, "Jinny, do you want to go back winters and stay in town with your aunt Het like you did when you went to high school?" And Jinny had said hastily, "Oh, no, Joe, please. I want to stay with you."

Somehow, no matter what you did about it, a girl got to be a girl. You taught 'em to fish and swim and handle a boat—

"Joe," Jinny whispered beside him, "are you sure you mailed your letter in Maine in time to reach Jerry? It's eight o'clock."

Jerry again. Joe sighed. It was even unimportant to Jinny that this was the first of the old Sportsmen's Shows in New York in thirty years.

"Yep," Joe said, "I mailed the letter in time. But that ain't sayin' he'll bust in here huntin' us up the first day of the show. Coupla years now, Jinny, since we seen Jerry and New York can crowd a fella's mind."

But Joe didn't believe it. Joe had guided the Weldens for thirty years. They had been something more than occasional neighbors. They had been his friends, wind-burned, woods-loving fishermen and hunters with the right kind of a woods code. Joe liked the code. It was sporting and clean.

Outside in a taxi Jerry Welden was approaching the Grand Central Palace with a bright-haired girl, slim in costly fur and a smart, tilted hat.

"I was afraid, Madeline," Jerry said, "you wouldn't come along."

Madeline Sherrill smiled. "I almost didn't. Was it important?"

"Well," Jerry said, "I can't remember a time when Joe wasn't a part of my life in summer. I can't imagine telling him I'm engaged without sooner or later showing up with the girl."

"But, Jerry," Madeline said, astonished, "that's foolish. After all—"

The taxi stopped.

Joe presently caught a glimpse of them in the crowd in front of the booth and waved an arm in a shirt sleeve of flannel. The flannel was richly plaided in orange and red and blue.

"Well, Jinny," Joe said, "there he is! There's Jerry."

His dark good looks, Joe thought, were like his father's and grandfather's, friendly looks with the striking Welden blue in his eyes.

Nothing, it turned out, had altered in Jerry's smile or the warm grip of his hand. Jinny said in a soft, slow voice, "Hello, Jerry," and Madeline's cool blue eyes weighed the changing color in Jinny's cheeks, measured the soft bright wool of her knitted blouse, glanced at the fur booth.

Strung with furs, bright with woolen blankets, plaid piles of mackinaws and flannel shirts, the booth reflected the primitive days of earlier traders.

IN JOE'S trapping days, the Canadian Fur Company had bought his furs. He was in charge of the booth.

"But, Jerry," Madeline said when the introductions were over and Jerry's amazing "friends" knew about his engagement, "I supposed that Jinny was just a—child!"

"Doggone it," Jerry grumbled, "she was. She is! All of these grown-up trimmings are show stuff. Jinny's a beautiful trout-crazy little kid with two long brown braids down her back who wades around in pools and shows you how to cast."

Joe pushed back his brown felt hat. He had a disagreeable feeling that Jerry's girl had discovered his high beaded moccasins and his gray fur vest and found them amusing.

A well-fed South Dakota Sioux, who was part of the pioneer flavor of the fur company's scenery, emerged from the trading post and stared back at the crowd with black expressionless eyes and the affable smile of a trained showman. He was an educated Sioux with Canadian kinsmen. Madeline Sherrill's glance moved over his feathered headdress and the soiled cascade of feathers cresting the length of his back and Joe once more caught in her eyes a faint, amused flicker.

"Well, well," Joe thought, "me and the Sioux!"

"Jerry," Madeline murmured, "shall we explore the rest of the show?"

"C'mon, Jinny!" Jerry seized her wrist. "Gosh, Joe, you can almost *smell* the woods!"

"'Tain't strictly a woods smell," Joe said critically. "It's woods and a circus."

It was a damp fresh smell of evergreen trees, banked in hundreds against the walls and reared in the booths, a smell of logs and raw hammered wood, of wool and fur and food and sawdust and dry leaves in the cages of game birds and wild animals.

Jerry's girl, Joe noted, maneuvered an early departure. In less than an hour the rest of the show had been explored and Jinny was back in the fur booth.

At midnight, indifferent to the stares of an elevator boy who was interested in his cartridge belt, Joe rose to the third floor in a small hotel and entered his bedroom.

"Jinny," he called, detecting a restless stir in the room adjoining, "ain't you been asleep yet?"

"Not yet, Joe."

JOE opened the door and switched on the lights. There was not much color, he thought, in Jinny's face but her pallor against the pillow looked healthy and brown. Her dark lashes were dry. Joe was glad. He was glad that years ago he had trained a brown rosy youngster to take it on the chin instead of crying.

"I reckon," Joe said, "you didn't like that high-headed gal of Jerry's."

Something flashed in Jinny's eyes. "No, Joe, I didn't like her. You didn't like her either."

Joe said hastily, "Stands to reason Jerry's tastes would be different from mine. A fella forgets sometimes that Jerry's a rich man's son."

Jinny nodded, her eyes too bright. "I know what you mean. Miss Sherrill makes you—feel it. Joe, I—I didn't like that girl because she's made Jerry different!"

"A young fella in love," Joe said sternly, "is always different." He went back to his room. "I hope," he thought, "that Jerry'll sell that cussed lodge in Maine and keep away from the lake." . . .

Reluctantly Sunday morning Joe's dogs came down from the March winds on the roof of the Grand Central Palace and curled up for the day in the airless odors of raw wood and evergreen in the fur company's booth.

For two hours Joe answered questions about his furs and then, at one o'clock, Jerry popped up in the crowd ahead of him and leaned over the fence.

"Hm'ph," Joe said. "Where's the rest of your life? Didn't you bring her?"

Jerry was used to his dryness. "Hang this crowd on the Sioux," he said, "and we'll go out and grab some lunch. Where's Jinny?"

Jinny, Joe said, was in the office back of the trading post.

JERRY went to get her and Joe reached for his mackinaw on the floor behind his stool and spoke to the Sioux.

"I expect," he said, leaving the booth, "we'd better pick a restaurant close to the Palace. The Sioux broadcasts at two o'clock. Injun tunes." He glanced obliquely at the brightness in Jinny's cheeks. "Jerry, did I understand you to say last night that you had a fancy job in Wall Street with Miss Sherrill's father?"

"Yes." Jerry flushed.

"Your father and grandfather's job," Joe said slowly, "was Welden lumber."

"It's curled up," Jerry said soberly. "I thought I told you. It was curling up when father died. The slump in the building industry almost wiped him out."

The lodge in Maine, Joe discovered over his lunch, was another problem of Jerry's.

"It's not likely," Jerry said, "that I'll ever use it again for a summer home. It's too wild and remote for most women."

"I expect then," Joe said deliberately, "you'd better sell it."

Jinny stirred.

"Primarily," Jerry went on, "that place was built for a hunting lodge and big parties of men. Joe, why couldn't you take it over and start a camp?"

"Me!" Joe said. "Heavens alive, Jerry, I couldn't finance a rabbit burrow!"

"I can still raise money enough to get it started," Jerry persisted. "Men you've guided remember you, Joe. That's your end of it. I think you could make it pay."

Joe's heart sank. It was an opportunity to live as he liked to live and save some money, but it would mean at times Jerry Welden's voice on a long-distance telephone and Jinny listening. Or impulsive visits and Jerry banging around the lodge.

"I'll need a man up there I can trust." Jerry drummed on the table. "I'm to be married in June and after that I'll be in charge of Mr. Sherrill's London office."

"London!" Jinny said.

Joe didn't look at her.

"You nomadic old wolf," Jerry exclaimed, amazed at his silence. "I bet you want to get back to trapping. One of these days Jinny'll grow up and get married and you'll be off again."

Joe had thought of it. He had thought of it years ago when Jinny's needs had forced him to give it up.

"Nope," he said, "trappin's changed with the times, Jerry. Fur's too cheap to make it pay. You'll be livin' in London?"

"Yes."

"Well," Joe said reluctantly, "I'll think it over." . . .

ON THE third afternoon of the show a young reporter discovered the fur booth. His paper Wednesday night featured a picture of Jinny.

Joe stared critically at a sketch on the other side of the headline. It was a girl and a dog team carrying Joe's mailbags through a fantastic blizzard. He read

slowly: "Jinny will tell you that it wasn't a feat to carry the mail, because an Eskimo dog can always be trusted to smell the trail through the snow. But Joe says a blizzard that day howled up out of the north and snow flew so thick that you couldn't see the dogs. And if that ain't a feat for a girl of seventeen Joe will lick his weight in wildcats, and he probably could."

There was a good deal more. Joe read it all, then turned to the sport news in the paper and discovered a picture of the fur company's Sioux.

He was splendid, that Sioux, with the logs of the trading post dark behind his feathered headdress, but Joe's glance lingered uncomfortably on the rest of the picture. Jerry sat in the background on a hickory bench. He was talking to Jinny.

"Hm'ph," Joe said to the Sioux. "Where was I when you swelled up for this picture?"

The Sioux didn't know. The reporter, the Sioux said, had come back a second time with the staff photographer.

After that, Joe would always remember, things moved with bewildering swiftness. Thursday, late in the afternoon, he came back from a long, out-of-door walk in lighted streets and a gritty wind and the Sioux said, "Miss Sherrill is here with a party of friends. She stopped at the booth and asked for Mr. Welden."

Joe wondered uneasily if Jerry's loiterings in the neighborhood of the fur booth had been misinterpreted. "Where was he?" he grunted. "Buzzin' around dry flies and fishin' tackle?"

Somebody, the Sioux said, had seen Mr. Welden in the archery range trying his luck with an Indian bow and arrow.

JOE had the telepathic bones of quiet, unhurried people and his bones told him that Jinny was watching the arrows. He left the booth as soft-footed in his moccasins as an Indian scout.

Madeline Sherrill stood in front of the archery range. Her gloved hand lay urgently on Jinny's sleeve. Jerry was smiling.

Joe turned back. "Well," he thought, "I guess I'm an old hen. I had a kind of a hunch that that chromo of Jerry roostin' around in a newspaper back of the Sioux mighta plowed up a nest of hornets."

He was carrying fresh water to his dogs when Jinny darted into the booth. "Joe!" Jinny said.

"Yep," Joe grunted. "That's my name. Do I know you? Friend of Miss Sherrill's, ain't you?"

"Miss Sherrill invited me to a party!"

"Party!" Joe stared. "What kind of a party?"

"A dinner party, Joe. Tomorrow night. It's for me. Jerry was awfully pleased."

"Okay," Joe said, an odd skeptical glint under his lashes. "But tomorrow you get yourself the right kind of a dress."

"A party dress? My goodness, Joe," Jinny exclaimed, "are you crazy? I'd never wear it again. And Miss Sherrill said it didn't matter."

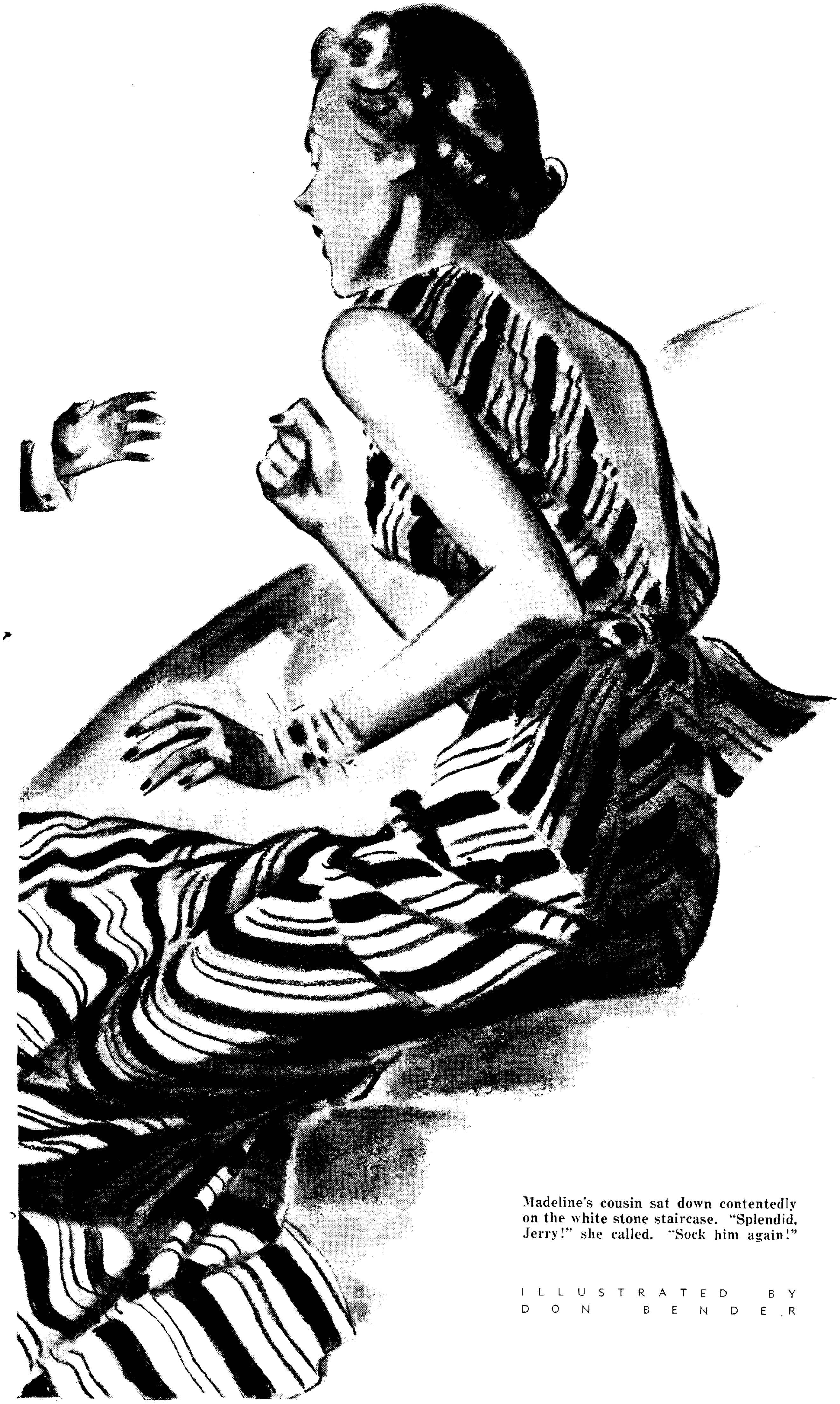
The distrust in Joe's face deepened. "That Sherrill girl," he said dryly, "most likely eats a party dinner trimmed up like a Christmas tree. Maybe she thinks she'll make you look like somebody's orphan."

"Jerry wants me to go." Jinny colored. "Joe, I think he wants us to like her."

"Well," Joe said, "you can like her tomorrow night in a different dress. Can you buy a highfalutin dress for twenty dollars?"

The dress was brown. It looked in Jinny's hands like a disappointing heap of wintry brown leaves, only a little

(Continued on page 28)



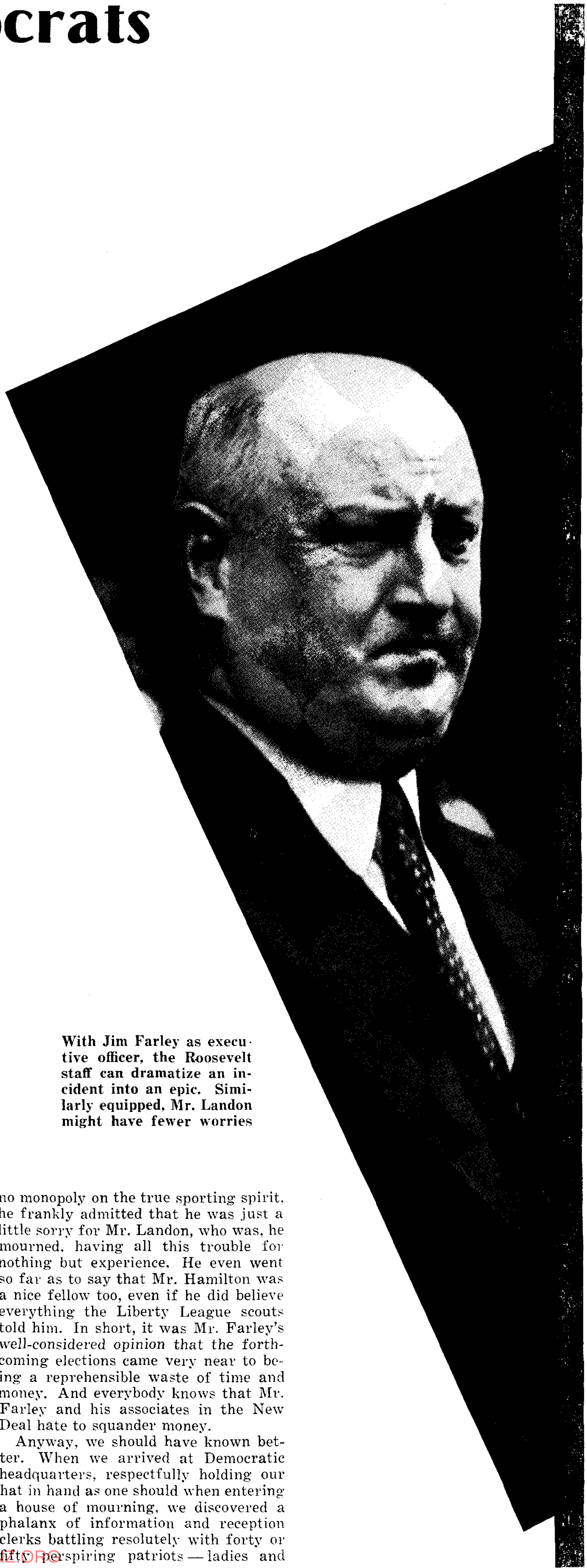
Madeline's cousin sat down contentedly on the white stone staircase. "Splendid, Jerry!" she called. "Sock him again!"

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

The Doubtless Democrats

By Walter Davenport

In Topeka everything has been settled. The Republican victory will be so overwhelming as to make you almost sorry for Mr. Roosevelt. This news, however, has not reached Democratic headquarters, where a large and highly polished machine is functioning with effortless efficiency. So complex and delicate are its adjustments that some people wonder whether it can stand the shocks and jars of a campaign. But such doubts are far from the minds of the Democrats—especially Mr. Roosevelt's



With Jim Farley as executive officer, the Roosevelt staff can dramatize an incident into an epic. Similarly equipped, Mr. Landon might have fewer worries

PERHAPS we should have known better. Every year we decide to reform, pledging ourselves to be less credulous of political prophecy and to be a bit more skeptical of campaign propaganda. But in Topeka they seemed so simple, folksy and trustworthy that we were prepared to see cobwebs spanning the doors of Democratic National Headquarters and a ghostly gloom prevailing within.

Just before we left Topeka a delegation of industrialists arrived to tell Governor Landon that his election was going to be little short of unanimous and incidentally to ask him a few questions about labor and currency legislation. Concerning the latter they were prepared to give the governor the benefit of their advice—merely for what it was worth, of course, nothing more.

Perhaps they did not know it but Topeka had worked out a system. All important visitors, whether individuals or delegations, were scheduled well in advance. A few hours before the arrival of such dignitaries the word of warning went forth. Upon the arrival of the train, Topeka would inhale deeply, grab the nearest mechanical noise-maker (anything from a dishpan to a trombone) and let go.

"My, my," said the spokesman of the industrial delegation, "this is simply wonderful. Such enthusiasm, such pep, such virility! This is youth, courage, determination, success. Why — Democratic headquarters are as dead as Noah Webster. You can hear a pin drop. But this is the spirit that wins. No such verve in Democratic headquarters—just sobs. My, my."

When the Screaming Subsides

And they weren't the only ones dispensing such dolor. In Topeka just as we were departing to look into the Democratic dejection, the color of local emotions had undergone a decided change. Except when important visitors arrived, the general screaming had subsided. Perhaps this was due to exhaustion. Or maybe they had decided to save something for the morning of November 4th when, it was generally agreed, Alfred Mossman Landon would be President-elect and there would be nothing left to do but wait until January when with his arrival in Washington all our national problems would be solved, taxes reduced, unemployment banished, war debts paid, the gold standard re-established and you wouldn't be able to grope your way home through the smoke of factory chimneys. Because there was no doubt in all Topeka that this was as inevitable as tomorrow.

All you had to do was to ask anybody. They would tell you that the Honorable John Daniel Miller Hamilton had come down from Chicago to announce that after a painstaking and almost nonpartisan survey it had been found that Mr. Roosevelt was going to be pretty lucky if he carried Alabama. As for the rest of the country—well, that is what caused the change we noticed: They were beginning to feel just a bit sorry for Mr. Roosevelt.

After all, Mr. Roosevelt had done his best. And while in the heat of battle harsh things might be said of his radicalism, his lack of blind adoration for the Constitution and his penchant for occasionally forgetting that the employer was as important as the employee, when all was said and done his first love was America. To be sure, he had inherited a rather nasty situation in 1932 although anyone could tell you that it wasn't as bad as rumor had it. Mr. Hoover would have righted it in a couple of months had he not been so cruelly misrepresented to the voters. But Topeka was willing to let bygones be bygones. After all, Mr. Roosevelt had done as well as any Democrat might. And, in his own words, fear had been conquered and America was about to return to the paths beaten long ago by the founding fathers. In short, to the Republican party.

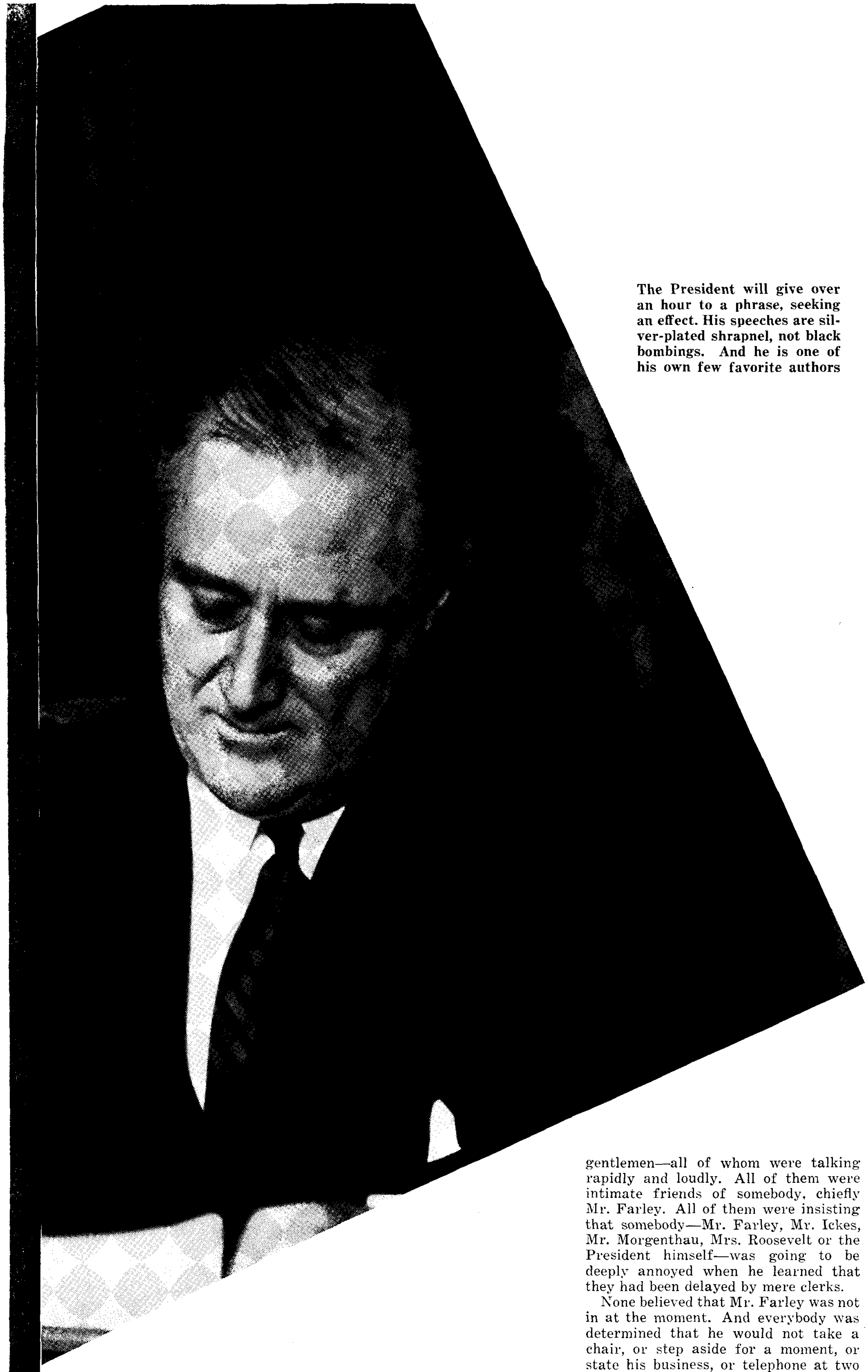
But Nobody Pities Farley

But this understanding pity for the man who was so soon to be the forgotten one did not extend beyond Mr. Roosevelt. It did not include the great liberator, the Honorable Mr. Farley, for example, who, as Mr. Hamilton himself had repeatedly said, was at heart but a ruthless politician who believed in the un-American principle of the spoils system and who traded in party partisanship to the dismay and disgust of all Republicans. This had enraged Mr. Hamilton beyond words, a truly notable and unprecedented achievement.

It was more or less natural then that we should turn to the Roosevelt side of the argument expecting to find him and his Mr. Farley pretty discouraged if not already negotiating with other employers. Further, that we should discover other New Dealers, apprised by Mr. Hamilton that the jig was up, cleaning out their desks, writing home and telephoning to the people they used to work for.

We should have known better. When we got to Mr. Farley's office he and his human abacus, Mr. Emil Hurja, had just completed a countersurvey which proved to anyone willing to listen that it was only by conceding Mr. Landon two or three of what they grudgingly called doubtful states that he would get any electoral college votes at all. Mr. Farley was not even giving Mr. Landon Kansas—in spite of advices from trusted advisers that this was carrying enthusiasm a trifle far. Nevertheless, Mr. Farley was far from disheartened. And just to demonstrate that Mr. Hamilton had no monopoly on the true sporting spirit, he frankly admitted that he was just a little sorry for Mr. Landon, who was, he mourned, having all this trouble for nothing but experience. He even went so far as to say that Mr. Hamilton was a nice fellow too, even if he did believe everything the Liberty League scouts told him. In short, it was Mr. Farley's well-considered opinion that the forthcoming elections came very near to being a reprehensible waste of time and money. And everybody knows that Mr. Farley and his associates in the New Deal hate to squander money.

Anyway, we should have known better. When we arrived at Democratic headquarters, respectfully holding our hat in hand as one should when entering a house of mourning, we discovered a phalanx of information and reception clerks battling resolutely with forty or fifty perspiring patriots — ladies and



The President will give over an hour to a phrase, seeking an effect. His speeches are silver-plated shrapnel, not black bombings. And he is one of his own few favorite authors

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

gentlemen—all of whom were talking rapidly and loudly. All of them were intimate friends of somebody, chiefly Mr. Farley. All of them were insisting that somebody—Mr. Farley, Mr. Ickes, Mr. Morgenthau, Mrs. Roosevelt or the President himself—was going to be deeply annoyed when he learned that they had been delayed by mere clerks.

None believed that Mr. Farley was not in at the moment. And everybody was determined that he would not take a chair, or step aside for a moment, or state his business, or telephone at two o'clock or speak to a Mr. Walsingham, a first-class sympathetic listener and thanker. We tried twice to get somebody to listen to us but without success. Every time we managed to get within five feet of the desk the elevators discharged another wave of visitors from West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland and Ohio.

By the time we had reorganized ourselves and regained lost ground the elevators would arrive again with delegations and lone wolves from Kansas, Nebraska, Kentucky, Missouri and Michigan. And soon there was no more standing room in the corridor and the clerks had quit asking you to speak to Mr. Walsingham because they couldn't find him. The very latest news of Mr. Walsingham was that he had been listening sympathetically to four gentlemen and three ladies from Minnesota. It was our opinion that Mr. Walsingham had taken to the fire escape because that's what we would have done had we found one. A delegation from Massachusetts, mistaking us for one of Headquarters' Attentive and Understanding Ears, shoved us into a corner and informed us that Mr. Roosevelt couldn't possibly lose Massachusetts—particularly if a gentleman named Irving Burns (or something like that) were given charge of the western end of the state and, say, twenty-seven thousand dollars to start with. Everybody wanted at least twenty-seven thousand dollars.

And we don't know what else we might have heard if, at that moment, Mr. Farley himself had not arrived.

Enter, The Star

Chaos set in at once. With Mr. Farley were three large gentlemen. They all wore linen suits like his. They all chewed gum in unison with him. And, like him, they were all scrupulously laundered and imperturbable. Adroitly they shifted themselves between Mr. Farley and the crowd, leaving him to nudge his way through the gate and out of reach. But the air was filled immediately with "Hi, Jim, kin I have a minute. . . . Say, Mr. Farley, I'm Mrs. Bullwinkle—you know. . . . Listen, Jim, Doc Salter told me you'd . . . I'm the lady who telephoned, Mr. Farley. . . . Jim, I got a letter from Newark, I been here an hour. . . . Mr. Farley, listen."

But the simplest of all office expedients rescued the Honorable Jim. A clerk whispered to him. Mr. Farley looked startled. "Scuse me, pardon me," he said to the nearest of the crowd. "Important phone call." Whereat he hustled down to his office while the crowd (which had since been augmented by delegations and lone scouts from New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, Tennessee and North Dakota) settled down to tell each other who was telephoning to Mr. Farley and what it was all about. Presently they had agreed that the call was from no less a person than the President himself. Shortly thereafter someone decided that the President was telling Jim that a million more boys were to be absorbed by the CCC and in no time this was generally accepted as fact. But there was no telephone call and the Honorable Mr. Farley, safe within his office, was now chin-deep in his mail from which he learned that there were soft spots in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, South Dakota and Oregon and that lots of postmasters didn't think much of the President's latest Civil Service order.

In Search of Defeatism

It was clear then that the defeatism which Topeka has told us abounded in the enemy's camp had not yet reached Democratic National Headquarters, so we looked elsewhere. But perhaps we were too early. Or too late. At Hyde Park and in Washington they hadn't heard of it but seemed tremendously interested. When we got to the White House we discovered that the President was just polishing and sharpening the tail of a speech. They were very sorry but it would be impossible to reveal the subject and contents thereof. But we

(Continued on page 70)

Not in the Book

The education of Irving Grosset, author, in Hollywood—where education's easy to get

By H. Vernor Dixon

SAM KAYE, acting president of the Kaye and Milgrim studios, sat across his mahogany desk from me and beamed expansively in my direction.

"It isn't often," he said, "that we give an agent the break I'm giving you. You dig up your own writers and your own stories and you bring 'em in and try to sell 'em to us. What I'm getting at is they're not sold before you start gabbing about 'em. Right?"

"Right," I agreed. "So what are you coming to?"

He lit a fresh cigar and then spread his pudgy hands flat down on the table, which meant that he was getting to the heart of the subject.

"Just this," he said. "I'm going to make you a present of five thousand dollars. See? We got a writer already sold to us. I mean that we like him. But nobody is handling him. We like his last book, too, and we'll pay fifty thousand to get the screen rights to it. Nobody is handling that book in Hollywood. You contact this writer, get him to sell us the screen rights and collect your ten per cent as usual. Anything easier than that? You don't have to sell us a thing."

He beamed some more and I immediately got suspicious. No studio is going around passing out money like that —not to agents, anyway. The whole thing was too easy and I was sure there was a fly in the ointment somewhere.

"Who is the writer and what's the book?" I asked.

"Oh, you know. The best novel of the year."

"Yeah? Which one?"

"Charter Flight, by Irving Grosset."

I GOT up from the chair and practically laughed in his face. "You got a nerve, stringing me along, Sam. Why didn't you say that in the first place? No agent in Hollywood can get that fellow. He writes for his own amazement, or something, and not for pictures. How about his last book, Manya Geva? See it on the screen any place? I'll say you don't. Every company in the village tried to get that story. But Grosset wouldn't have anything to do with them."

"I know," Sam said, "but you didn't try. See what I mean? I think you could get him to come across."

"You think I could get him out here in Hollywood?"

"Yeah. You got a way about you, George. You've sold me more has-beens than any man in the business. You're a good salesman."

"It's no use flattering me. This Grosset won't have anything to do with Hollywood. I couldn't get him out here any more than anybody else could. No, it's no use wasting time trying. You contact him yourself and see where you get."

"We've tried. We can't even locate him. Now look, George, old pal, it's up to you. You get this guy's book for us and there's ten per cent in it for you. I'll even add another five per cent just between you and me."

I sat down again and thought it over. But the whole thing wasn't logical. How much I got wouldn't impress Grosset. I meant nothing to him. I doubted if he even knew about me. Every studio in Hollywood had tried to get the man and every one of them had failed. Why should I stand a chance?

"No," I said, "it's not worth trying. Sorry, Sam."

"You're sorry," he almost screamed. "Don't give me that. Listen, I want that story. You can make a swell picture out of it. See? We want it and it's up to you to get it. I'm not taking any no for an answer. I'll tell you what. You get the screen rights to that book and we'll sign that dame you brought out from New York, that Jane Lisbon. Hear that?"

I heard it and that was what made

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

He spun on his heel, walked out of the theater and left Jane and Sam and me staring

me go after Grosset. Jane was the worst mistake of my life. She was beautiful and she was one of the best of the younger crop of New York actresses and she hit every legit audience smack between the eyes, but she didn't film well. In person she was great, red hair, a swell smile, a cute personality and a figure that made you want to go home and throw rocks at your wife. But that same figure filmed heavier than it was. The screen does that, always adds about fifteen pounds to a person's weight. Everybody else in the world could reduce, but not Jane. Her form stayed the same no matter what she did. And I had brought her out from New York at my expense.

I got her on the telephone that afternoon and asked her to come down to the office. It was a hot day and the desert air came in through the windows and ate a person's lungs out. But Jane came in like the cool breath of fall and lowered my own temperature a few degrees just by looking at her. She wasn't an icicle, mind you, but she had that well-bred composure that always makes you think of coolness.

I lit a cigarette for her and then told her all about the meeting with Sam Kaye and about his offer if I should get Charter Flight for the studio. She listened without any interruptions and waited until I had finished before saying, "You really have to get this man, don't you?"

"Have to is no word for it," I replied, getting up and pacing about the room. "Sam has laid the whole thing in my lap. There's a lot of money in it for me and then there's the matter of getting you a contract. I'm not rubbing it in, Jane, but you've cost me a lot of shekels. I have to get it back some way."

"I understand that. If you would just send me back to New York, though, I could pay you back. There's a new play going into rehearsal this—"

"NO DICE," I interrupted. "It would take you five years to pay back at a legit salary. Anyway, that's not the whole thing. It would be admitting that I had made a mistake. I have a reputation to uphold and mistakes tear it down. I have to sell you to a studio."

"Positively?"

"Positively. Now, here is what I wanted to see you about. I understand this Grosset put on a show in Boston four or five years ago. One of those back-to-art movements. At least, he wrote the play. Now, you're from Boston and I thought maybe—"

"Maybe I know him? I do."

I went through the motions of a dying swan and then gasped, "My dear girl, why didn't you say that right away? How well do you know him? What sort of fellow is he? Does he know you very well? How did you get along with him? How—"

"Slow down," she laughed. "I just know him, that's all. I was in the play. That's where I got my start. Mr. Grosset was very kind to me and we even had dinner together once. He sent me a bunch of flowers the night the play closed."

"He did? Did he send any to the others of the cast?"

She thought for a moment and then slowly said, "No, I don't remember that he did. It seems—"

"Wait a minute." An idea was beginning to dawn on me. "Just how well did you know him? Did he show the same attention to the rest of the cast that he showed to you?"

She pursed her lips and laughed and said, "Come to think of it, I don't believe he did. I guess he was a little nicer to me. He was very nice."

"Oh, he was? Now we're getting some place. Is he married?"

"No."

"Ah! Jane, you're a gold mine. You can get this story for me."

"I?"

"You bet. Grosset evidently liked you more than a little. You're damned attractive, you know. Now, if he still likes you—"

"But I haven't seen him in years."

"That makes no difference. If he still likes you it may be that you could talk him into parting with his book. It's worth trying. Would you do it for me?"

"Of course. But I don't know where he is or what you want of him, not altogether."

"You leave the business end up to me. Just get him out here for a talk. I'll foot all the bills, find out where he is and all the rest of it."

BUT it wasn't as easy as all that. I sent a wire to Grosset's literary agent in New York and received word that his whereabouts were unknown. But I was informed that he liked to fly and had a plane of his own. The Bureau of Air Commerce gave me the make and license number of his ship and I wired every airport on the Eastern coast. None of them had seen him. Then I wired every airport in the country. He wasn't in the country. Two days later I sent wires to Mexico and Canada and still got no information. A week later I received a wire from Buenos Aires that he had been there for a short visit but had flown north. The Pan-American agents helped me out and located him heading for Florida. My wire to the Miami airport missed him by a minute, but a hurried telephone call to the field manager at Dallas, Texas, revealed that he was due in for a landing in half an hour.

I sent a wire there and that reached him. The wire said, "Very urgent that I see you at once stop Am in serious trouble and need your advice stop Will fly to Dallas and join you there stop Let me know if it is all right." To which I signed Jane's name and gave her address.

She got me on the telephone first thing in the morning and said, "I just received a crazy wire from Mr. Grosset. What is it all about?"

I explained and asked her what the wire said. "Oh," she said, "now it makes sense. It just says, 'Come ahead.' "

"That's marvelous. Listen, come down here at once and I'll have your ticket on the first plane out. When you see him tell him all about your difficulties with your screen tests and ask his advice. Then gradually lead around to the book and see if you can argue him into coming out here."

"I'll try."

"Do better than that. Say anything, but get him out here."

SHE left on the first plane out for Dallas and I went home. I felt so swell that my wife thought I was a stranger and almost called the police.

Two days after that I received a wire from Jane that said, "Meet us at Burbank airport three P.M. today stop Irving's ship is Beechcraft colored red and yellow stop Love, Jane."

Needless to say, I was at the airport an hour ahead of time. At three on the dot the high-speed biplane loomed against the blue of the sky and circled the airport for a landing. Then they dropped down and the wheels touched the ground and the ship came to rest alongside the fence running around the administration building.

I hurried over and helped Jane out and she was smiling; then Grosset stepped out. He was in his very early thirties, had black hair and eyes and looked more like a featured player than a writer. He had written a number of great books and I had expected a much older man. Now I could see why he had

(Continued on page 65)

The swarthy crews slash deftly with great knives and toss the round solid heads of lettuce into waiting trailers

Hot Lettuce

By Frank J. Taylor

When the "salad bowls" of America—Salinas, Arizona, the Imperial Valley—turned lettuce growing into a precision, mass-production industry, they left out one factor, the "stoops" who pick the crop. These refractory parts of the machine are showing minds of their own and have organized, making the lettuce deal a highly speculative and dramatic business

IT WAS about the time that Mrs. Jacoby stepped into the corner cash-and-carry in Philadelphia to buy the day's groceries that Mr. Lucio Breschini of Salinas likewise stepped out onto his porch and gazed with worried brow at sixty acres of head lettuce sweltering in the California sunshine.

"One million hearts of lettuce!" lamented Mr. Breschini. "Four million perfect salads. One more day in the sun and they are ruined!"

Three thousand miles away, Mrs. Jacoby was saying to her grocer, "I'm having guests for dinner and I want an extra nice head of lettuce for the salads."

The grocer picked up a sad and weary head of lettuce.

"Look at it," he said in disgust. "That's the best I could get and I had to pay double yesterday's price for it."

Whereupon Mrs. Jacoby spoke bitterly of the robbers and pirates who made such conditions possible and of what the consumer leagues ought to do to them. The grocer expressed an equally unsavory opinion of the highjackers who had shut off his flow of salad makings, thereby sending prices skyrocketing.

If they were talking about Mr. Lucio Breschini of Salinas, one millionth of whose lettuce patch had been earmarked for those particular salads at that particular dinner party only ten days previously, Mrs. Jacoby and her favorite grocer had the wrong man.

Mr. Breschini Gets Nowhere

On the very day that Mr. Breschini's lettuce should have been picked and packed for the eastern market, a delegation of swarthy-skinned gentlemen called on him.

"We don't pick no lettuce from your field today, Mr. Breschini," said the spokesman.

"Why not?" asked the grower.

"We don't touch no hot lettuce."

"Hot lettuce!" exclaimed Mr. Breschini. "What do you mean, hot lettuce? Haven't I always paid you top wages?"

"Yes, you pay us all right."

"Then why is my lettuce hot?"

"You send it down to a packing house that uses scab labor. We don't pick no lettuce that's packed by scabs."

Mr. Breschini pleaded eloquently with the picking gang. He explained that the lettuce, already overripe in the field, would be ruined if it remained out under the hot California sun another forty-eight hours. His words were wasted. The men had orders from someone higher up. "We don't pick no lettuce," was their story and they stuck to it.

Whereupon Mr. Breschini lost his temper. He called his picking crew a bunch of "dirty communistic foreigners." That is where he made a mistake. They were all Filipinos and proud of being part of Uncle Sam's great family. The leader retaliated in equally hot words.

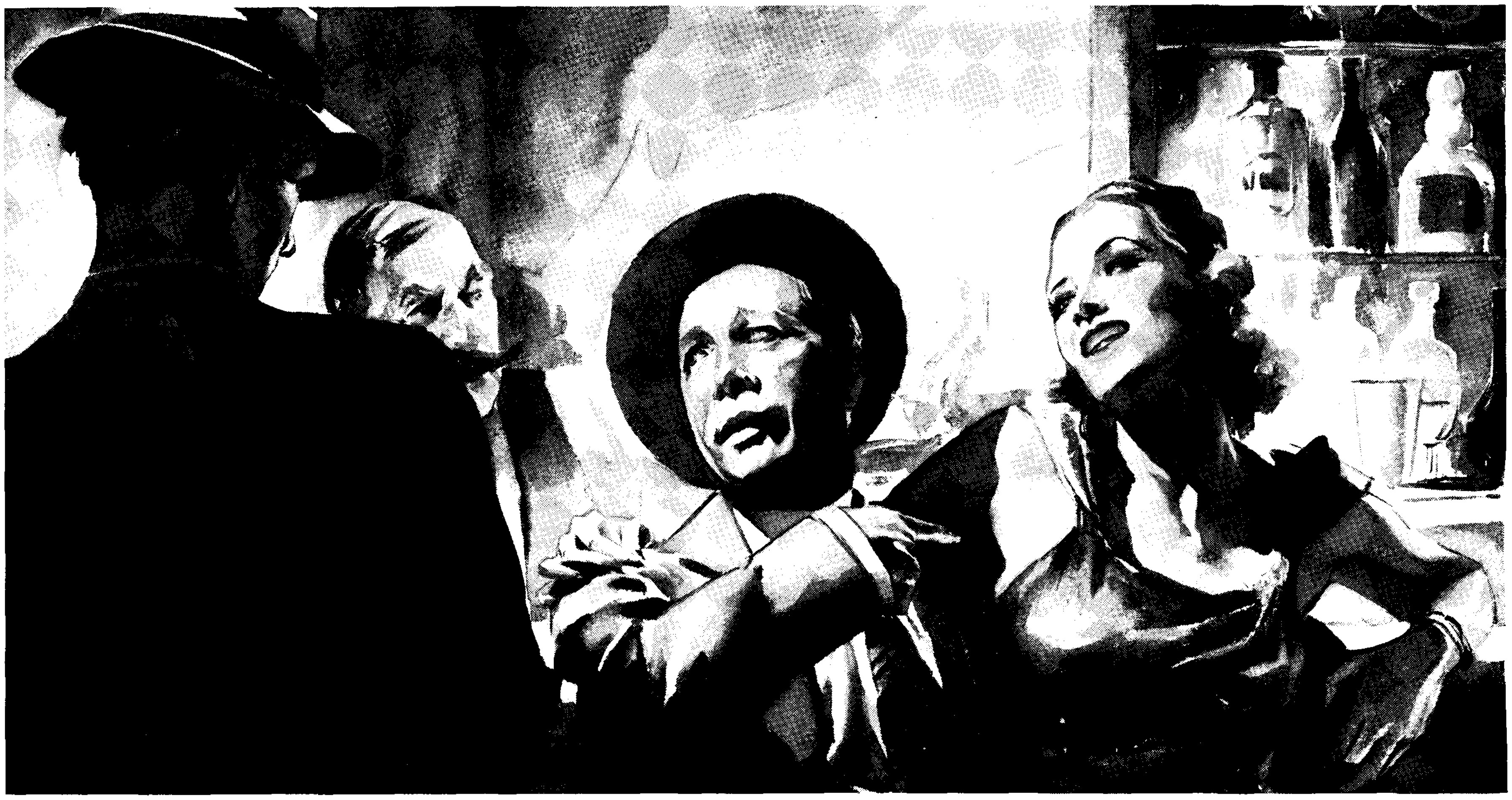
"We don't like to work for you dirty Wops, either," he retorted.

That was his error. The Breschinis were not "Wops." Lucio was born and raised in the Salinas Valley as were his father and grandfather before him. They were one of California's pioneer families dating back to Argonaut days. They are still working the soil for gold, but it's soft green gold they're after, not the yellow metal.

Lucio Breschini was no man to give up without a fight. Fire in his eyes, he

(Continued on page 33)

The crates are stored in refrigerator cars and start on a three-thousand-mile non-stop trip to the East



"I have a fancy for the little one here," he said. "She must drink a glass of wine with me first"

The Dumb Gods Speak

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

MARK HUMBERSTONE'S father, a brilliant inventor, dies, leaving to the United States Government a remarkable secret device capable of destroying every navy in the world. Only young Humberstone knows how to operate the mechanism.

Years pass. In 1947, a mysterious organization, with world-wide ramifications and spies everywhere, is at work in France. At its head are two quiet-spoken men: Prince Cheng and—Mark Humberstone. What they are planning to do, not even Catherine Oronoff, their confidential secretary, can guess.

Humberstone and Cheng have a remarkable bodyguard. He calls himself "Mr. Jonson." It is his boast that no one can kill him. A man of mystery, he is everywhere. He is apparently in close touch with his employers' enemies. Nevertheless, the two master plotters trust him. . . . A Turkish cruiser reaches Nice, the organization's base of operations. Suzanne, one of his spies, reports to Humberstone; she informs him that, having interested an Admiral on board the vessel, she has seen a cryptically marked map of the Dardanelles in the Admiral's quarters. Humberstone listens; then: "For that map, Suzanne," he whispers, "we will pay one hundred thousand francs."

Suzanne drugs the Admiral, steals the precious document, and gives it to Mark. An hour or so later, while she is celebrating in a café, a Turk—the Commander of the cruiser—approaches her. He draws a gun. "Give me that map," he commands.

A moment later, he fires. As he does so, Mark Humberstone (who has been shadowing the girl) leaps forward, knocks him down. Whereupon, realizing that he is irretrievably disgraced, the Commander shoots himself. . . . Suzanne, because of the tragedy, must leave France at once. Humberstone orders her to go to Warsaw. Then, alone in his office with Catherine Oronoff, he has a brief talk with the beautiful Russian. But there is an interruption—Prince Cheng enters, without knocking. Cheng says nothing. For a moment, Humberstone fancies that there is something ominous, almost sinister, in that brief silence.

IT WAS Cheng himself who dissolved the situation. He closed the door behind him and came a little farther into the room.

"I want Jonson," he announced. "Have his movements been reported?"

Catherine reached out for the book by her side. She glanced at one of the typewritten pages.

"He was on the sheet this morning," she told him. "He performed twice at the Jetée last night. There was rather a scene the second time. A man fainted. They say the police will stop his turn. What an advertisement! But of course they will not do anything of the sort!"

"Where is Jonson now?" Cheng asked softly.

"On the Promenade des Anglais," she replied. "He starts from exactly opposite the Jetée Casino at ten o'clock and he walks to the first racecourse gate every day—wet or fine. He is somewhere about halfway there now, I should think."

"Have one of the men from the small car squad who knows him by sight go out after him at once," Cheng directed. "I shall expect him here in half an hour."

Catherine crossed the floor and spoke for a few minutes into one of the house telephones.

"If he is a man with a purpose, as I suspect," Catherine replied, "it may be that the moment for that purpose to be fulfilled has not yet arrived."

Mr. Cheng had nothing more to say. He never pursued an argument when he had already arrived at a definite conclusion.

"I have been on the roof all night," he confided. "I want the morning papers—French, English, German and Italian."

"They are worth looking at," Mark observed. "The Italians are trying to persuade the Persians to send an expedition out into the desert to discover our secret wireless bases. Russia claims to have discovered some of them already. The English Times complains that some mysterious force is interfering with her communications to India."

"Well, you have no need to worry," Cheng commented. "Unless we succeed, India will not belong to them in ten years' time. They would be very foolish if they built this new line of airships they are talking about with India in its present condition."

THE papers arrived. Cheng's face darkened a little as he read the same story in all of them. He threw them on one side impatiently.

"The sky will be strewn with airplanes before long," he remarked, "all containing courageous and enterprising war correspondents on the way to a front—no one knows where. In the idiomatic language of the western hemisphere—they have their wind-up."

"I think before long," Catherine said with a somewhat dreary smile, "we may be in the same position."

"Because of these newspapers? Pooh! That, from our point of view, is the joy of this sensational press. They glut you with horrors every day and when the time for horrors really comes people still read but they do not believe. That English newspaper, for example, which for months and even years has embarked on a fierce crusade. War that is coming tomorrow, or the next day, or the next month. War inevitable! Pictures of airships raining bombs on London! Why, people have become so used to it that they have begun not to care if airships do rain bombs on London. If they only knew it—these newspapermen—there is something brewing for them which would make them stark with fear! They fancy they hear the thunders but they are not sure. They have heard the imitation for so long."

A telephone bell rang. Catherine picked up the receiver and listened for several moments.

"The messenger whom we sent out," she reported, "has driven to the racecourse and back. There are few people out today and he has not seen Jonson."

"Tell him to start from the Jetée Casino and do the whole course again," Cheng directed. "If Jonson said that he would not leave the Promenade des Anglais I do not believe that he did leave it willingly. Let Jean go with him. François can walk back if they find our man. Tell François to watch those few queer-looking houses on the right before the racecourse—dens of iniquity every one of them."

Catherine gave the orders.

"I know the houses you mean," she said, as she rang off. "Dens of iniquity they may be but I do not think Jonson is the man to be tempted by them."

"Glad to hear you have a good word to say for the fellow," he remarked.

"I wish we had more like him. He looks simple and he is not. He looks ordinary and I do not think he is. He pretends to be timid and I do not think he knows what fear is. It may be that he

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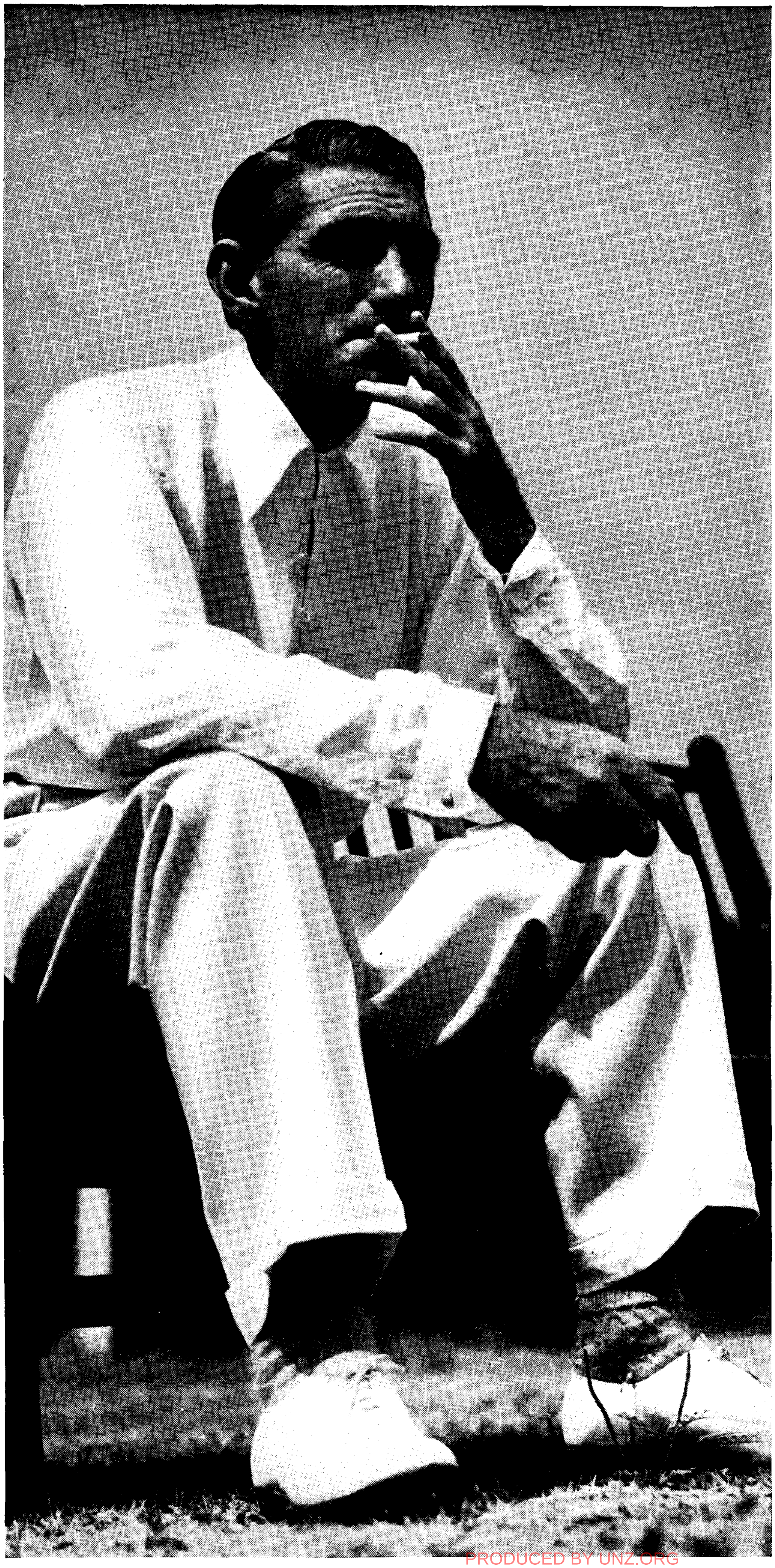


Leave Your Brains at Home

An athlete does his thinking with his muscles. What we admiringly call our brains are just so much poison as far as competition goes. We'd play a better game if we checked them in the clubhouse. Failing that, we suggest you look at Mr. Armour's recommendations

By Tommy Armour

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

IN DECENT and modest privacy the athlete who has attained some degree of prominence enjoys his highest reward, that of reading his press notices. It is because of this I have always enjoyed a story attributed to Knute Rockne.

According to the tale, Rockne waved off the bench and into play a Notre Dame player who was inordinately addicted to pasting his press cuttings into a scrapbook. He commanded the boy: "Go out there now and see how far your scrapbook can carry the ball."

After a steady diet of brain ballyhoo on sports pages, the other athletes and I begin to think we must think deep thoughts. Inside our skulls there is turmoil. Our brains are trying to command the show that muscles, by instinct, training and make-up, are endeavoring to stage. Bewildered athletes then have the problem, not of beating the other fellow, but of beating their own brains.

Much of sports performance does go on in the mind but generally it is best when the mind functions subconsciously. Consequently the true sports story, outside of the score and a description of the simple, visual happenings, is almost anyone's guess. With a number of experienced writers guessing, the chances are someone is going to be right, in probably the same percentage that holds in the art of psychoanalysis, or maybe they call it a science now.

What really happens when something outstanding is done in sport?

I'll try to tell the inside of what happens in golf, which I am convinced is the one sport in which the mental factor substantially overweighs the purely physical elements.

Tony Manero, unexpected but not unqualified winner of the 1936 National Open golf championship, won because all he had to think about was shots. During the last nine holes of the competition, Tony was probably happier and more carefree than any other contender in the field. He thought that he could do no better than second and was perfectly content with the prospect of second-prize money. So he went swinging along naturally without nerve tension to make him jerky and it was only on the final hole when he was told that he had a five to win and a six to tie that Manero's nerves began to fumble. His second shot on the seventy-second hole of the Open was a characteristic conflict between the athlete's mental processes and his physique. Tony, suddenly confronted with an intellectual problem, decided, after agonizing deliberation, to use a four iron

(Continued on page 68)

Tommy Armour, past winner of the National Open and the British Open titles

Top Heavy

By Kyle Crichton

Edward Arnold and his family; and a rest period during the filming of Sutter's Gold

WIDE WORLD

Edward Arnold weighs 214 pounds, barely enough tonnage to withstand the tossing around he has been getting since Hollywood went in for violent realism. But years of stock and road tours have hardened him to withstand the shock of horses' hoofs and rubber rocks

MR. ARNOLD, Mr. Edward Arnold, is not too sure about the movies. The money is good and in Diamond Jim he had so much to eat he finally overcame the dread of famine which lingered with him from his old days in stock, but in Sutter's Gold he was kicked by a horse and nearly done to death by a mob of extras throwing rubber rocks.

The horse would really have been enough. Giving a perfect performance of an animal in irritation, he reared back and kicked Mr. Arnold with all the abandon of a Hollywood artist who knows that only by giving his best will the front office be pleased. While Mr. Arnold reclined upon the sward, reviewing the past sins of his life and wondering if his brains would be intact when they finally gave the nag the signal to desist, the cameraman was grinding steadily away. The director, for his part, was elated. The scene had not been in the script but it would be in forthwith, with additional sequences of a brave man dragging himself about in pain.

By every rule of reason Mr. Arnold should thereafter have been in bed with ice packs, and lovely nurses patting his pillow. Instead he was on the set next morning hobbling about in agony and really not able to give his all for old Universal. After two days of this, he finally rebelled and stayed home in bed, resting his swollen limb on a hassock, barring the door and giving the dogs strict orders about visitors. The studio took it very well, only docking Mr. Arnold for the day he failed to show up and charging nothing for the horse's services.

With the Hardihood of an Alger Hero

They made the further concession of keeping the rock-throwing sequence until last, thus permitting Mr. Arnold to nurse his wounds in private and on his own time. The important discovery in this connection was that any rock, rubber or otherwise, can make a dent when heaved by an extra anxious to do at least as well as a horse. The reports from the Arnold household, however, were reassuring.

"Arnold lives," the bulletin announced. "He looks like a man who has been shanghaied and forcibly tattooed."

Fortunately for Arnold, he had experienced an early life of such hardihood that he could have qualified as an original Horatio Alger character. He was born Guenther Edward Arnold Schneider in a tenement house at the corner of Houston and Forsyth Streets on the Lower East Side of New York, and it is inconceivable that anything that can happen to him now would be serious after his youth. His father went blind when the boy was eight and his mother died when he was ten. The family moved up to Harlem to be near the father in an invalid home and Edward got up at daybreak to carry a paper route. At the same time he was delivering orders for a butcher.

"No money in that job," says Arnold, "but the old gentleman would give me a hunk of something left over. Mostly stewing meat, but we lived on it."

When he was ten and after his mother died, he worked for a jeweler down on John Street for three dollars a week, but it was a constant battle with the truant officers and they finally had him fired because he had no working papers. Next he was office boy in a law firm and got by there by using the papers of his older brother. By this time he was living with a

(Continued on page 44)

He Didn't Know a Story

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

Of Joe Marks, whose sad fate it was to live the things other men write about

JOE MARKS died pretty much the way he lived and one night we unrolled his life like a window shade. We pulled him right down from the finish to the start. The verdict was that he didn't get anywhere in the newspaper profession because he didn't know a story.

"He was like the leg man sent to cover the big wedding," said Gibsons, "who phoned the desk there was no story because the bridegroom hadn't shown up. I always liked him because he did me a favor without knowing it. We were out on a binge one night and going like a prairie fire running along a rope fence. Over a table at Joel's he told me about his old man, who had been a great surgeon but blew his topper when he was operating on an old lady who was worth fifty million. Do you know he had a knife in one hand and a fork in the other? He was going to carve her like she was a potato. Overwork."

We laughed and Gibsons continued, "The old lady never knew what happened because she had more ether in her than bootleg ale in 1920. She recovered because the doc's assistants finished the job and they split the fifty-thousand-dollar fee they knew the doc would soak her. Well, five years later Marks' old man is still in the laughing academy biting wooden dolls out of picnic plates when the old lady gets all set for another operation. And, believe it or nuts, who does she want for the operation but Doc Marks, who is battier than a guano cave in Central America. She won't sniff the etherized cornucopia unless doc is at her side. So the assistants smuggle him out of the padded college because of the fifty thousand the old lady pays for every hamburgering party.

"They lead the doc to the operating room, dress him up in white and he not only performs the job but he calls his shots. They're waiting there to mow him down with a blackjack if he makes one false move but he is as steady as a four-poster bed. When it's over they take the doc back to the upholstered breakfast nook and he's still there. I always felt that I owed Marks something for that bit, even if he did spill it when he was stewed. It was just the thing I needed for a serial I was doing; it went into a show that ran two years and we got plenty for the movie rights."

"You sold it again for sound," said Price.

"That's right, Toots," agreed Gibsons, "and I'll let it go again for technicolor. Marks didn't know a story and he didn't know by-products."

THERE was a pause while we figured mentally how much golden gravy Gibsons had sopped up with Marks' bread. It was pretty close to a half-million wafers. But if Marks didn't know a story that was his own fault.

"You know," said Winkeller, "Marks once slapped me in the face with both hands in his pockets."

"How did he do that?" asked Price.

"Just with a remark," Winkeller explained, "and he drove me as nuts as his old man. Do you know that for five years I kept repeating an expression that haunts me like I was an old castle? And if I tell you it will drive you nuts, too?"

"It ain't a drive," said Price, "it's a putt. But tell it."

"Well, I'm warning you boys," Winkeller said. "I was standing outside the old Friars Club, which wasn't a bad flea bag in the days when George Cohan, Willie Collier, Sam Bernard and the old-timers belonged to it. Marks came along in pretty bad shape. I used to drink myself, but like all drunks I hated a drunkard. Marks was rumpled up worse than a congressman franking himself home in his own laundry bag. He braced me for a smacker and I gave it to him. He was plenty grateful. His eyes looked like jumped checkers and he had on last week's whiskers. He was a mess.

"Do you remember a fellow named Keen who played Down to the Sea in Ships in the silent days? Well, Keen came out of the club with a bull terrier that had scored big in that picture. While waiting for a taxicab Keen spoke to the pup in three or four languages, made it do a lot of great tricks and finally sent it back into the club to get a paper he had forgotten. The dog came out with it. After Keen had bounced off in the taxi, Marks turned to me and said, 'I once had a dog like that.' Then he burst into tears.

"'WHAT happened to it?' I asked, more to say something than anything else. A drunk will cry over anything, especially a dog. I didn't expect his answer.

"'It drowned,' he said.

"'Drowned?' I repeated after him. 'Are you whacky? Any dog can swim. And bull terriers can swim better than most pooches. They put their paws under their chins and paddle. That's where the expression comes from "Swimming Doggy."'

"'Drowned,' was all he would say and it got me mad.

"'How come a dog drowns when it can swim?' I said, trying to pin him down.

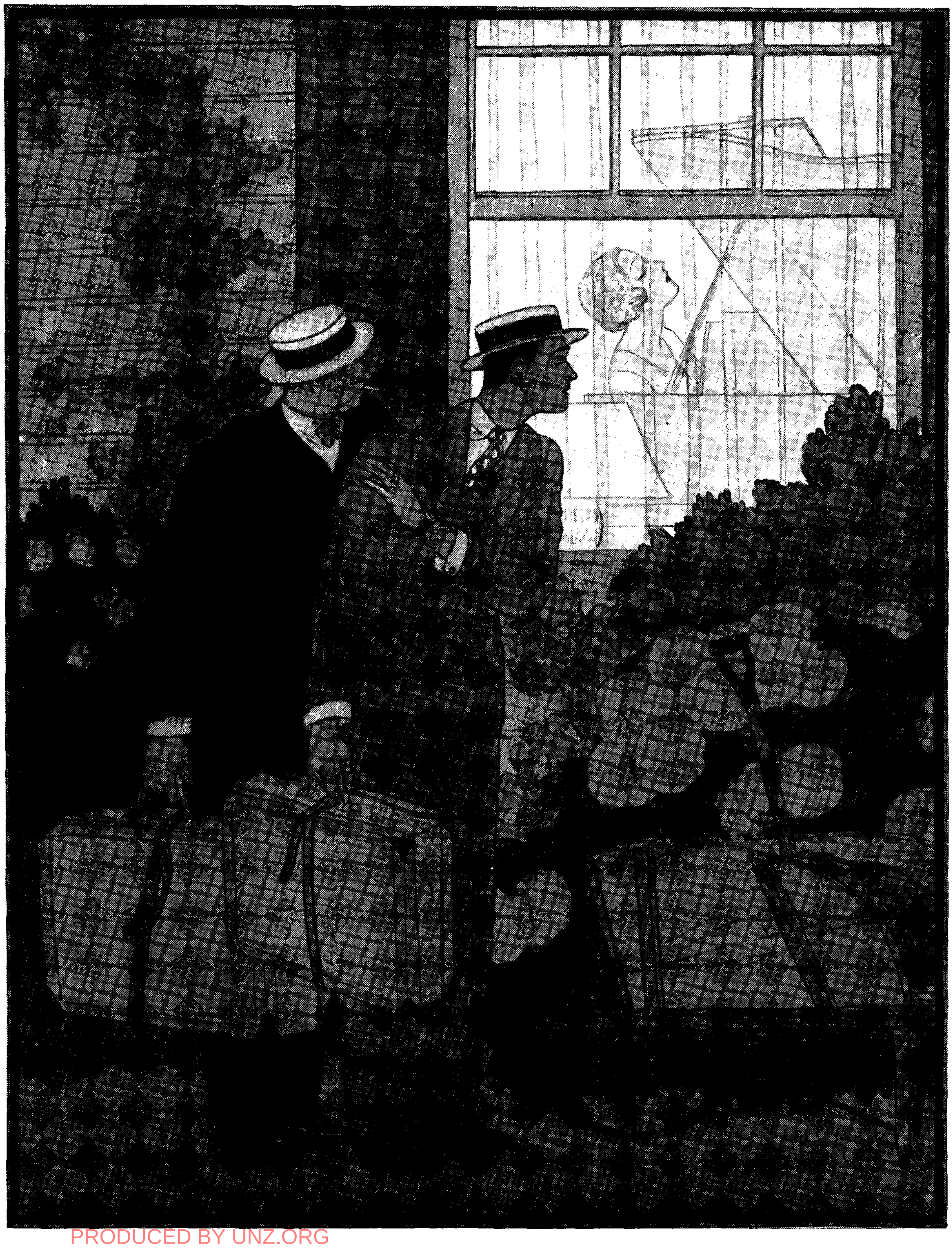
"'In the surf at Santa Monica,' he said, still weeping.

"Well, that got me good and mad. What did surf have to do with a dog drowning any more than it was in a gander lagoon on Long Island? A dog can swim just as well in surf as in a pond, and I told Marks so. Marks had both hands in his pockets while he was talking, and I knew my dollar bill was in one of his mitts. I was sore enough to pull the old Bowery trick on him. You know the one. Grab him by the elbows and yank his hands out suddenly. It brings money, keys and everything out on the sidewalk and there is a scramble for it.

"'How can a dog drown in surf?' I was yelling at him by this time and had my face so close to his I staggered from the exhalatory rebound.

"'My wife had him on a leash,' he said, and he walked away crying over the dog.

"I looked at him real sore until he rounded the Sixth Avenue corner. Then suddenly I repeated, 'Wife had him on a leash. It was on a leash. She had him on a



Marks took a breath like a vacuum cleaner hungry for dust. He never said a word leash!' The third time it slapped me in the puss and I shook myself like I was dice in the cup. Then I knew what had become of his wife."

"DIDN'T you know she had drowned herself?" asked Price.

"Not until I figured that in order to drown a bull terrier on a leash you have got to drown yourself," said Winkeller. "I kept muttering, 'It was on a leash. My wife had it on a leash.' I got so I ordered leashes on toast for breakfast. I would wake up at night screaming about wives having dogs on leashes. I went to see a specialist but was scared to tell him what was staking me to the jitteros. But the sucker wormed it out of me and we sang a duet about bulldogs having wives on leashes. He got dizzier than a bird dog seeing its first penguin. Do you remember when I faded out of sight for a year?"

"Yes," Gibsons said. "I met you one day and you were talking like a string of shooting crackers."

"I was so cracked I had to be nursed by a plasterer. One more crack and I would have been condemned by the building authorities," said Winkeller. "But I finally beat it."

"How?" asked Price.

"I wrote it for a short short," explained Winkeller, "and sold it for a goodly sum. It was my start in the writing racket—I mean profession. It was picked up by Breenett for his Great Short Stories of 1922. I think it was reprinted in a dozen languages. It made millions of people nuttier than a squirrel's paws all over the world. It will get you, too."

Who does she want to operate but Doc Marks, who is battier than a guano cave in Central America

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

He paced like a tiger patrolling his own cage and another cage for a sick friend

"It got me then," laughed Wallgren. "It was like Mark Twain's 'conductaire, conductaire, punch with care.' Queer thing about Marks was he spent his life talking about ideas for stories. I was with him at the Monkey Trial in Dayton, Tennessee. Remember his habit of pottering around old neighborhoods, bookstores and abandoned buildings? Well, we both slept and ate with the same family in Dayton and one night he came in late. He told me he had been roving around like a Notre Dame back and come across an empty house that must have been a swell joint in the old days.

"Seems it had been occupied by the superintendent of the old Tennessee Coal and Iron Company in the days when George Kessler, the wine agent, and his pals made millions out of soft coal and coke. They had cornered the pig-iron market when the war busted loose in 1914 or something. Anyway, it folded up the works and the super lost out. His wife and children left him and he started west to the coast. On the way he crossed the Mississippi, which is a pretty permanent leak. In San Francisco he took passage for the Orient, which meant a trip across the Pacific, an ocean that has no narrowest point. From there he sailed through the Indian Ocean, the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean, the Straits of Gibraltar, up through the Bay of Biscay, the Atlantic, the English Channel and the Thames River.

"I mean that he saw plenty of water and could have dunked many a cruller without praying for rain. I don't know how many rivers he crossed to Scotland or why he high-hatted the Lakes of Killarney. But, somewhere in a little town a short distance from Edinburgh, he visited the house where he lived as a boy. In back of that house was a creek about a foot deep. The blossoms and all the flowers that bloom in Scotland were perfuming the night when he laid face down in that creek and drowned himself."

"Good God!" said Price. "Who told you that, Wally?"

"Marks."

"Did he send it in to his paper?"

"Nope. He didn't do anything with it. Say, that fellow didn't know a story if it grabbed him by the ears. I gave him a year to do something with it. Then I wrote it for a smash finish on Lowell Sherman's picture 'Many Waters.' I was a gag man in Hollywood then. Remember the comic in that picture was Ford Sterling? He got a terrific laugh when he quits the Navy and starts off with a pair of oars over his shoulder. When they ask him where he is going he points to the oars and says, 'I'm going to walk inland until I come to a mug who doesn't know what these things are. And that's where I am going to live.' I got that gag from Marks when he was drinking one night. It got me a three-year contract. I got three bagsful that time. But none for the little boy who lived down the lane. I felt I sort of owed something to Marks but he never cracked. If he had said anything I would have probably slipped him a few yards. But what are you going to do with a fellow who don't know a story if it picked up his typewriter and wrapped it around his neck?"

"Peculiar thing about the dog on the leash," cut in Tippy Gray. "I was working down in Washington when Marks was assistant city editor. Which was about as high as he ever got in the newspaper profession. Bill Kennedy had just gone over to the Star, and Red Murphy, now with the Baltimore Sun papers, moved Marks up a peg. After all, you had to like him. I did. But Marks never cottoned to me. That's why he surprised me one day after we had put the paper to bed. It was an evening sheet and we were washed up about seven. Everybody had gone but us two and he was walking up and down like a tiger patrolling his own cage and another cage for a sick friend. Finally, he turned to me and said, 'I don't know what to do.'

"'DON'T do it,' I said. You know how I was in those days. I was flipper than a seal and a seal has got one on each side.

"'That ain't it,' he said. 'It's this way.' And the fellow who had never spoken more than a word or two to me for six months or so let down his hair and asked my advice.

"I'll tell it to you the way he told it to me. It was twilight and darker when he finished. I can still see him looking out through the big plate-glass window Munsey had put in on the second floor. Across Pennsylvania Avenue was the District Building. He had married a girl in Omaha where he worked on the Bee. His paper had sent him down to a small town where he met her. A couple of weeks later he got the Washington job through Frank Lamb, who was holding down a couple of desks, and gave Marks his Munsey job.

"Marks told me that his wife was a talented musician and hadn't wanted to sacrifice her career for marriage. However, Marks had shilled her into it with the proviso that either one of them could cancel with a nod at the end of the first year. And, says Marks, the year is up tonight. With that he starts pacing again like a man measuring off ground for a duel. From thirty paces with revolvers he shortens the distance until both fellows are biting on a hanky and hacking away with knives. He repeats that the year is up tonight and he doesn't know what to do.

"His wife had tried to leave him at the end of the first six months. But he was madly in love with her and talked her out of it.

"Now, he has cooled off like army carpenters in the shade. And she was dippy over him."

"IT HAPPENS that way in the best-regulated hotels," said Price. "But what caused the emulsion of feeling?"

"There was going to be a baby," Tippy said.

"Great Jones Street and a couple of detours," said Gibsons. "Slap my face and reduce my old-age pension if that ain't a story. Did you write it?"

"No," said Tippy. "I was young and ethical at the time. A couple of seasons later I sold the idea to Ham Gurkin for five hundred. But he didn't pay me. You know I had to sue that bird to get the money for my own idea?"

"What advice did you give Marks?" asked Price.

"None," answered Tippy. "He walked out while I was still thinking."

"Was the baby born?"

(Continued on page 26)

That fellow wouldn't know a story if it picked up his typewriter and wrapped it around his neck

Bread into Roses

By Kathleen Norris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

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The Story Thus Far:

IDOLIZING Alexander Hazeltyne, and idolized by him, Susannah Farjeon marries him.

Then, shortly after the birth of her daughter, Evelina, she receives a terrible blow. Her husband comes to her, confesses that he has fallen in love with Merle Sargent, a nineteen-year-old girl, and that he wants his freedom so that he can marry her.

Hazeltyne is an unusually attractive man. He is wealthy. In both the business and social worlds of New York City, he is a power. He has always had what he wanted. He has it now—Susannah gives him his freedom; and, following a stay in Reno, he marries the girl.

For months, in Connecticut where, with Evelina, she lives in a charming old farmhouse, Susannah is wretchedly unhappy. Without Alec Hazeltyne, life holds little for her; she feels that she can never be happy again.

Living near her are the Duquesnes: Terry and his sister, Anne. In time they become her best friends. Unlike Alec Hazeltyne, Terry is not a romantic figure; quiet, gentle, understanding, he is not the type that attracts the average woman. It never occurs to Susannah that he is falling in love with her. So, when he tells her in his quiet, gentle way that he loves her, she is genuinely surprised. She does not tell him that she can never learn to care for him; but the quick rush of tears to her eyes warns him that the time has not come for him to ask her to become his wife.

The days drift by. Striving courageously to master herself, to regain her old poise, to put the image of Alec and innumerable thoughts of their happiness together out of her mind, Susannah remains in Connecticut. There little Evelina becomes desperately ill and dies. Susannah is more lonely, more wretched, than ever. One evening, the door opens and in walks a little boy: Phil—Alec Hazeltyne's young son, by an earlier marriage.

Phil explains that he has run away from a summer camp. Susannah promises to stand by him, to let him stay with her for some time. Just before bedtime, he turns to her. "I'm so glad I got here," he whispers. Susannah smiles. "I'm glad you're here!" she replies.

IX

THAT night Susannah sat up until after midnight writing letters. One was addressed to little Phil's grandmother, one went to Alec's lawyer in New York City, a long one to her own mother in Peking. She had written her mother only once in the last month; a first letter after Evelina's going when she could hardly hold her pen to the paper or see the words she wrote for tears. But she found that she could write tonight, and make the letter one not too hard for her mother to read.

Phil awakened her in the night. Her clock's hands stood at twenty minutes to three when she heard his anxious voice close beside her.

"Sanna!"

"My darling!" she said, starting up bewildered, touching a light. Against the shadowy background of the wide room, he stood in his little pajamas looking at her with troubled dark eyes.

"Sanna, I thought maybe they were coming to get me."

"Ah, no, they wouldn't do that!" She flung her covers wide. "Get in here, dear, and I'll get you your own pillow—"

This arrangement evidently was satisfactory. He settled down upon the pillow, happily conversational.

"I guess I had a bad dream."

"I should think you had! But Phil," she went into it very seriously, "they'll not come after you. I telephoned them to say that you were going to be my boy for a while, and I've written Dad and Granny that you're here."

"Oh, *did* you?"

"Just now, while you were asleep." Susannah, on her side of the bed, reached her hand toward the light. "Now you've got to go to sleep; it's almost three o'clock," she said.

"Gee, you're kind!" Phil murmured.

It was darkness again.

"Will you go to sleep now, Phil?"

"Well, I was lyin' here, thinkin'."

"Don't lie there and think any more. Go straight to sleep."

"I thought Captain Mason was a big spider."

"That was only a dream. You won't have any more dreams."

"No, I won't have any more dreams now."

He was almost immediately asleep. It was Susannah who lay wakeful, thinking. But the nearness of the little, trusting, deep-breathing creature was strangely soothing, too; after a while she gingerly turned herself into a sleeping position, felt a heavenly drowsiness take possession of her.

He was still deep asleep when she awakened in the summer morning, and saw opal colors shifting on the walls of the old room, and green light filtering through the high elms at the window. Phil was sprawled over two thirds of the bed. Susannah felt quite cramped and stiff from having been gradually pushed into the remaining space.

She got up cautiously, stepping about the room quietly. He was tired out, poor little chap. He had trotted seven miles, with God knew how many detours and delays!

"We have company," she said to Laverne, in the kitchen.

"TERRY DUQUESNE stay overnight?" Laverne asked with country directness. Susannah felt her color rising—as she laughed.

"A very much younger gentleman. Mr. Hazeltyne's little boy—my husband's little boy by his first wife. She died soon after Phil was born and he's been handed about between schools and nurses ever since."

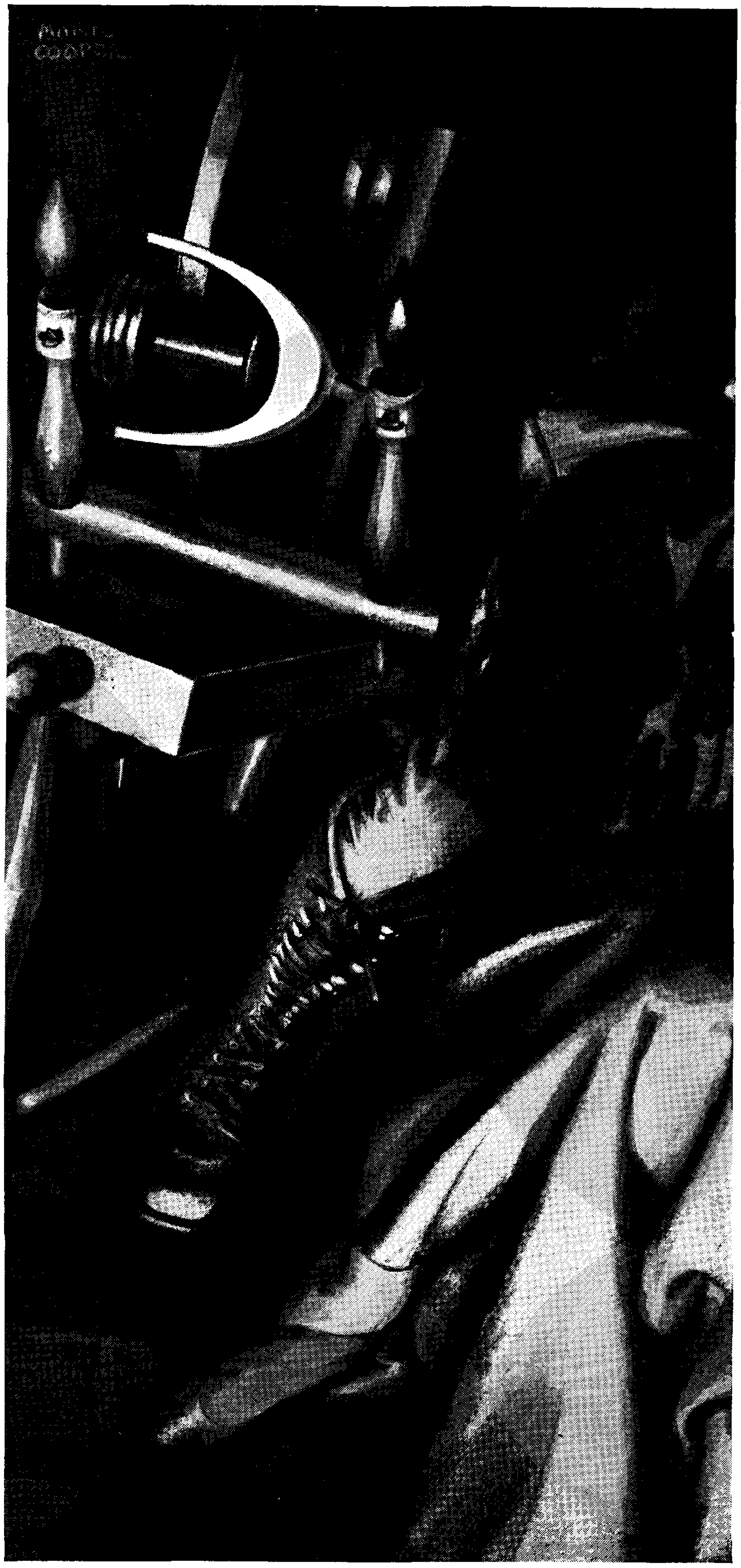
"Well, sakes," Laverne observed. "It'll be kind of good to have a—" She changed the phrase. "It'll be nice to have him here," she said.

The big kitchen had windows facing east and west; the sun was at neither now, but the room was full of subdued morning light. Its woodwork was scoured clean, its big stove twinkled in nickel and polished iron, and Laverne, stepping between the shining faucets of the sink and the steaming coffeepot on the electric plate, was like a presiding goddess fittingly attired in crisp percale and a flowing checked apron.

"All I fixed for you, Mis' Hazeltyne, is your fruit and toast."

"Well—we have some cooked cereal, haven't we?" Oh, yes, there was cooked cereal still in its big box on the long pantry shelves. Susannah's heart reminded her with a stab why that box was there, and of the little voice that had said, "'Verne b'ing in my bowl!" so happily at many a breakfast hour.

But the pain was swiftly gone when Philip's voice behind her made her turn.



He was descending the narrow angled flight of the kitchen stairs; he looked deliciously fresh and rested, with water still hanging in drops upon his combed hair, and yesterday's dusty khaki shirt open to show his throat.

"I talked to Liza," he said.

"Oh, did you, darling? This is Phil, Laverne."

"WELL, say, hello, Phil," Laverne said, pauses between the words.

"She was makin' her bed!" Philip announced. "I heard her singin' and I went in. And she showed me how to come down."

"You came down the back way."

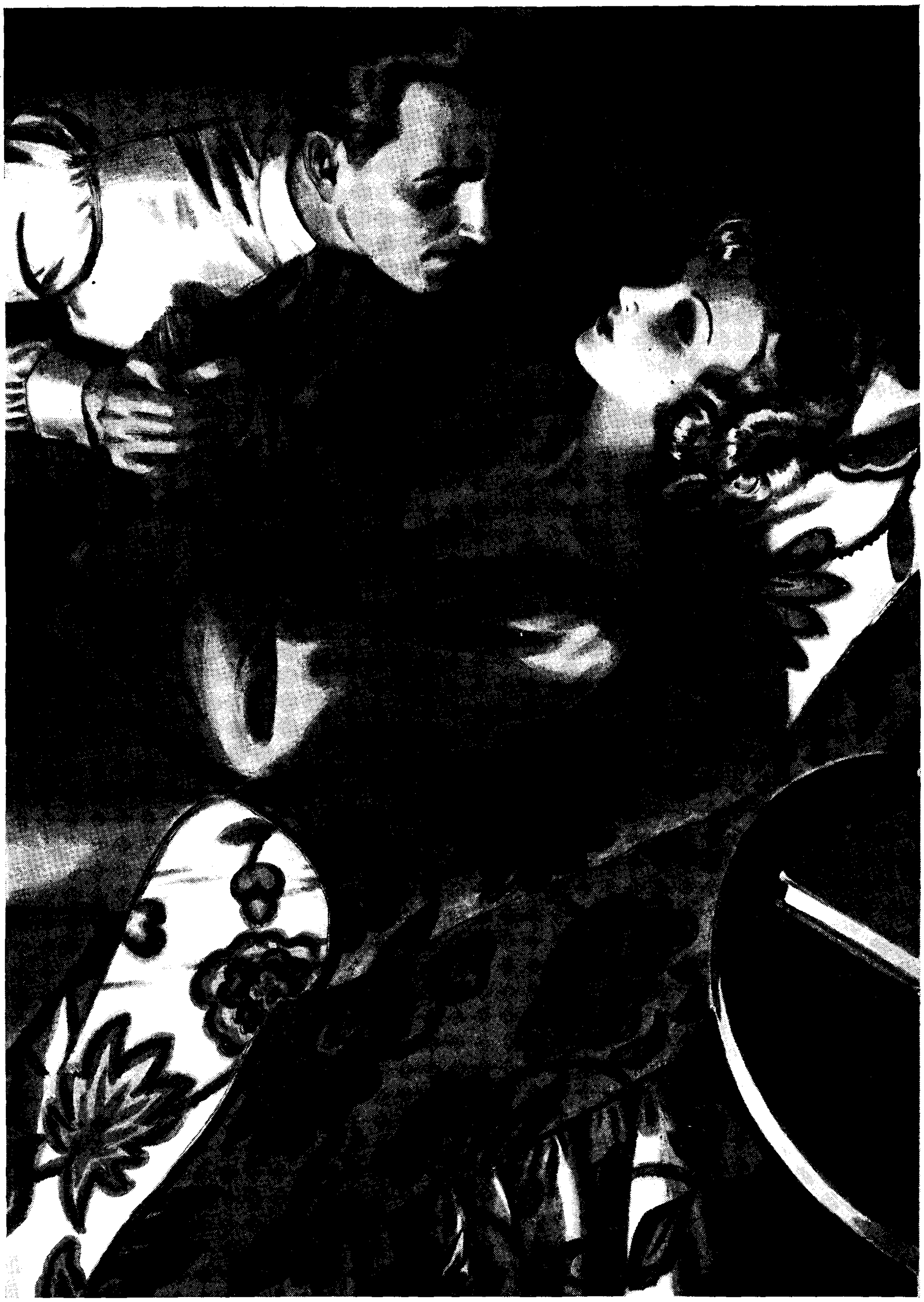
"It's a sort of nice way for a boy," he said. "D'joo have your breakfas'?"

"No, I haven't yet," Susannah replied.

"Come on, then," he said, his friendly hand held out.

"Laverne's put my table out here on the grass, Phil. You ask her for your plate and napkin."

They sat down together, and the sunshine and shade filtered down upon them in blots of mellow shadow and morning brightness. In the beginning Phil was a little anxious for fear that he would be followed and taken back to camp, but Susannah ultimately reassured him. And toward the end of the meal Terry came over with little Nan and Jerd, and Susannah had the satisfaction of watching the children in the swift process of making friends, hearing their shouts and laughter as they drifted farther and



"Why not trust me, Sue?" he asked. He crossed the rug and knelt down beside her chair and took possession of her hands

farther away up the shady stretches of the orchard, calling back to them entire sanction when they demanded from the brookside permission to get "maybe sort of a little wet."

"How'd he find you, Sue?" Terry said, helping her with the cutting of overgrown raspberry whips and blackberry vines, while this was going on.

"Desperation, poor little chap. He was at camp seven miles from here, and terribly unhappy. He'd had a nurse much too long. She was a nice, intelligent woman, and she brought him along fast enough, as far as that went, but quite suddenly Alec's mother dismissed her and packed him off to a boys' school, and then a camp, and he wasn't ready for them."

Susannah paused to look for sympathy in Terry's expression. She had on an old ticking apron that had been hanging in one of the closets of the house when she had moved in. Laverne had laundered it, and it had become her favorite gardening wear. On the back of her head was a broad-brimmed straw hat of the farmer type, bound in black tape; her slender wrists disappeared into big gauntlets.

"D'YOU know you're very beautiful?" Terry observed. Susannah smiled. "That's the way to talk."

Some days before in the jungle of the side garden, she had discovered a buried path and a lost gate leading into a sunken and long-abandoned lane. Completely submerged now in a wave of berry bushes, these once had provided a short cut in the exact direction of the Duquesne house; by clearing them, crossing the road, and taking the little path back of the Simmons' barn, the distance between the two places would be appreciably lessened. Now Susannah and Terry were beginning an onslaught on the thirty years' accumulation of garden growths that choked the old way. Flushed, disheveled, eager, she turned to his always ready look a smile that he had not seen on her face for weeks.

"Are you going to keep this little gent?"

"Keep him!" she echoed, beginning her hacking and dragging again. "I should always have had him," she said. "I'll never quite forgive myself that all this time I didn't take him! His nurse—she really was a friendly, nice kind of person, and he adored her; she took him up to Lake George—she had cousins there, I believe, in the summers—that part wasn't so bad. But to have let him go off to school—

"Terry, how the mean things we do to children hurt us! I remember now that when—when we were with his grandmother last Christmas he rather made love to me; he asked me if I didn't think boarding schools were rather lonesome places for boys—blind, stupid, cruel brute that I was—" She stopped on a mirthless laugh.

"Susannah!"

"I know. They sound affected—those words. But I never saw his little problem at all. Oh, Terry—"

She left the jungle of the berry bushes and walked toward the house and sat down in a wicker chair at the terrace table, one muddy stiff gauntlet pressed against her eyes, her elbow on the table.

"Sue," he said anxiously beside her.

"Oh, no, I was just thinking," she said in a whisper, as he knelt down so that their faces were close together, "I was just thinking how sweet—how unutterably sweet she was that Christmas day, rushing about in the firelight, and how much we made of her, and how little of him! He came and stood beside me, and dug his little head into my shoulder, and I never saw it."

BREATHING shallow and fast, as if she had been running, she looked at him with haggard eyes. Terry spoke tenderly, as if to a child.

"You'll make it up to him now! Don't forget that you were in terrible distress about your divorce, last Christmas, and that he had a father and a grandmother and a devoted nurse—"

She was looking at him thoughtfully. Now with a hand that she bared with a sudden gesture, a hand that felt warm and soft from the glove, she drew a fingertip across his eyebrow.

"You comfort me," she said slowly. "I wonder why God put you just where He did to comfort me, Terry?"

"I don't know," he said in a whisper.

"I'm going to make it up to him, Terry."

"To the little fellow? To Phil?"

"He's going to have the happiest childhood any boy ever had. He's going to have a treetop house and a robber's cave and a cookstove, and all the chains and ropes and hammers and nails in the world, and books, and Jerd here whenever he'll come—"

"His camp experience will only make it more wonderful to him, Sue," Terry said, as she paused.

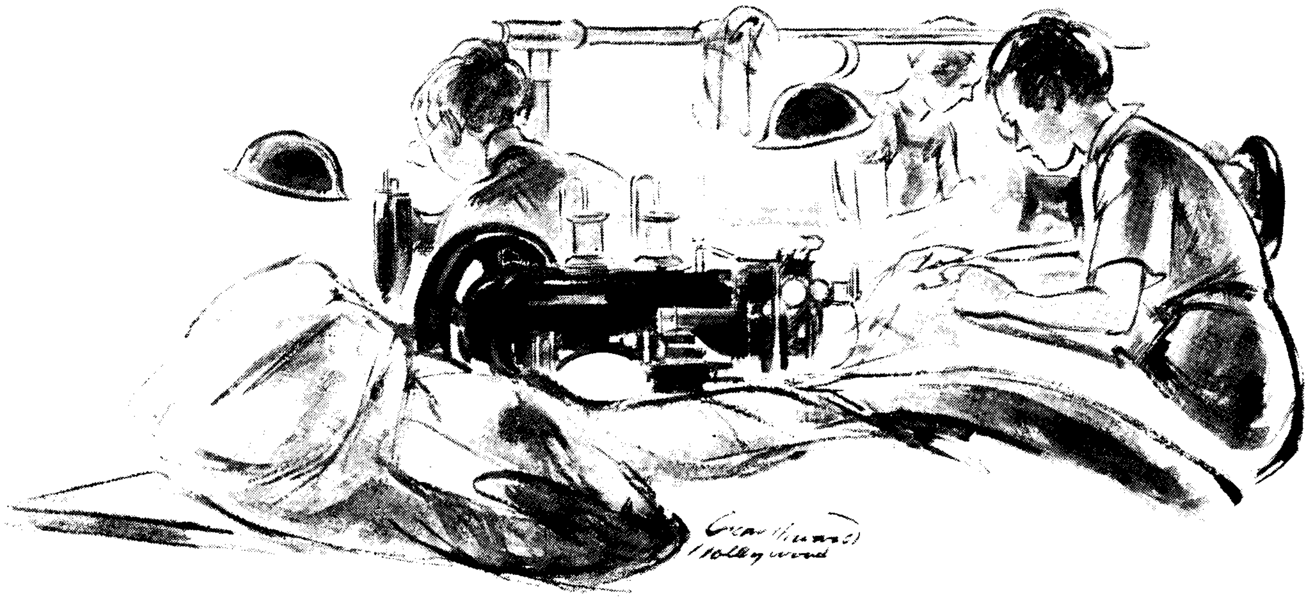
"Oh, I hope so! Oh, Terry, if someone could only do it for every boy. One thinks of all the thousands who want the country, want the woods and the creek—"

"Think instead of all the millions who have them, Sue."

"I know," she said, comforted. And then with a sudden change of mood, "Come on! We're just getting under way!"

They went back to battle with the dusty, long, angry tentacles of the vines

(Continued on page 37)



What Did She Have On?

Most men don't know. But they know whether they liked it. Omar Kiam, Hollywood dress designer, can tell you why. So Oscar Howard, artist, went into a huddle with him. And here you are—what the well-dressed woman should wear

By Oscar Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

KENNETH ALEXANDER

SOME women seem to think they are smartly dressed when they arrive at an effect as severe and unadorned as a bare hardwood floor, if they have on the latest thing, if—"

This was my voice speaking, the only man at a women's tea party. To my shock and surprise my voice went on, as unchecked as a stream in flood.

"Smartness is a matter of good lines. The sort of good lines to be found in the plan of a boat's hull, the shape of a gazelle, in drawings by any of the old masters. They are in all garments of distinction and have nothing to do with fashions, pretty colors or time.

"Furthermore, if some women with beautiful eyes knew a little more about design, they would never let hairdressers bewitch and bedevil their hair into whirls and curls and distractions, so that they lose half the candle-power of a swell pair of eyes."

Of course the result was I was asked a lot of questions for which I had no answers. Sure of my ground even so, I made up my mind to go to the United Artists Studio in Hollywood and get Omar Kiam to give me those answers.

That last name is really his own; the first was taken for professional uses after the school kids in Houston, Texas, had just naturally given it to him in the first place. If you want to know how it developed that a boy in Houston, Texas, became a designer of women's clothes, it was because his uncle and father owned a shop selling clothes. When he began to show that he was something of a creative artist, Omar designed clothes instead of houses or landscapes. At one time, the women I happened to know who had some professional connection with fashions thought he was one of the best designers in New York before he went on to Hollywood.

From Design to Smart Costume

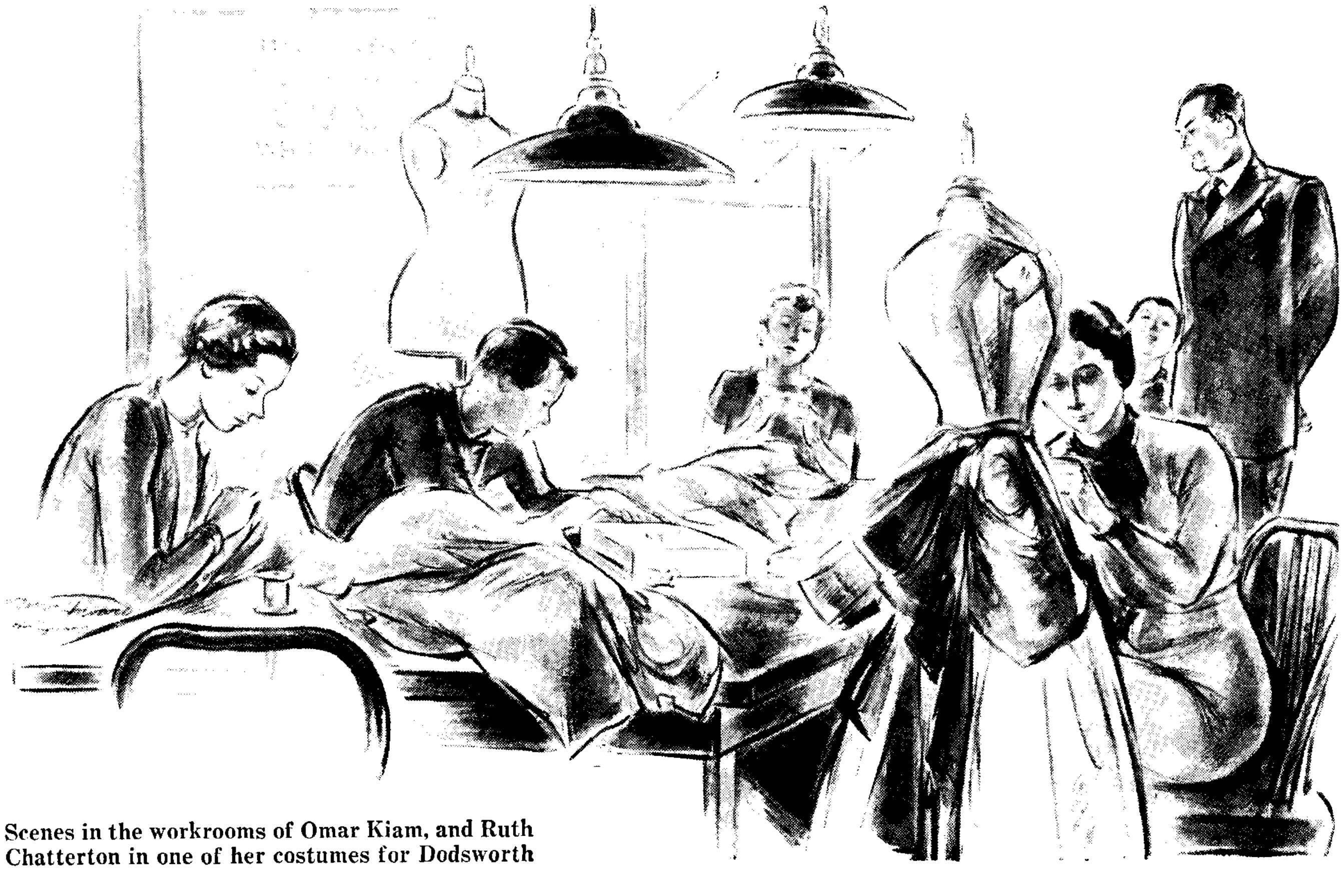
I found Omar Kiam in a room like a modern office, combined with an artist's studio and a touch of something to do with the stage. One side of the place was almost entirely a mirror. On the opposite wall were two dark movable panels which could be pushed together or pulled apart so an actress could see her dress in the glass against either a dark or a light background. About the walls and along the floor stood some twenty-eight black-and-white fashion drawings. Each had bits of material of which the completed dress was to be made, pinned to the sketch.

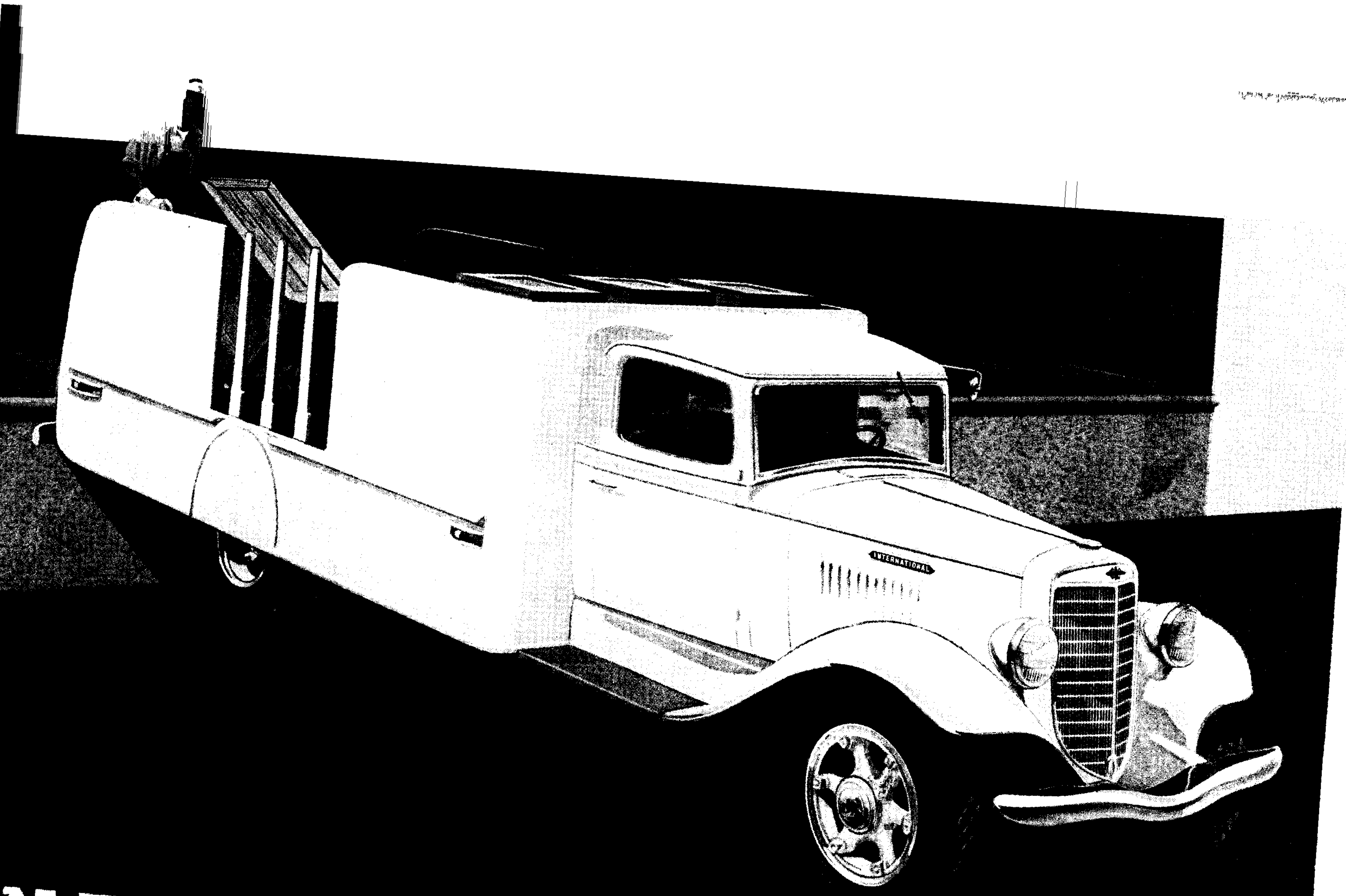
Responding to my curiosity, Mr. Kiam obligingly showed me some of his workrooms, by way of introduction to our discussion of women's clothes. The floor of the first was strewn with snips of white cloth in odd shapes. The furniture included a couple of chairs and tables, a mirror and several sumptuous dress forms much better made and finished than the Betsy Janes usually seen standing forlorn in attic corners.

On one of the dress forms was half a negligee made of some white material. There were the lines I had been talking about in every fold and drape. Even as half a negligee on a stuffed figure it was smart and feminine. I asked how they took a fashion drawing and made that out of it: how much was cutting, how much fitting, to get the result Mr. Kiam designed? Mme. Jeanne, the fitter, removed some pins from her mouth, straightened up, spread her hands and said: "But—it is a profession, a life work." This immediately made everything clear to me.

The place to which I was taken next was full of ironing boards and enough tables for the dining-room of a girls' boarding school. There were batteries of sewing machines, a dress of some historical period on a form, and a few

(Continued on page 53)


Scenes in the workrooms of Omar Kiam, and Ruth Chatterton in one of her costumes for Dodsworth



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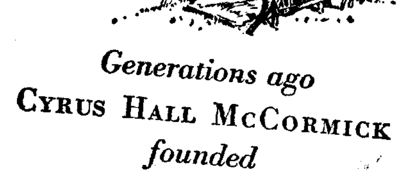

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Lucky Break

By Will F. Jenkins

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

ALEX HUNT believed that sooner or later everybody gets a lucky break, whether he deserves it or not. And he was right. Everybody does. But it happened that in his case fate, or destiny, or something, was a little more insistent than usual. So he cashed in.

It started on a Friday evening when, brief-case in hand, he was jammed in the corner of the vestibule in a subway car. He did not notice the man with floppy ears, or notice that he carried a brief-case too. Not at first.

The train stopped. People struggled to get out. People struggled to get in. Then Alex saw the man with the floppy ears. He wore a natty straw hat. He looked about right to be the cashier of some firm or other. He carried a brief-case. And he was scared. Badly scared. His eyes were panic-filled. And Alex suddenly realized that his fright was caused by four men who seemed struggling to get out but actually stayed close around him.

A flood of passengers surged in. The man with the floppy ears was caught in the impact of their pushing. He reeled against Alex, and Alex heard him panting as if in terror. Their bodies were jammed together for an instant. Alex's brief-case was torn away. The next instant its handle slid back between his fingers.

Then, suddenly, the floppy-eared man grew desperate. He dived for the door leading back to the following car. He darted out to the platform from there, his straw hat bobbing. The four men leaped after him.

The train jerked into motion. Alex stood jammed in the corner of the vestibule, holding his brief-case in his hand. His eyes gleamed excitedly. Because the brief-case in his hand was not his—it belonged to the man with the floppy ears!

IN HIS own room, Alex opened the brief-case. The breath went out of him when he looked. The brief-case was full of bank notes! He counted eighteen thousand, one hundred and seventy dollars in ten- and twenty-dollar bills. In packets, with elastic bands around them.

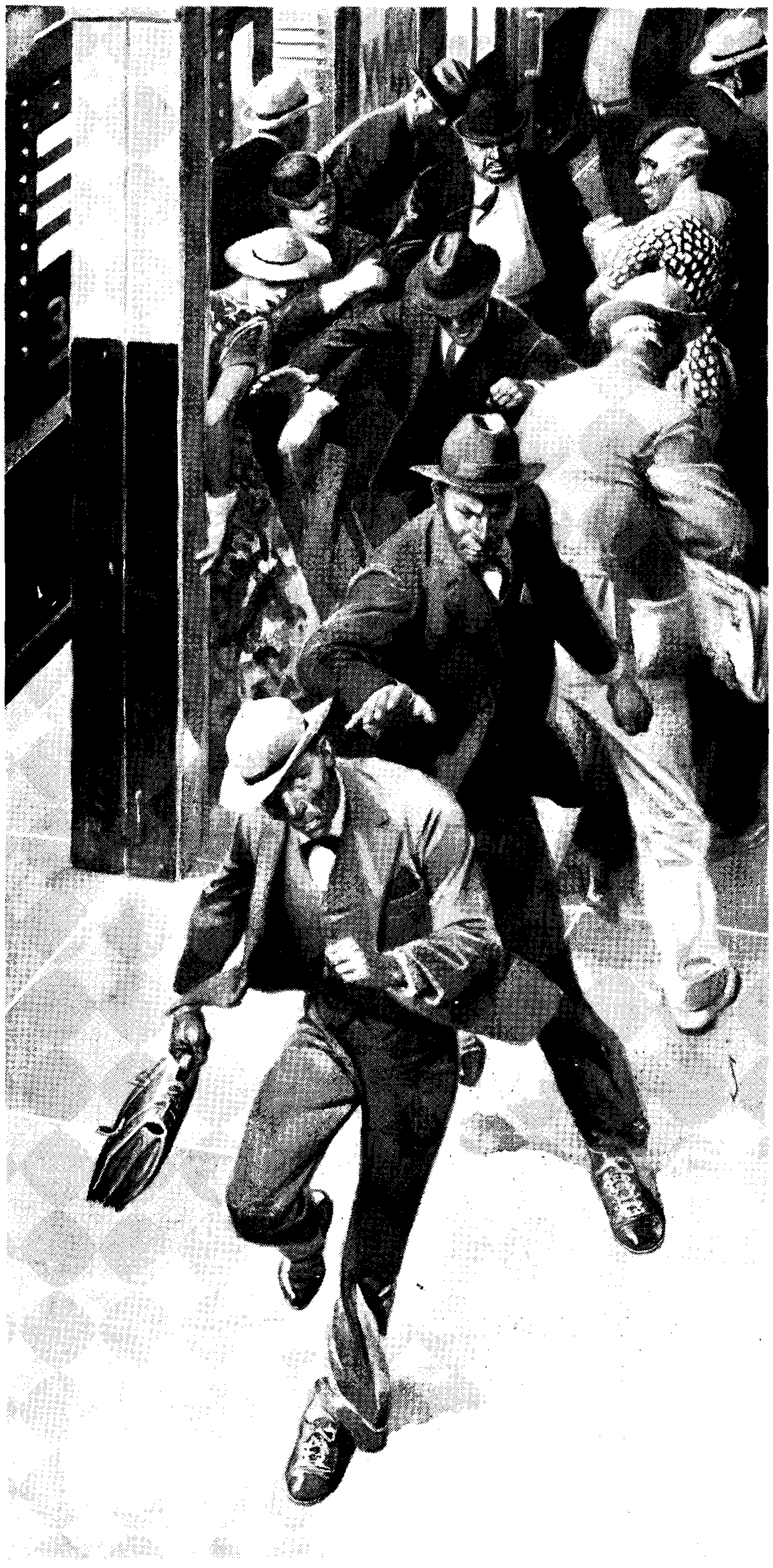
Shivering, he looked for the name of the owner. He picked out the packets of money. No bankbook. No memorandum. No bank slips. The brief-case and its contents were anonymous.

"But—how am I—" Alex gulped. "How am I going to take it back? I—want to be honest. . . ."

Then, quite suddenly, he knew that he had lied. He shivered again. He remembered that his own brief-case carried no identifying mark and that nothing in it bore his name or that of his firm. There was no possible way for anybody to trace the other brief-case to him! Trembling, he hid the brief-case and the money. This was Friday night.

On Monday night, he had not spent a penny of the money, but nobody had come for it, either. At the end of ten days nothing had happened. Nor at the end of twenty. Thirty. But if it were found now, he'd be considered to have stolen it. The thought scared him. Ten—twenty years in jail. . . .

He knew the man with floppy ears would haunt the subway—the Lenox Avenue line—hoping to see him again.



He darted out to the platform. The four men leaped after him

So he changed his manner of life in one respect. Every evening he went from the office to the public library for an hour, and then went home—not by the Lenox Avenue line. He studied the work he did in the office. He gave the impression of an ambitious young man preparing himself for a better job. He dodged all possibility that the man with floppy ears would find him. And he had hidden the money so that no search of his room would disclose it.

Four months passed. Five. Six . . . Now, at last, he felt that he was safe. He had only to resign his job on the plea of a better one offered him, disappear from the city, enjoy himself in leisure.

Then he went to redeem his overcoat. Everything was prepared. He'd resigned his job. It was amusing that the big boss had sent for him and offered him a five-dollar raise. He'd talked impressively of Alex's new-found dependability and interest in his work. A better job was almost ready for him. . . .

Alex laughed to himself, as he turned into the pawnshop.

A frizzy-haired young man took his pawn ticket. He vanished in the rear. He was gone for what seemed a long time, during which Alex's heart pumped louder and louder. It seemed so silent. . . .

The young man came back with Alex's coat. Alex paid, slipped it on, and went out into the rain.

AND then a man stopped short, and stared at him. He swore luridly in sheer surprise. It was the man with floppy ears.

"What'd you do with the stuff, fella?" he asked conversationally. "Got anything left?"

Alex Hunt's world had crashed. A desperate despair filled him.

"Y-yes." He choked. He said thickly, "I'll g-give it all back—"

The other man started perceptibly. He caught at Alex's arm. There was a papery rustling.

"Y'got it yet?—Y'got it in y'coat!"

Alex could not reply. Sheer terror filled him. The other man dragged him swiftly to the doorway of the closed store. He tore at the overcoat with practiced fingers. Alex could not resist. The lining ripped. Bank notes. Tens. Twenties. The man with floppy ears looked at them hungrily and swore. For a moment there was silence. Then, resignedly, the man with the floppy ears tore the bank notes across. He tore them into shreds. He brushed them away.

"I shoulda known," he said philosophically. "There ain't nobody would take that stuff now. Yeller. Brittle. Y'couldn't pass it on a baby!"

He shrugged and looked tolerantly at Alex.

"The fella that made it was slick," he confided; "he hadda stunt that made his paper dam' good. But it wouldn't stay that way. This stuff's all gone now. Phooey!"

He grinned at Alex. And Alex, dazed, said hoarsely, "You mean—you mean it's counterfeit?"

"Queer? Sure!" said the man with floppy ears. "Nothin' else." He turned up his coat collar. "The dicks were closin' in on me, so I shoved it off on you."

He swung out of the doorway, and was gone.

Alex stood rocking on his feet in the store entrance. Presently he sobbed. Because he had believed that sooner or later everybody gets a lucky break, whether he deserves it or not. And now that belief was gone; he could no longer expect, even in dreams, anything that he had not earned for himself.

Which was his lucky break. He realized it later on—after he had become moderately rich. Everybody does get a lucky break, whether he deserves it or not. It simply happened that in Alex Hunt's case fate, or destiny, or something, was a little more insistent than usual. So he cashed in.

*Action*BAK for new Ease—
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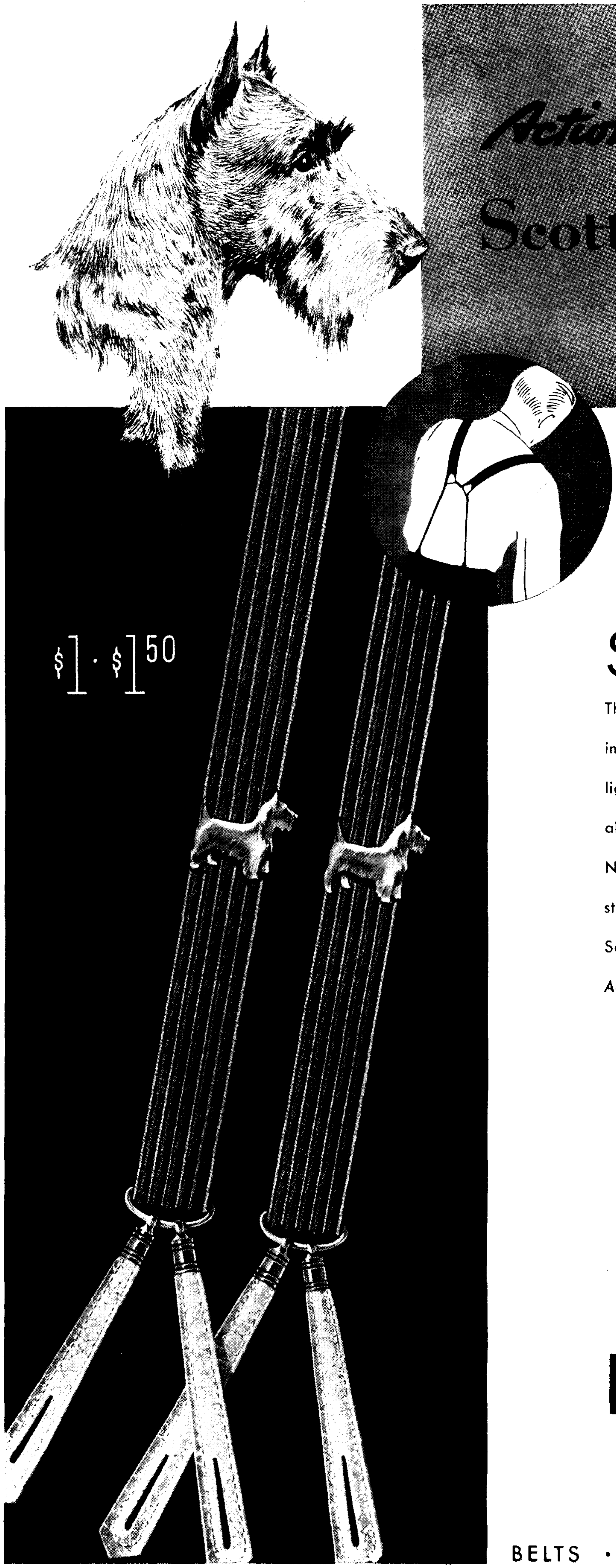

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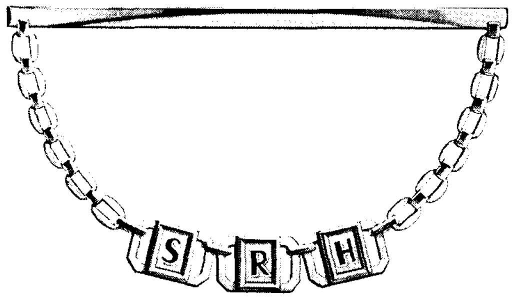

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NOW DON'T START IN ON THAT . . . YOU KNOW MY SKIN'S SO TENDER I CAN'T SHAVE CLOSE . . . AND I WON'T TORTURE MYSELF TWICE A DAY!
NEXT MORNING
TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM . . . IT SAYS HERE THAT ITS SMALL BUBBLE LATHER GIVES A REALLY COMFORTABLE SKIN-LINE SHAVE THAT LASTS HOURS LONGER.
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER
WHY, TIMMY, HOW NICE YOU LOOK . . . YOU'VE SHAVED AGAIN.
NOT ME, HONEY, I SHAVED WITH COLGATE'S THIS MORNING . . . THESE SKIN-LINE SHAVES SURE DO LAST AND MY SKIN FEELS SWELL!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

He Didn't Know a Story

Continued from page 19

"It was."

"Well," persisted Price, "did they stay married?"

"He wasn't in the surf at Santa Monica. It was his wife and dog."

"What changed his feeling for her?"

"I never knew," replied Tippy, "except it was something she had deceived him about. By the way, Fitz, you worked with him in Omaha. You knew him pretty well. What was wrong with him?"

"He didn't know a story," said Fitz. "I was with him on the Bee when we went down to Townville to cover that campus murder. It was a pip of a case, but collapsed with all on board when Professor Corum copped a plea.

"Marks and myself were on rival papers, but we were friendly. We had packed and were on our way to the station to grab the Omaha rattler. The burg had a nice residential section, what with fraternities, professors, retired ranchers and businessmen. It was twilight when we walked through a swell district. What Wally said about evening perfumes in Scotland goes double for Townville in the summer. You could smell the honeysuckle, the roses, the grass, the trees and the hedges. Of course, we were thirty years younger then and our senses hadn't been blunted by amendments. I can still hear Marks sniffing deep and loud and can remember the slap of his grass suitcase against his pants leg.

"The walks were wide and so were the lawns. The windows were oblongs of yellow, filtered through lace curtains. You could see forms through the leaves and lace. It was a thrill to get a glimpse of a girl's figure even at a distance, for romance was in the air. I guess we were walking by the biggest house of all when Marks stopped deader than an iron deer. Somebody had started playing a piano with a bang, a crash and the sure fingering of a master.

"'Palitoffsky,' said Marks. 'I heard him in Chicago. What's he doing here?'

"'Why,' I told him, 'this town gets the best on the Redfern Circuit. But that ain't Palitoffsky. That's Dean Martin's house and that's his daughter playing. She plays at all the collegiate affairs.'

"'No girl can play like that,' Marks said. 'It's a man and it's Palitoffsky.'

"I KNEW who it was because I had been in Townville on many a story and had met the dean's family. His daughter was a corking musician. And pretty, too. But Marks insisted it was a man. I might have been mistaken at that. Maybe Palitoffsky was in town. Now that I came to think of it, I had never heard her play anything that terrific before. She usually tinkled off little rippling things like a berrypicker strumming a guitar. While I was wondering about it, Marks spoke up.

"'If that's a girl,' he said, 'I'll marry her.'

"'Well,' I told him, 'there's one way to find out.'

"We walked up across the lawn, under the trees and braked right up against the window. I looked over Marks' shoulder. It was a girl.

"Marks took a breath like a vacuum cleaner hungry for dust. He never said a word. Just listened to the ponderous, sonorous thunder of a cavalry charge that was hopeless, hammered out by a frail girl who didn't seem to have enough strength to break a soda cracker that had been dipped in cream. He could see her head and shoulders on the other side of a grand piano. The music stopped and she got up from the stool. The vibration of the terrific symphony hung in the dusk like musical spiderwebs.

"'I'll marry her,' Marks said. 'I'll marry her.'

"And he did. I introduced them right through the window. She came out and walked with us to the station. I trailed back about ten feet. He must have proposed on the return half of his ticket, for she came to Omaha in two days. Dean Martin was against the suddenness of it all after only a week's build-up, so Marks never went to her home. You know the rest."

"Was that the girl who drowned the terrier on the leash at Santa Monica?" asked Price. "I mean Marks wasn't married twice or anything, was he?"

"THAT was the girl," said Fitz. "She was on the other end of the leash."

"Was she a square shooter?"

"Do you mean by that was she on the level with other men?"

"Yes."

"She was. She was as straight as a gun barrel."

"Then what did Tippy mean about her deceiving Marks?"

"She never played the piano again."

"Why not?"

"She couldn't."

"Why—"

"I mean to say she couldn't play it the way she did that twilight."

"I don't understand—"

"It was the first baby grand player piano in that part of the country."

"Great grief!" said Gibsons. "Trim my bunions and cancel my alimony if that ain't a story. So Marks was right. It was Palitoffsky in capsule form."

"He was right," answered Fitz. "He knew that no girl could play a piano like that."

"Why didn't you wise your pal up?" asked Price.

"How did I know?" Fitz countered. "I was looking over Marks' shoulder and got the same view he did. We thought she was using her hands. And she was. But not on the keys. On the levers. We had seen players before but they were all uprights. You dropped nickels in them in honky-tonks. So long, boys, I'm turning in."

After Fitz had left we all sat around looking at each other. So that was why Marks had taken the gas pipe.

"What a story, what a story," was all Gibsons could say. "What a story."

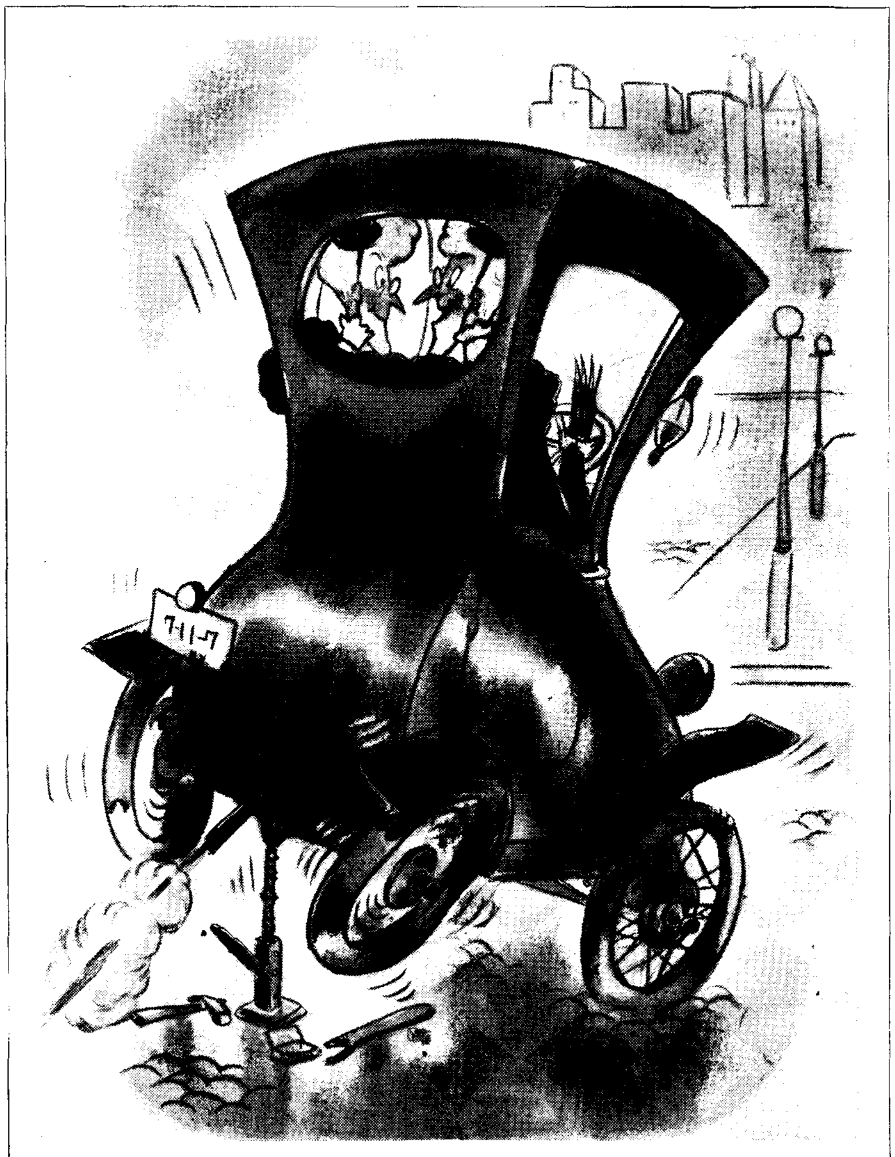
"Are you a man or a broken record?" asked Price.

"What a story," answered Gibsons. "By the way, does Fitz know a story when he sees one?"

Everybody perked up at that. "I'm afraid he does," said Tippy. "Marks was the only Omaha old-timer who didn't know one. I'm afraid he does."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Gibsons said. "We'll draw lots to see who gets it. Then the winner gives Fitz a year. If Fitz doesn't write it in a year it belongs to the winner."

I won. But I didn't wait a year. I knew Gibsons, Price and the other boys too well for that. Fitz is suing me now. And I had to get out restraining injunctions against Gibsons, Wallgren, Tippy and Price.



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Out of the Woods

Continued from page 9

darker than the clear brown in her skin.

It was a puzzling dress, Joe said, because it picked up surprisingly Friday night when Jinny put it on.

Subdued dark gold twinkled around her throat. After that the dress sobered up except for a few twinkles around her ankles.

"Joe," Jinny said, "I don't want to go alone in a taxi. Wouldn't it look better if you took me?"

Joe liked that. He complacently combed the gray fur of his vest.

"By rights," he said, snickering, "I oughta get the Sioux to take you. If I told him not to leave you until he got indoors, he'd get in. I can see that headdress of his spikin' the air in Miss Sherrill's house. It'd knock her cold!"

The room telephone tinkled and Joe answered it. "Well, Jinny," he grumbled, "it looks like your night is beginnin' big. Jerry's come for you in his car. He's downstairs."

Jinny scrambled into her sport coat.

"Joe," Jinny said, "I'm really scared to death!"

Joe snorted. "What's scarin' you? All them extra knives and forks? I guess you figgered 'em out enough times eatin' with Jerry's mother."

"No—it's just—I don't know, Joe. It's my legs. They wobble."

"Walk!" Joe said.

Jinny walked.

"That," Joe said, "ain't a wobble, but if you're thinkin' in wobbles maybe I better call you up durin' the evenin' and see how you're makin' out. You don't need to be scared." His eyes narrowed. "I gotta hunch when we bought that dress we put somethin' over."

It seemed to Joe as simple as that.

THERE was rare French wood in the Sherrill dining-room, old and beautifully carved, tall copper-colored candles, tapestried walls and a table for ten, bright with flowers and tinted lace.

Most of it in Jinny's mind was a blurred indefinite background for Jerry Welden.

Jerry sat on the opposite side of the table but he didn't forget her. It was like the long lazy fishing days in the woods when Jerry had shouted over his flanneled shoulders, "You all right, kid?" His occasional glances demanded the old assurance.

So far only a part of the night had been real. Jerry's casual hand on the steering wheel of his car, the flying street lights, his warm voice.

"Gosh, youngster," Jerry had said, "you look slick."

But the misery of that ached in Jinny's throat. The brown dress was running down. It was too brown, too—too—everything! You had to dress in rich blue-green and jewels, like the red-haired girl on Jerry's right or like the girl on his left in big silver dots on a thin gray web as fine as a spider's. Or like Madeline.

Madeline's dress was as much a part of her as her sleek golden head. It was as lovely as pale blue frost painted on a pretty girl with a sparkling brush, one perfect shoulder bare under a sapphire strap.

Jinny liked the two young men on either side of her. One irresponsibly rubbed a handkerchief over the brightness in her cheeks and said in a startled voice, "Nothing came off!"

"Where," Jinny asked, "are Miss Sherrill's parents?"

It was a soft, surprised inquiry but the red-haired girl had inquisitive ears. "Madeline's parents," she drawled, amused, "are packed away in the attic. The attic begins at forty. Didn't you know?"

"Don't try to understand her, Jinny," Madeline begged. "She tries to be a green-eyed, red-headed wit, one of the kind sophisticates quote."

"But," Jinny said, "I did understand her."

Madeline reddened. At the end of the table, an assured young man with sleepy hazel eyes and a bantering voice raised quizzical eyebrows. Jinny disliked him. He had tried once or twice to involve her in foolish rallies of conversation. Madeline called him Tod.

"Jinny" — exuberantly Tod began again—"don't tell me that you hibernate in winter! The paper said you did. Off and on didn't they dig you out of the snow and send you to school? Or isn't there any school?"

Jerry said shortly, "Of course there's a school."

"My goodness, Tod," Madeline murmured, "Jinny went miles and miles to school on snowshoes."

"Snowshoes!" Tod beamed. "Splendid!"

THE girl in silver dots leaned over the table. "Jinny," she said brightly, "can you honestly bead buckskin?"

"Of course she can," Madeline said. "Old Nellie taught her. Nellie was in the paper. Don't you remember?"

The girl in dots remembered. "Jinny"—her voice grew sweeter—"was Nellie really your aunt?"

Jinny flushed. "Nellie," Jinny said, "was an Indian squaw."

"That's what I mean. It's so—so thrilling!"

Jerry spoke his mind to the girl in dots in an icy undertone and Tod said, "Heavens, Jinny isn't an Indian relic. Jinny's the mailman. She drives a snowproof team of wildcats. Or is it caribou?"

Jerry's unsmiling face challenged his taste in flippancies.

Five minutes later Tod was taking the Sportsmen's Show apart and drolly discussing the pieces. A show Indian in 1936, Tod thought, was a most diverting curiosity. Tod had seen one in his forefathers' feathers drifting around with spectacles over his eyes and dental work in his teeth!

"Tell me, Jerry," he added maliciously, "do you still have Indians in the Moon Lake woods?"

Jerry's glance smoldered over his face. "Not your kind," Jerry said. "The early settlers managed to get 'em hung."

It was almost as if Tod had cued in the Moon Lake wilderness to get Joe's cabin into his bantering questions. Nobody laughed at the cabin but in Tod's hands the windy silence and the odor of balsam in the Moon Lake woods grew irresistibly comic.

Jerry's mouth was a straight white line. A maid hovering in the background approached the table and spoke at Madeline's elbow: "Miss Townsend's father would like to speak to her on the telephone."

Jinny rose and followed the maid, a bright stillness under her lashes. As the door closed, a small dark girl at Tod's end of the table shivered and cleared her throat. She was Madeline Sherrill's cousin.

"If I were as graceful as Miss Townsend," she remarked, "nothing else would matter. She's pretty, Jerry. She's the prettiest girl I've ever seen. That color!"

Tod murmured under his breath.

"I don't care," the dark girl said distinctly, "if I am a Brutus. It was cruel, Madeline. A girl like that! How could you do it?"

Jerry pushed back his chair and rose. "Is there a traitor in camp?" he inquired evenly. "Was this thing prearranged?"

Stormy scarlet burned in Madeline's face. "Please don't jump at conclusions, Jerry. I'm afraid my cousin is imaginative. Jerry!" Her cool, imperious voice sharpened. He was crossing the room.

Jerry stopped at the door. He said, looking around the table, "Were all of you—in on it?"

Three young men filled the silence with angry protests.

"Thanks for the buggy ride, Madeline," Jerry said. "I'm taking Jinny home."

Unable to locate her in the empty rooms adjoining, Jerry rang a servants' bell in the hall and asked the maid who answered it if Jinny had taken the call from her father on an upstairs telephone.

"She didn't take it, Mr. Welden," the maid replied. "She said to tell him she was getting ready to leave."

"She's—gone?"

"Yes, sir. A few minutes ago in a taxi."

"Ask Miss Sherrill, please, if I can talk to her. I'll be in the library." . . .

He was standing in the pine-paneled library over the garden when Madeline opened the door.

"Really, Jerry—" Madeline protested.

He said curtly, "Jinny's gone. You planned this, Madeline—"

"You know perfectly well," Madeline said indignantly, "that Tod's unmanageable. I tried to stop him."

"If Tod hadn't been—instructed," Jerry said, "you could have stopped him! He'll jump through any hoop as long as you snap your fingers. You told Jinny that the dinner would be informal. Her dress would have been all right if you'd meant it. But you must have told the rest of the girls that the sky was the limit. And all of you called her Jinny as if she was somebody's maid! Did you mean to make her ridiculous?"

"Certainly not."

"I believe," he said slowly, "that you weren't quite sure you could do it with clothes. It accounts for the rest of it."

SCARLET burned over her fair, delicate skin.

"Don't you think, Jerry, you're unnecessarily—righteous? You've made me ridiculous sitting around in a newspaper picture with a girl like that, and that preposterous Sioux! You've been stopping in at that show every night. People have seen you!"

"You knew it," Jerry said. "We quarreled about it. Funny, I thought you were sorry. I thought this dinner—I actually thought you wanted to do something pleasant for a worth-while youngster I've known all of her life."

"You've been hanging around her!"

"The odd part of that is," Jerry said, "I—haven't! I am beginning to see though why you thought you could get away with it."

"What do you mean?"

"I've accepted too much," Jerry flared, "from your father. I've tried to wink it away but—my job's too profitable to be convincing. It's a neatly manufactured cushion for a rich man's son-in-law. If you hadn't engineered my future, if you hadn't felt that I was too heavily obligated to resent that arrogant thing you did tonight, you wouldn't have risked it!"

"I'd risk anything," Madeline said angrily, "to make you realize that

(Continued on page 30)

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MOTORISTS WIZE
SIMONIZ

(Continued from page 28)

Jinny's glamor is nothing at all but a silly romantic background that a reporter happened to like. Some balsam trees and a ghastly show!"

"Well," Jerry said, "you've had a lot of fun tearing it down. The rest of the idea, I gather, was to get her into an orchid setting and show her up. I could have told you it would be difficult. A girl like Jinny does the simple, natural thing—"

"Jerry, how dare you speak to me like this?"

"You smiled her into a trap! It wasn't sporting, Madeline. Joe wouldn't guide your kind of a hunter—"

"Hunter!"

"Joe'd tell you a good hunter refuses to take pot shots at game and wound and cripple it. Did you have to hurt her?"

MADELINE gasped. "Must we—stay in the woods?"

"It was a hunt," Jerry insisted. "An ugly hunt—"

"You're brutal, Jerry. Are you in love with her?"

"In the way you love a child," Jerry said, "I've always loved her. Mother used to send a boat to Joe's to bring her back to the lodge and she'd play for hours on the porches. I realized tonight that that was a long while ago."

It was still dazing, that realization. It had raced all evening under his anger.

"Yes," Jerry said, "I'm in love with her."

"It's almost—amusing," Madeline said in a choking voice. "A fantastic sort of —of servant in a fur vest walks out of some trees with his daughter—I knew she was in love with you! I knew it the first night I met her. It was in her eyes."

Jerry crossed the room and opened the door. "I'm afraid," he said, "your principal hound is yelping."

It was Tod's voice in the hall. "Hey, Madeline!" Nobody answered him and Tod tried an Indian call. "Jinny!" he wailed. "Hoo-oo-oo, Jinny!"

Jerry walked up the hall with a hot blue sparkle under his lashes. "Well," he said, "at least you're something I can smack down hard. Get ready!"

Tod went down, swearing. Jerry dragged him up and hit him again and Madeline screamed. The hall filled with shrieking girls and startled young men and a rear door opened on the horrified stare of a gray-haired butler.

Madeline's small dark cousin sat down contentedly on the white stone staircase. "Splendid, Jerry!" she called. "Sock him again!"

It was significant that the rest of the men made no immediate effort to salvage Tod. Madeline glanced over her shoulder at the stricken butler. "Get Mr. Welden's hat and coat! . . . Jerry! . . . Jerry! . . . Oh, heavens, somebody stop them!"

Three reluctant young men grabbed Tod and shoved him over a threshold.

"Jerry," Madeline cried hysterically, "I—I never want to see you again!"

The small dark girl opened a bag in her lap and delicately powdered a freckled nose. "Do you know, Madeline," she said confidentially, "I doubt if you ever will."

The dark girl had no illusions about her cousin's infatuation for Jerry Welden. It had been resolute and indefatigable. And at first for a long time Madeline hadn't been sure of him.

ON THE roof of the Grand Central Palace Joe was putting his dogs to bed in a fine flying snow.

There had been nights when Joe had found the idea of a team of Eskimo dogs bedded down for the night on a New York roof as bizarre and amazing as the cornfield somebody had planted on a roof-top in Radio City.

But tonight none of it mattered.

At the end of the roof blurred shadows sprawled across the pooled reflection of street lights and luminous windows.

Out of a shadow Jerry loomed up in a whirl of snow.

"Hm'ph," Joe said, "how'd you get up here?"

"Show's closed for the night," Jerry said. "The man at the door wouldn't let me in. He said you were up here with the dogs. Where's Jinny, Joe? I stopped at the hotel and she wasn't there."

"Jinny," Joe said coldly, "is downstairs in the booth."

"I suppose—usually," Jerry said, "she comes up here with you."

"She'll be up. She likes the lights. Look here, Jerry, 'tain't likely you and me can talk about this thing without tyin' up in a hard-shell knot. I'm cussin' mad and you," Joe finished ambiguously, "are engaged to her."

"I'm as mad as you are," Jerry said, "and I'm not engaged." He wiped some blood from his chin.

Joe stared. "You been—fightin'?" he demanded. "Your white collar's flappin'. Buttonhole's busted, ain't it?"

"I blew up," Jerry said, "and socked Tod Everett and Madeline threw me out."

"There's Jinny," Joe said.

The dogs caught the sound of her footsteps crossing the roof and sprang up, wagging.

"Button your coat, Jinny!" Joe called sternly.

Head bare in the blowing snow, Jinny captured the flying flap of her coat and pulled it around her throat.

"'Bout time you got up here," Joe said. "You're way behind with the news. Jerry's bunged up some chucklehead at the party and he ain't engaged and tomorrow most likely," Joe added dryly, "he'll lose his fancy job."

JINNY made a small gasping sound in her throat.

"He'll tell you about it." Joe moved rapidly over the roof. "I gotta go down," he called back, "and see that Sioux before he digs out for the night."

"Jerry," Jinny begged, "suppose—suppose we don't talk about it. We can't talk about it! You—loved her—"

"Whatever it was," Jerry said glumly, "Madeline and I drifted into it. I don't love her, Jinny. I've been miserable for months. I'm tired," Jerry added hotly, "of toeing marks. I'm tired of myself. I've been learning to lean on an easy future."

Jinny was silent.

"Funny little fisherman!" Jerry said. "You've grown up. I must have been waiting to fall in love with you most of your life."

Motionless, Jinny stared over the whitening roofs at the twinkling lights.

"When I was a little girl," Jinny said, "and the lodge was closed for the winter, I used to dream of New York and the lights. It was always like this—snowing because so much of my life has been snow. It was wind and snowflakes and hazy towers and blurred roofs and lights, hundreds of lights, like a dream city. . . . Oh, Jerry—are you sure? Are you sure you love me?". . . .

A long while after, Joe came out on the roof, startled by the shadowy spectacle of his daughter in Jerry Welden's arms.

"Well," Joe grumbled, "nobody can say I didn't feel it tonight in my bones. I guess, though, I'm gettin' old and behind the times. I expected it might take a little more time to iron it out."

"It's taken," Jerry said, "exactly nineteen years. Joe, could you stand a partner in that Moon Lake camp?"

Too pleased to admit it, Joe indulged in a healthy snort.

"Well," he said grudgingly, "I expect if I have to, I can stand it."

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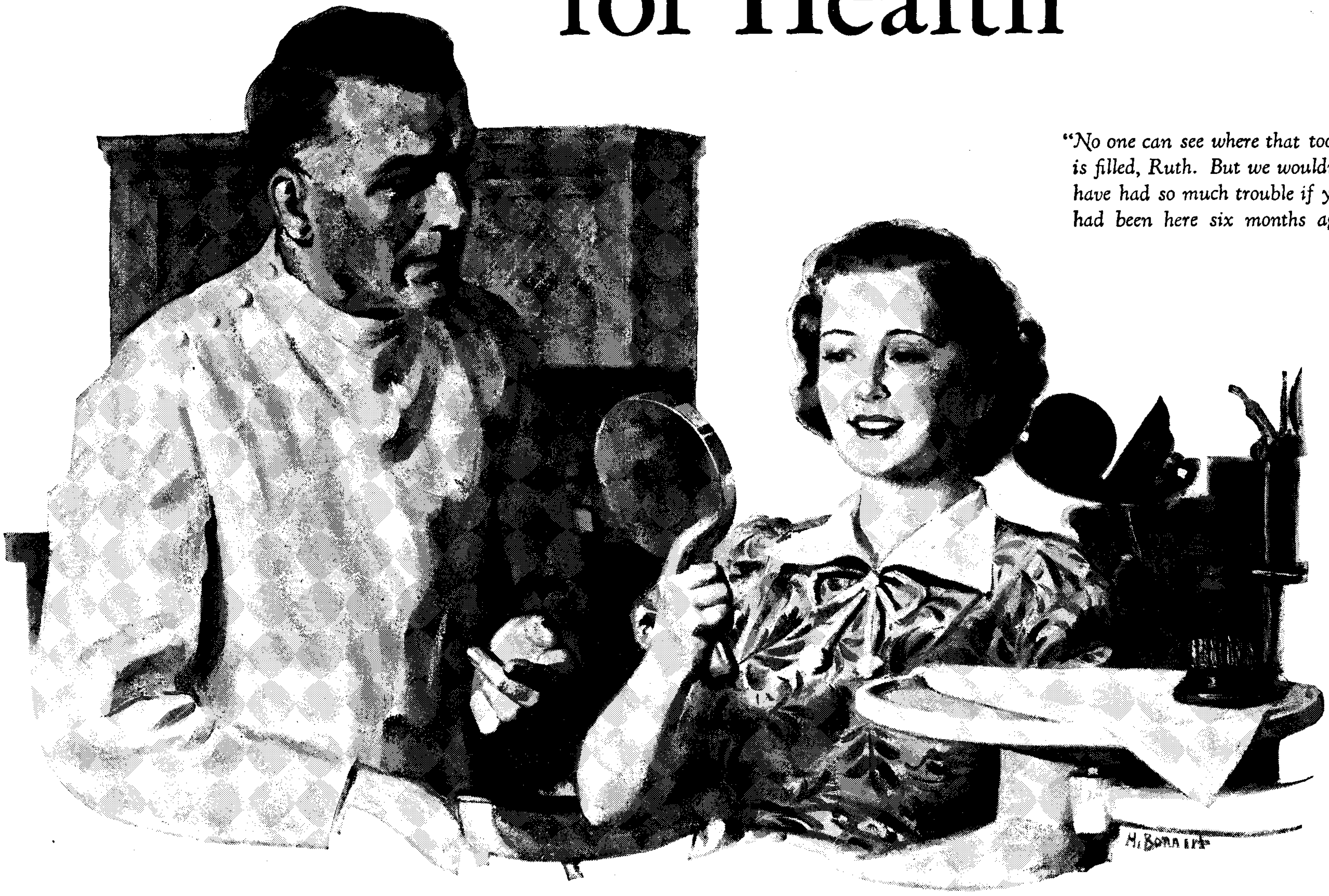

"No one can see where that tooth is filled, Ruth. But we wouldn't have had so much trouble if you had been here six months ago."

HEALTH depends a good deal upon sound teeth. While your daughter is growing into womanhood or your son into manhood, during the critical adolescent years, your family physician is an invaluable health counsellor. But, he must have an able ally—your dentist.

Good teeth do not just happen. They are living parts of the body built by food. They need the elements contained in eggs, milk, meats, green vegetables, fruits and cereals, but in addition they should be cared for regularly because, unlike most other parts of the body, they cannot heal themselves when injured. Besides brushing your teeth carefully at least twice a day, choose some hard and "crunchy" foods that give the teeth and gums real work to do.

If you would save a great deal of needless trouble and expense, have your children visit the dentist every six months in order that small cavities, of which they are unaware, may be discovered and treated before they can do any real damage. The dentist will also encourage systematic and correct toothbrushing in order to lay a foundation for lasting health habits.

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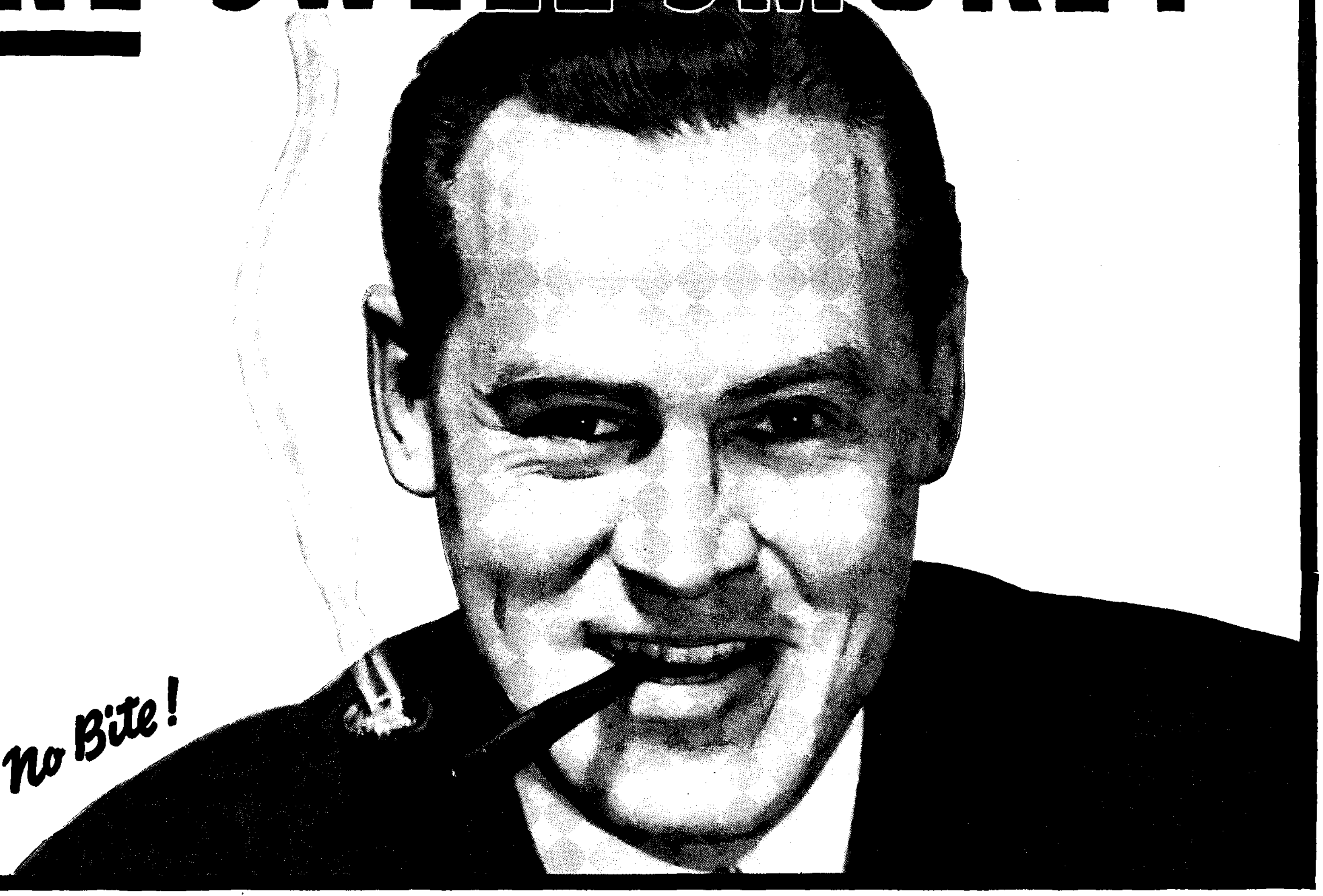

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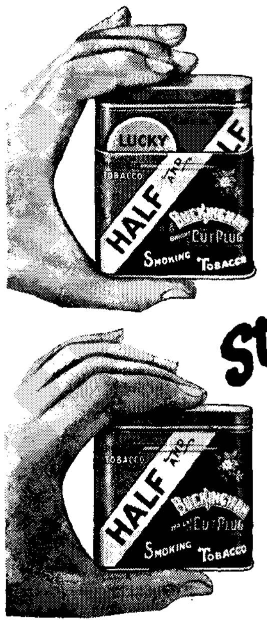
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HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Hot Lettuce

Continued from page 14

jumped into his car and highballed down to the packing sheds just outside the main business section of Salinas. He drew up by one of the corrugated iron buildings. Outside on the siding was a long line of waiting refrigeration cars, doors wide open. His lettuce should be rolling into those very cars in neatly packed and iced crates.

He stormed inside the plant. The long racks, which ordinarily would have been teeming with workers sorting, cutting, packing and icing lettuce, were deserted. Only the manager sat in his little office, his feet on a desk. He was Mr. Breschini's partner in the lettuce deal. He packed and crated the lettuce which Mr. Breschini wrested from the soil. But today all was silent in the big plant.

"Walkout," explained the packer.

"Are you hiring scabs?"

"No, but they say our crates were made by scabs."

"Are they?"

"How do I know?"

"Listen," said Mr. Breschini, "you'd better find out damn' quick. I have one million heads of ripe lettuce. Today they are worth $20,000. Tomorrow maybe nothing. Get some union-made crates right now."

"I'll starve before I'll be dictated to by a bunch of stoops," exploded the manager.

Over that issue they shortly came to the parting of the ways.

On his way home, Mr. Breschini stopped to tell his troubles to his friend and neighbor, Mr. Farley. The latter offered one day's service of his own picking crew and packing plant facilities to help save the "hot lettuce."

To appreciate Mr. Breschini's predicament, you must know some of the details of what is known among produce men as "the lettuce deal." You must remember how iceberg lettuce, which folds itself up into a beautiful round solid head like a cabbage, was invented about three decades ago and how it immediately became the favorite of the American housewife. Iceberg lettuce jumped "the lettuce deal" across the continent to the Pacific Coast. For some curious reason, iceberg lettuce grows to perfection only in certain areas of California and Arizona. Of the fifty thousand carloads of lettuce shipped to market in a single year, one half comes from the Salinas Valley, "the Salad Bowl of America." One quarter comes from Arizona, grown in midwinter. One eighth comes from the Imperial Valley, which lies below sea level at the southeastern tip of California. That leaves one eighth of the crop to be grown in the other forty-six states all together.

On the Assembly Line

Out in the three major "salad bowls of America," the lettuce is planted by machinery until the patches extend almost as far as the eye can see, or at least until the long rows are stopped by a mountain. In a few short years, the growing and packing of lettuce has become an assembly-line proposition something like manufacturing motorcars. In fact, it is an open-air factory process which growers are able to control with such precision that they can ripen a patch of lettuce for harvest on a certain morning before sunrise—to the hour!

Early on that morning the swarthy harvest crews swarm across the fields, slashing deftly with great knives and tossing the round solid heads of lettuce as big as cabbages into waiting trailers, so constructed that their wheels straddle two rows of plants.

When the trailer is heaped high with green gold, a specially built truck backs up to it, hitches on one or two other trailers, and shortly the trackless train is rolling down the paved highway to the packing plant. Here a derrick tips each trailer over on its side and the heads of lettuce are dumped onto a wide, moving belt. The river of lettuce flows uphill into the packing plant, where a narrower belt carries it to a long line of ninety or a hundred girls, who deftly inspect each head, throw out the inferior ones, trim off the dark green outer leaves of the good heads, and toss them to a man who slaps them into a waiting packing crate.

Thus, without a single lost motion and with no pause in its progress, the lettuce starts on a three-thousand-mile, non-stop trip that ends only when the crate is opened ten days later at the corner cash-and-carry in Philadelphia or Boston or New York. If Mrs. Jacoby had shopped early in the morning on a normal market day at her corner grocery she might have selected a head of lettuce still dripping with pulverized ice made ten days previously in Salinas. That's cold lettuce, at its best.

Carloads of Salads

Hot lettuce is something else again. Once lettuce is "hot," cooling it again is about as hard as putting together a broken egg.

Now let's go back to Mr. Breschini's house. On the day his neighbors' crews were to help harvest the hot lettuce, Mr Breschini was up early, long before dawn. Everything on the farm was ready. The sun rose high. The pickers were long overdue. Mr. Breschini began to think unkind things about his neighbor, Mr. Farley. At length he telephoned.

"My crew walked out on me," apologized Mr. Farley. "My lettuce is hot, too."

Mr. Breschini called his other neighbors. They were all on the same hot spot. The Salinas labor leaders had decreed that if the growers were going to help one another, then the picking crews would likewise present a united front. In no time at all the boycott spread over a large part of the Salinas Salad Bowl, tying up some 40,000,000 hearts of lettuce salads ready to be eaten throughout the United States.

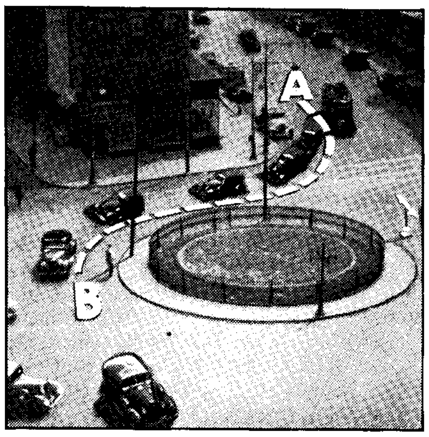
It was about this time that the market, ever sensitive to the slightest interference to the law of supply and demand, did some gymnastics. In every city in the land, lettuce prices jumped double and triple. In every store housewives waxed angry. A million Mrs. Jacobys berated their grocers in no uncertain terms.

It so happened that Mrs. Jacoby's grocer belonged to a chain system that prided itself on the efficiency with which it highballed perishables to the big cities from the garden spots of California and the South. It was the boast of this outfit that its stores never lacked fresh garden truck. When Mrs. Jacoby's favorite grocer called up headquarters in New York to relay her complaint to the big boss, it was about the four hundredth similar call which that dignitary had received. He had already learned from his Salinas buyer that the shut-off was due to labor difficulties. He called up the company's Washington representative to ask the Department of Labor to intercede. Thus Lucio Breschini's "hot lettuce" became a national issue.

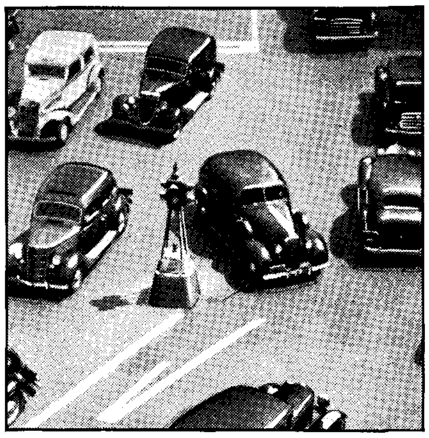
Transcontinental telephone wires hummed. The Secretary of Labor talked

(Continued on page 34)

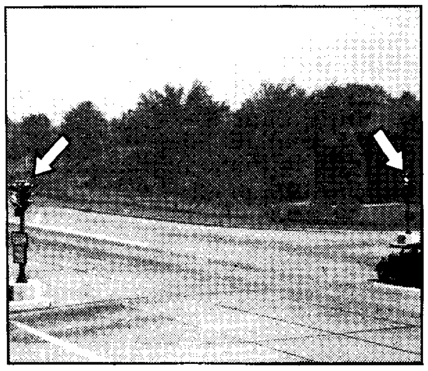
YOU are a "20 mile-an-hour" Driver



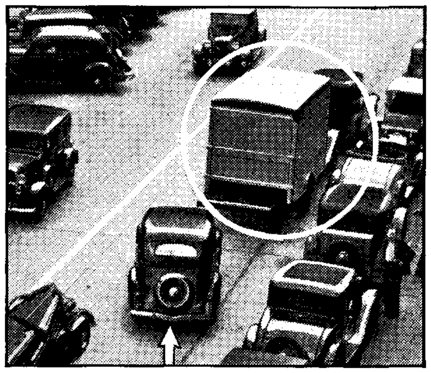
TRAFFIC TURNS, *Traffic Jams and Traffic Officers Cut Down Your Average Speed to 20—Even Though on the Highway You May Often Drive at 50.*



TRAFFIC LIGHTS *Say "Stop" Over 12 Million Times a Day. Shifting Gears After a Stop Can Use up ⅓ "Mile" of Gasoline. Hard on the Pocketbook.*



A SINGLE STOP *Can Cut 4 Miles Off Your Hourly Average. Accelerating to Get Going Again Can Eat up 60% More Gasoline than Steady Running.*



TRAFFIC JAMS *Eat up Gasoline. You Certainly Need a Gasoline that Will Cut Down the Waste of "Stop-and-Go" in Today's Driving.*

4 out of every 5 miles
you drive are "STOP-and-GO"

A RED LIGHT . . . STOP. Then a traffic officer . . . STOP. Next a truck blocks your path . . . STOP. You average 30 stops every day! That's why traffic authorities estimate that you average only 20 miles an hour in your daily driving. It's "stop-and-go" that slows you down *and* wastes your gasoline.

Costly Driving—unless you use a gas with these 3 kinds of power—IN PERFECT BALANCE

For economy in today's driving, your gasoline needs 3 different kinds of power—just as your car needs 3 shifts of gears.

You need one kind of power for *quick starts*, another for *fast pickup* and hill climbing, another for *economical running*.

Shell engineers now give you the gasoline that combines these 3 different kinds of power in one fuel—Super-Shell, THE *FIRST* TRULY BALANCED GASOLINE.

Super-Shell is on sale at more than 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast. Fill your tank today.

SUPER SHELL

(Continued from page 33)

with heads of the pickers' union in Salinas, pleading with them to go back to the fields and save the crop. After two days of transcontinental telephoning, they agreed to resume picking on condition that the growers and packers promise to abide by the decision of federal labor arbitrators. Once more the fields were filled with pickers. Once more the packing plants hummed. A hundred carloads of salads rolled out of Salinas that night.

But as for Lucio Breschini, his hot lettuce troubles were just heading up. In that extra week that his one million heads of lettuce had basked under the hot California sunshine, the tips of the leaves had become burned.

When the Breschini lettuce reached the packing plant, a state inspector examined several dozen crates of it and condemned the whole lot. He refused to let it leave the state. He was backed up by state laws which prevent inferior fresh produce from going out of California to the markets of the East. This law is one of the most strictly enforced in the California statute books. Even though it threw him for a $20,000 loss, Mr. Breschini was in favor of that law. It's only by adhering strictly to it that the growers are able to maintain their standards and guarantee the condition of their produce when it reaches market.

A crate of lettuce is worth from 90¢ to $3 wholesale, depending on the market. Of this, some 50¢ goes to the railroad which hauls it across the country in ten days, keeping the cars iced en route in hot weather. A crate contains 60 average-sized heads. An average carload is 310 crates. The lettuce man is tickled to death to get a cent a head for lettuce that sells from 10¢ to 15¢ a head in the East. If he gets 2¢ he considers his lettuce patch a gold mine.

The lettuce deal in the Salinas Salad Bowl runs from the first of April until October. After that it is too cold to grow good lettuce and Arizona becomes "The Salad Bowl of America" for three months. Comes Christmas, and the Imperial Valley is the center of production. Then the salad source shifts back to Salinas again.

For some curious reason, known only to nature, there is no place quite like this low-lying, level valley stretching from Monterey Bay to the Coast Range for maturing iceberg lettuce. All summer long the valley is whipped by the cool sea breezes. Occasional fogs alternate with the brilliant sunny days. All summer long it's lettuce weather.

The "Stoops" Become Important

To get the most from these limited acres, the growers give them the "speed up" by applying about $40 worth of assorted fertilizers per acre. The lettuce ripens in about four months, so each acre produces two crops a year.

Then if the picking crew and the packing plant and the railroad and the commission men all do their stuff and he does manage to hit a $3 market, he makes a killing. If they don't click—well, there is another crop coming on in a few months. It's like digging for gold—you may make a strike any time.

Don't get the idea that lettuce is the only crop that gets "hot." At times there are "hot" carrots, "hot" asparagus, "hot" peaches, "hot" tomatoes, "hot" grapes—hot anything that depends upon "stoop labor," the backbreaking jobs that white men refuse to do, but for which our little brown friends from the Philippines and Japan and our swarthy neighbors to the South are particularly well qualified. For a long time "the stoops" have been happy with their thirty to thirty-five cents an hour. They were content to roam from valley to valley handling the perishable crops in rotation. As a crop matured, "the stoops" showed up like the robin in the spring. They picked and packed it and sent it on its way, then rolled along in their dilapidated lizzies, filled with ragged children, to the next harvest. Now all of a sudden "the stoops" have become conscious of their importance.

Unfortunately, Lucio Breschini's worries are far from over when his hearts of lettuce are rolling by fast freight across the continent. If he's in a gambling mood, which he usually is, he pays the freight himself and takes a flier on the eastern markets, where the produce handlers may pay him anything from 90¢ to $3 a crate. At $3 he makes a jolly profit, after deducting 50¢ a crate for freight. At a dollar a crate he just about gets by. There are plenty of times when the bottom drops out of the market while his lettuce is en route and about all he gets for his crop is a receipted freight bill.

If Mr. Breschini is not in a gambling mood, he sells his lettuce "on the hoof" as it were. There are buyers who will look at his field a week or ten days before the lettuce heads mature and give him so much an acre for it—anywhere from a hundred to four hundred dollars.

His other out is to sell to the big chain-store organizations, most of whom maintain buyers in the market garden areas of the West. They have been a stabilizing influence in all the fresh produce deals. The quantity of perishables they highball out of California each year baffles belief. One single chain organization alone ships over 100,000 cars of fruits and vegetables from the state, or a tenth of the entire crop, and leaves behind in the farmers' bank accounts more than $55,000,000 annually. In fact, the lettuce deal would probably fold up, were it not for these mass outlets.

Right now the California growers are wondering how they are going to do that, now that the "stoops" have become labor conscious. To harvest the crops calls for an army of only 100,000 itinerant workers. California agriculture has been absolutely dependent upon them.

During the past three years, thousands of these itinerants have gone to work on WPA and other projects. They and their families have settled down in shacks and tents in the outskirts of the large cities. There are more than 40,000 of them in the Los Angeles area alone. The children are going to school. The heads of the families make as much working five eight-hour days for Uncle Sam as they used to make working six ten-hour days at farm "stoop labor." So they don't take to the road any more.

Acres of Waste

When the crops on hundreds of farms went to ruin for lack of harvest hands, the federal authorities tried to send the itinerants back to the soil again. The result was a tremendous outcry that the government was conscripting labor. After that authorities hesitated to put on the pressure.

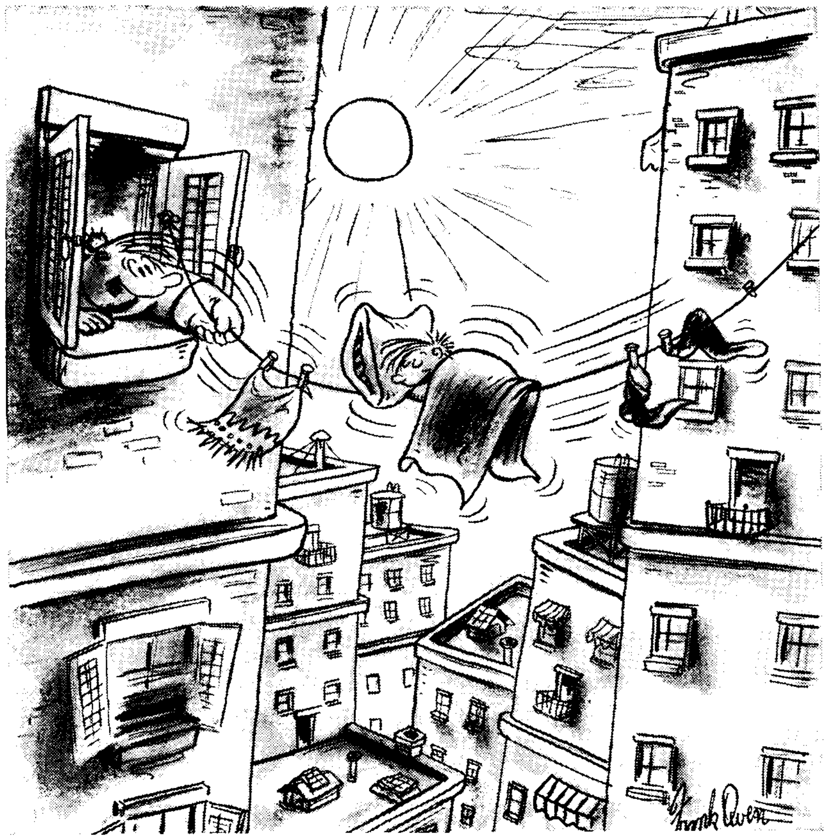
This summer, in orchard after orchard, the ground was a mass of the most delicious overripe peaches you ever laid eyes on. There were acres and acres of grapes drying and shriveling on the vines for lack of workers to pick them. The same specter stalked the pear belt, the apple areas, and asparagus crops and other fresh vegetables, as well as the Salad Bowls of America. You have to see it with your own eyes to realize the utter waste of a hundred acres of lettuce being plowed under for lack of harvest hands.

Some of these crops, like Lucio Breschini's lettuce, were "hot" because of labor troubles. Some were "hot" for other reasons. It makes no difference. Once they are "hot" they are gone. It is hard to cool off labor squabbles in time to save a perishable crop.

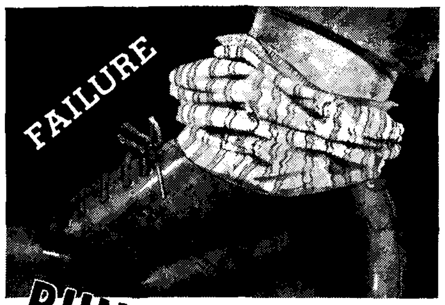
So, if the next time you have lettuce and it's a bit passé and limp, have a heart with the waiter, the salad chef, the commission merchant, or the chain-store grocer who supplied it. Maybe the trouble is 3,000 miles away in the Salad Bowls of America, and maybe the diagnosis is "hot lettuce."

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Wake up, Philbert. I see you kept cool last night!"



RUN DOWN SOX give a run-down impression

They show a run-down frame of mind.

You say, in your case, that isn't true.

Then why not stop misleading people?

Garterless hose give a bad impression.

Switch to garters to be correct.

And switch to "Paris" to be safe.

Demand the garter most in demand!

The original "Miracle Elastic" Paris.

So easy, they'll stretch around your waist-line.

So sure, they'll never leave the leg-line.

And what a line of patterns and colors.

50¢ and up

ORIGINALS AT THE PRICE OF IMITATIONS

Paris Garters are priced no higher than imitations . . . so, if you can get the best . . . at the price of the next best . . . we leave it to you: What's best?

LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS "PARIS KNEELING FIGURE" ON THE PACKAGE

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

KILL "*Tire Cancer*" BEFORE IT KILLS YOU!

Safe, Quick.. Inexpensive

"FIX THE CASING, TOO"

...with BOWES "SEAL-FAST" TUBE AND CASING REPAIRS

It takes TWO HOLES to make a puncture: one in the tube, the other in your casing. And it's the *casing* that guards your life!

No matter how small the cut or hole may be, never make the fatal mistake of putting a patched tube back into an unrepaired casing. Catch those casing holes before they have an opportunity to suck grit and moisture inside the tire, chafing cords, forming a deadly "tire cancer"—then a *blowout!*

For positive safety and much greater tire mileage . . . always *fix the casing, too.*

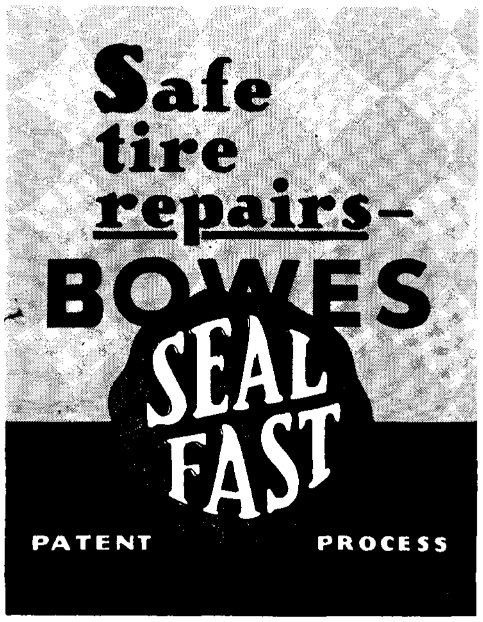
NOW . . . a Quick, Inexpensive Way to Stop "TIRE CANCER"

Take your puncture troubles to an Authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" Dealer. While fixing the tube, it costs only a few cents more to fill that casing hole with self-welding Dough Boy Dough—the exclusive new patent live-rubber process that seals out all risks of "tire cancer."

Look for the sign at the left. It identifies Authorized Bowes "Seal-Fast" Service Stations. There's one near by, wherever you drive.

Gain months of extra miles for your tires—lose all blowout fear. You get BOTH benefits when you say: "Fix the casing too, the safe Bowes 'Seal-Fast' way!"

BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORP., Indianapolis
Hamilton, Ontario » London, England



• *Watch your trained Bowes "Seal-Fast" tire repairman skive out the casing hole, then seal it grit-and-water-tight with the Dough Boy Gun that shoots penetrating live rubber into every crevice, to be anchored for life with a Bowes "Seal-Fast" casing plaster. Don't give blowouts a chance!*

COPYRIGHT 1936, BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORP.

NEW-TYPE BATTERY

Guaranteed NEVER TO COST YOU A CENT FOR REPAIRS ...OR REPLACEMENT

I DON'T WANT TO GO THROUGH ANOTHER WINTER OF SLOW STARTS, STALLING AND REPAIR BILLS_ I WANT A BATTERY FOR MY CAR THAT'S A REAL "POWER-HOUSE"
WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOODRICH KATHANODE ELECTRO-PAK_THIS NEW-TYPE BATTERY IS SO POWERFUL AND SO REVOLUTIONARY, THAT IT'S GUARANTEED NEVER TO COST YOU A CENT FOR REPAIRS

Drive your car as long as you want... 3,000 or 300,000 miles... and as long as you own that car we'll stand behind this amazing Goodrich Kathanode* Electro-Pak

HERE'S where you can sing "Goodbye Forever" to the expense of sudden failures, battery-killing inside short circuits and to all repair and replacement costs that are a headache to thousands of motorists every winter.

Here's where you can install in your car an entirely new type of battery, so revolutionary in construction, so powerful in performance, that Goodrich doesn't hesitate for a single minute to back it up with the most startling guarantee ever offered to American motorists!

Now, for the first time, the long-life Kathanode cell, famous for its use on airplanes, dreadnaughts, submarines, crack railroads, is ready for use in your car and is available in a Goodrich Electro-Pak Battery. This patented Kathanode construction gives much longer plate life because specially designed, flexible spun glass separators prevent the loss of the active power-building materials in the plates.

**Made under the Kathanode Patent*

New Power-Saving Top Cover Battery Sold and Guaranteed Only by Goodrich

BECAUSE this sensational Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak exceeds the Society of Automotive Engineers' battery starting requirements for standard types up to 105%, it will turn over your motor quickly and smoothly even in coldest weather; it will operate all your lights, signals, radio, heater at full efficiency.

That's not all. Goodrich Electro-Pak Batteries are the *only* batteries with the Power-Saving Top Cover which covers all exposed points of the battery, protects against acid spray, dirt and corrosion—keeps the Electro-Pak's *super-power locked in* . . . prevents metal objects and dirt from falling on the terminals of the battery and causing short circuits.

There is a Goodrich Battery of the right size and capacity to suit your needs and pocketbook. And don't forget, no matter how long you own your pleasure car—no matter how far you drive it, if the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak you buy fails to give satisfactory service, The B. F. Goodrich Company will replace it without charge as clearly stated in the written guarantee issued at the time of purchase.

ATTENTION NEW CAR OWNERS! Now you can forget about battery replacement expense as long as you own that new car of yours. Imagine—no matter how long you run your car—the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak is guaranteed not to cost you a penny for repairs or replacement. Liberal trade-in allowance on your equipment battery while it's still new. See your Goodrich Tire or Battery Dealer!

See Your Nearest Goodrich Tire or Battery Dealer Today

Goodrich
KATHANODE
Electro-Pak
YOUR CAR
145
GENUIN
HARD R

RESERVE POWER FOR ANY EMERGENCY Here's a battery that will pull you through "tough spots" on its own power. Imagine! In a sensational road test, certified by Western Union, the Goodrich Electro-Pak pulled a 3,150 pound car, 1,574 feet, *more than a quarter of a mile—in low gear and on battery power alone.*

Goodrich KATHANODE *Electro-Pak*

GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 21

again, to drag them from their clutch upon stumps and underbrush, to heap them triumphantly upon the wilting pile that blocked the drive.

Phil and Jerd appeared, panting, perspiring, businesslike.

"Kin we have a rake and some kine of a bucket and kin we have a rope off the stable door and kin we take our lunch up there becuz we haven't a gose of a chance to get through with what we gotter do?"

Terry saw Susannah put her arm about the smaller boy, lay her lovely flushed cheek against his, heard the cadences in her voice as she said: "Take anything you want. But be sure you tell Chess. Come back when I call for you and I'll have your lunch ready!"

After that she and her boy were everywhere together; often their hands were linked as they went about; often, in the Duquesnes' parlor in the early autumn evenings they saw him go to her, tired from playing and climb into her lap while the grownups talked. And when he did, Susannah changed her position to accommodate his little dark head, braced him with an arm about him, rested her cheek against his hair.

In September he started off to the Pemberton school between Nan and Jerd. Susannah had her supper at six o'clock now, the better to accommodate his hours. He was an exquisite child, affectionate, sympathetic, eager and understanding; his gaiety kept the house noisy; his small feet stamping on the stairs, his shouts, the sound of his laughter and of his shower bath, his prized "B.B." gun and his bumps and breakages effectually scattered the long silences. And when he was in trouble, when he cut his hand, when a bigger boy wrenched away his velocipede, when he needed Susannah, his wild rush for her, his stammered explanations, his serious acceptance of her verdict that he must forgive the bad, big boy, that he mustn't be mad at anyone, made him seem in these times dearer than in any other.

"IS HE like him, Sue?" Terry demanded suddenly one night.

She had given Phil his supper alone on this occasion, and had seen him started, under Liza's guidance, toward bed, before coming over to Anne for dinner.

"Oh, yes, he's terribly like Alec," Susannah said, after a pause. "His smile—and the way he throws back his hair. They aren't alike in features exactly, but I see Alec in him all the time. Everything," she added, in a lower tone, as if she spoke to herself, "everything that I loved in Alec."

"Past tense," Terry said, not looking at her.

"Present, too," she said, with a rueful little smile.

"Is it that way, Sue?"

"Oh, yes. He isn't the sort one—stops loving." She let the words rest in the air for a few seconds before adding: "But that isn't why I adore my Pips. It's because he came into a great big aching hole in my heart and began to plaster it up with those square little hands of his. And because he is affectionate, and because he needed me, and because he loves me."

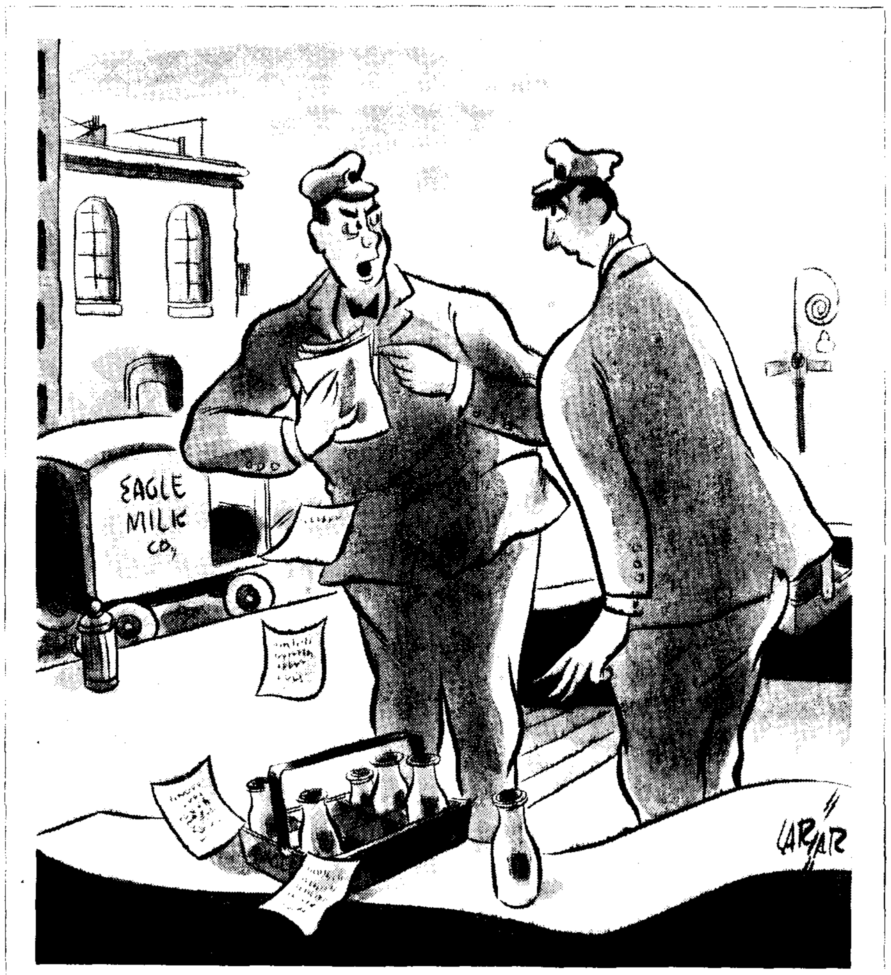
"There isn't ever going to be any chance for anyone else, Sue?"

"I'm sorry, Terry." She glanced at him now, and smiled like an apologetic child.

"The whole world's ablaze with you," Terry said simply. "Possessed with you. You walk over here with Phil and call: 'Where are you, Anne?' and I'm done for, for fifteen minutes."

She did not answer, and Anne came in, and presently they were all talking. Yet she went home with an oddly warmed and stirred heart just the same.

Shakily, tremblingly, her heart took hold of happiness again. There were still hours in her life when the bitter waters of grief engulfed her, and when for a little while she could see no light beyond what, as she told Anne and Terry, was all "blackness and drowning and not being able to breathe."



"Instead of just saying 'Two quarts of Grade A,' she's gotta write me a twelve-page letter!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

BUT between these times, and exceeding them in duration by seven hours—ten hours—sometimes even by days, were times of peace. The shelter she had found for herself in the old farmhouse was the home her heart wanted. She came to realize as the months went by that there is such a home in the background of every woman's dreams, sometimes humble, sometimes pretentious, but hers, and that there can be no happiness for any woman until her setting fits her with the same comfort that her shoes must.

Such a setting, for herself, was the farmhouse. She loved every inch of it: the garden that blossomed so royally under her hands, the mellowed old silver barns and fences, the way the hills rose rambling under other farms and orchards all about her, the mighty towers of her dooryard trees and the rise of her steep rooftree beneath them.

Every one of her dozen or more rooms was dear to her. It was impossible to count the rooms exactly, for the wide hallway that divided the house crosswise and that caught the morning sun on its eastern windows and the sunset at the other end was used as much as any room, and Laverne's quarters, reached by the little back hallways upstairs and the twisted stairway from the kitchen below, rambled off into the "other kitchen chamber" and the "spinning room" and so went into the "barn chamber" over that particular barn which had been turned into a garage. Also there was the big dormered attic with two dim cluttered rooms partitioned off at one end, and the "sick bay" beyond Susannah's own room, where she had a cushioned steamer chair for winter sun baths, and window shelves lined with potted plants. There was no end to the rooms.

Opposite the parlor, across a narrow entrance hall from which the front stairs steeply ascended, was another big square room quite unfurnished except for superfluous books and chairs and summer awnings and all the other miscellany that was not in immediate use. Susannah restored the parlor to its ancient estate with a fine rug or two that might have been brought straight from the Orient in an old sailing vessel, with polished fruitwood chairs, samplers and old color prints, prim curtains of scalloped dimity bound in shining green-glazed calico, and a wallpaper dimly figured in vales and trees. On the mantel and the whatnot shelves she put whatever she could find of old treasure: a ship in a green glass bottle, a Dresden shepherdess eternally curtsying in a froth of white lace skirts, paperweights in glass that prisoned a thousand Botticelli flowers, bottles of etched blue glass, fire screens in fine point.

BUT the dining-room was the real living-room: a long, narrow apartment, somehow its simple, old proportions had the indefinable quality of charm. The blackened oak wood of the floors was worn to oily softness and sloped almost imperceptibly to the fireplace at the north end; the chimney mouth was seven feet wide; the firedogs had come from England before America had been America. Bedded in the chimney bricks, back of the blaze was the ancient iron plate that bore a coat of arms, blackened now by thousands of fires, but still providing a tie between the old world and the new.

In this room the rugs were of braided rags; the chairs all of the same period were mismated; the candlesticks on the mantelpiece wore crystal danglers. At the south end two floor windows gave upon the terrace; in summer the table was set here, out under the green leaves. In winter it went to the fireplace end, and it was close to the heartening blaze that Susannah and Philip ate their first Thanksgiving dinner together.

He was broadening now, had put on weight and height, and was no longer the forlorn little figure who had broken in so suddenly upon her solitude on an August night. Noisy, eager, imaginative and vital, Phil had made himself a place not only in her life, but in that of the Duquesne household, and indeed of Pemberton itself, and Susannah found herself eternally amused, proud, concerned, occupied with his interests.

He was the sort of child who leads, and as he grew into the most real happiness, perhaps the very first his life had ever known, he developed interests that involved the building of Indian camps and tree houses, the digging of caves, the planning of excursions, the organization of clubs. He wanted a printing press and a jig saw for Christmas; he managed a circus in the barn, and collected the nucleus of a museum in one of the empty sheds behind the barn.

With all this he had his moods of a thoughtfulness so exquisite, a sensitiveness and sympathetic understanding so far beyond his years that Susannah, her arm about him as he talked earnestly to her, could only wonder whether a son of her own could ever have been closer or more dear. He worshiped her with the wholehearted devotion of a child who has hungered, without knowing that he hungered, for a mother. At movies he must wriggle himself in close beside her; at night she must give him a last kiss and hug before he would sleep, and at meals, no matter how many or how important her guests, he must carry his plate and glass to the place beside hers.

"I guess I can squeeze in here. I guess Verne forgot that I b'long here," he would say.

PHIL had the lead in the fourth-grade Christmas play at school, when straight and serious in mud-spattered buff and blue he impersonated Washington; and Jerd, gallant in British scarlet, as Howe, warned him that his was a lost cause.

"You are bein' foolush, General," said Jerd. "The rebel col'nies mus' retrack their boast."

"Never, wile I am abul to command a man, a horse or an ideal of humin freedim," the father of his country said undauntedly in reply.

Terry, Susannah and Anne went to the school auditorium to see the Christmas festivities and entertainment; indeed for some weeks before the event they had all had much to do with the arrangement of the tree and the gifts. The hall was hot on the bitter cold winter night, and filled with an admiring audience of children who stamped and clapped at intervals while waiting for the curtain to rise, and with flushed and crimped mothers in best silk gowns who circulated about nervously and followed with anxious, silent lips the words their own children had to say.

The eighth grade opened the entertainment with a dance of the Gypsies. The high school took up the entire second half of it with a Christmas legend, in which pilgrims, peasants, kings and shepherds were pleasingly intermixed, snow fell, red lights shone from a stable door, and a chorus off stage sang Yuletide anthems. In between these offerings the fourth and fifth grades had their little play: "A Country is Born," and whether it was because Nan as a heroic colonial wife, Jerd as the British commander and Philip in the immemorial

“Some nail

an’ a load of pipe–

and make it snappy!”

REAL telephones are ringing, placing real orders like this—thousands of times every day, all over the country. At the other end of the wire is a local merchant who sells steel and steel products—there is at least one in every community. He is the dealer, the jobber or the distributor selling by the pound, foot or ton.

In this intricate age of ours, living would come to a standstill without steel distributors. For example: An explosion wrecks a small factory building. Men are out of work; the plant can’t operate. The contractors rebuild the structure over a week-end because they can get the many necessary kinds of steel—tons and tons of it, at once—from a nearby steel warehouse. Or a home-owner, doing a few odd jobs around the house, needs a pound or two of assorted nails. He gets them, right away, from a local dealer, who has all sizes in stock because he is able to replenish his supply overnight from a nearby jobber.

Other steel jobbers and distributors supply the pipe that plumbers use, or the steel girders to be placed in the basement of a home, or a small piece of alloy steel needed by a machine shop, or the electrical cable required by an electrician—even a few pieces of stainless steel for a store window. Farm and lawn fences, poultry netting, wire rope, galvanized sheets for barn and house roofs—practically any kind of steel that anybody uses—are carried in stock by these distributors, ready for delivery at a moment’s notice.

United States Steel is proud to be a part of the service made available by these distributors. Bridges, ships, buildings, railroads—these require huge tonnages of steel. But the biggest purchasers of all are the distributors—selling to thousands of individuals and businesses. Their success is vital to the success of United States Steel.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY • CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY, LTD. CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • *United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries*

UNITED STATES STEEL

first regimentals of the new republic were their own, or perhaps because the little play really did have a certain simplicity and truth and power about it, their three most interested auditors were in tears.

But many another proud parent and friend was in tears that night, and after the tears came laughter, and singing, and the distribution of gifts, and the cutting of many a cake, and the clean, piercing smell of coffee, going about on trays carried by smiling girls. It was only one typical American school party among the thousands that were going on all over the nation that night, but to Susannah it had real feeling. She loved it. She circulated about among the happy folk, too busy and too much needed to remember what her heart might have remembered, to sink into the black gulf of pain whose surface was not yet quite bridged.

There was much bundling up at midnight of sleepy, happy, talkative children. Christmas Eve was coming in black and frozen when Terry and Anne and Susannah steered their excited charges out into the darkness of starlight on snow, the solemnity of night under bare trees and clicking snow-laden branches.

"That's my sleepy boy. I was so proud of you!" Susannah murmured, engineering Phil into a dimly lighted house, shivering her way upstairs, finding her big room and his adjoining little one almost too warm from the red-bellied iron stove, finding a boiling hot-water bag safe among her sheets. Laverne and Liza had, of course, shared the school party, but one or the other, or some available Trimler had slipped away two or three times during the evening to keep up the fires. She and Philip could shudder in all the delight of returning warmness as they undressed, with doors sociably open and conversation not interrupted until the small boy crept under his blankets too sleepy even to say good night, or feel her kiss on his forehead as he went to sleep.

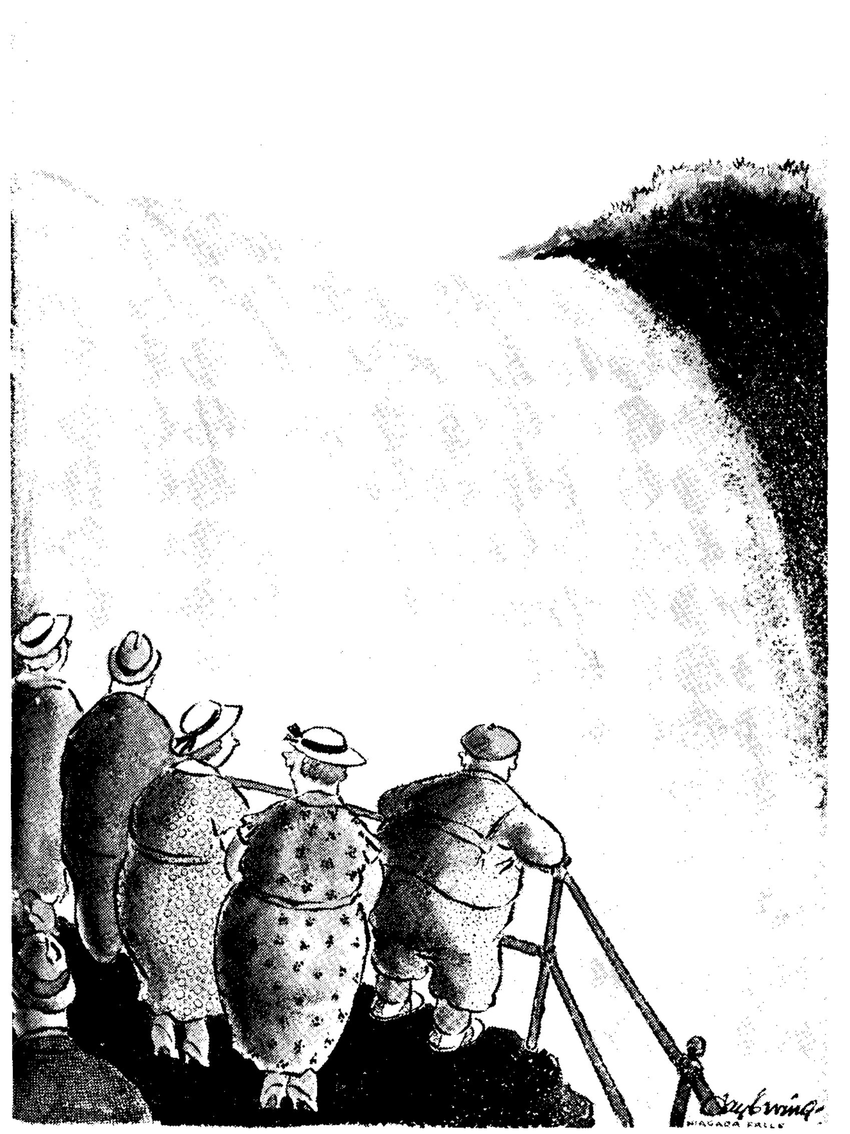
ONE dark January day when Phil was at school and snow fluttering down from a leaden sky, Susannah was upstairs in the little boy's room going over his wardrobe and putting his effects in order. Phil had been moved from the very small bedroom next her own to a big front chamber that Susannah had delighted to furnish with two plain flat beds covered with dark brown striped blankets, a linoleum floor with a compass and map engrained in it, long bookcases already filling fast with the adventures of Mowgli, Tarzan, Billena of Oz and Nils of Sweden, and plain tobacco-brown curtains at the many-paned, square windows that today looked out upon a world all gray and white.

In the airtight stove that was safeguarded by a low grille of iron from the rolling, bounding, leaping and racing of Phil and his associates, a comforting fire had been burning for a long time; the air was soft and warm, and in the darkness of afternoon Susannah had lighted a lamp. In the cone of radiance it shed upon her she was examining a box of odds and ends that had come in Phil's trunk from school two months earlier.

Answering telegrams that had granted her desire to keep the child had immediately come from Alec's lawyer. Susannah had been oddly touched at their promptness. She knew that Alec had been in California, had been back in New York, had gone abroad with Merle; he might have been anywhere when her appeal to the lawyer had gone. She had reinforced it with a letter to Alec's mother who had been in Canada. She had meanwhile refused to send the child back to school or camp at least until replies had arrived, as the school authorities had politely suggested.

Within ten days it had all been settled. "Mr. Hazeltyne entirely willing to have you have charge of his son for a while," the New York attorney had wired, "wishes to express appreciation of your interest." Alec's mother had been frankly grateful for this solution of the problem, too. She had come to Pemberton to see her grandson and Susannah on a clear, hot, dreaming autumn day, and had approved of everything at the farm, and especially of the glowing, brown eager child into which Phil had grown.

SO THAT that had all been satisfactory. But there had been details that must be adjusted with more leisure. Captain Mason had sent Susannah a printed form to augment his explanation that in case of a child's removal from school or camp all moneys paid in advance for board and tuition were forfeit, and Susannah had replied agreeing fully with this regulation. Phil's belongings had then been sent from camp and from school to his grandmother in the city as another school regulation decreed that only to the person originally assuming responsibility for a boy could his possessions be returned. The elder Mrs. Hazeltyne having gone at this time with friends to South America, a long delay ensued and it was Christmas time before the outgrown clothing and all the miscellaneous treasures of his small-boy days had reached Susannah's hands.



"My husband is so thrilled! He's a plumber"

JAY IRVING

Philip had by this time outgrown toys as well as sweaters and socks. Susannah had taken great delight in outfitting him anew. Now she was assorting all the old things with an eye to the miserable Penseys and the Gibberts, who always had children of all sizes in need of wearing apparel.

In the trunk with them was the child's picture of his mother, framed in chased gold, with Phil's initials and his mother's cut on either side of the frame. Susannah studied the pretty, spoiled little face in the soft lamplight. She had seen this picture before; Alec had it. She had forgotten just what a determined-looking little person Betty Livingston had been; her looks fitted in well with what Alec had said at odd times of her willfulness and her caprices. The boy was like his father, yet Susannah saw something of his mother, too, in the set of his beautiful eyes, and the way his heavy dark hair waved away from his forehead.

Broken wrist watches, broken cameras, broken chains and boxes and water pistols and patent pens and pencils—what a mess it was! Susannah discovered a magnificent box of tracks and trains, and remembered buying it with Alec, only three Christmases past; she found wallets and suitcases and leather toilet appurtenances marked with little Phil's initials in silver and gold. Only a baby, and they had felt their duty done when any expensive gift, "something suitable for a little boy," had been selected and sent!

LETTERS. There was a little sheaf of letters in one of these leather cases. Susannah's heart contracted when she recognized Alec's office address engraved in the upper left-hand corner of the envelopes. He had dictated his letters to Phil. But what matter? The child had been far too young to appreciate any distinction here.

One handwritten letter from Honolulu. Susannah opened it. Its date was more than six months old.

"My dear Phil," Alec had written, "Your grandmother may have written you that your little sister died very suddenly about a week ago. She cabled me but I was at sea, and the cable waited here. Merle and I got here only this morning. This is very sad news, and makes me wish that I were not so far away, for although you only saw the baby occasionally I know from your letter last Christmas that you loved her, and I would like to talk to you about her. Sanna is, of course, heartbroken, and I wish you would write her a letter saying that you are sorry. When I come home, which will probably be just as soon as I can get my Manila business going, I am going to suggest to her that she build a little wing on the hospital in Torreytown in memory of the baby. Don't you think that would be a good way to help other babies not to get the same sickness? This is a very beautiful place, all flowers and beaches, and some day I will bring you here. Much love, my dear boy, from your affectionate, Father."

Susannah crushed the letter against her heart, the full bitterness of loss washing over her in dizzying waves. She felt her head rock with vertigo. For a moment all the forces in her body seemed to be plunging in a sickening confusion, and she shut her eyes and steadied herself with a grip on the arm of her chair.

Then calm came back, and she could look again at the words Alec had written. Far away in the scented silver rain and shine of the semitropical islands he had thought of her; his heart had ached for her as well as for his child. Alec had always been kind, except in that one thing that had carried him away from everything that was characteristic of him, and away from kindness with the rest.

SOMEHOW, as she packed the letters away in a box on a high closet shelf for Phil's reading at some future day, and as she straightened the boyish-looking room and carried the books and boxes to their various destinations, it helped her to know that Alec had been sorry for her. She went downstairs to talk with Laverne in the warm, big kitchen, and finally settled herself beside the dining-room fire. Presently Phil with a galaxy of boys his own age burst in, red-cheeked, scattering snow in damp clots on the oilcloth of the entry, demanding the attentions of Liza and Susannah, much rushing about for towels and slippers, and heavy inroads on chocolate cookies and long glasses of milk.

"Phil Hazeltyne, how did you ever get yourselves so sopping! And where've you been for an hour? It's almost four."

"The scoutmaster took us on a walk—good ole Bricky!" Phil sputtered, as she flourished a great bath towel about his dripping head and combed his hair. "Gee, we snowballed him!"

"Jerd, should you have done that?" Jerd was the balance wheel of the gang, and all matters of manners and morals were referred to him.

"Oh, sure, he told us to, Aunt Sue!"

"Cooky, Gordon?"

"Thank you, Mis' Hazeltyne," Gordon Crooker said, embarrassed.

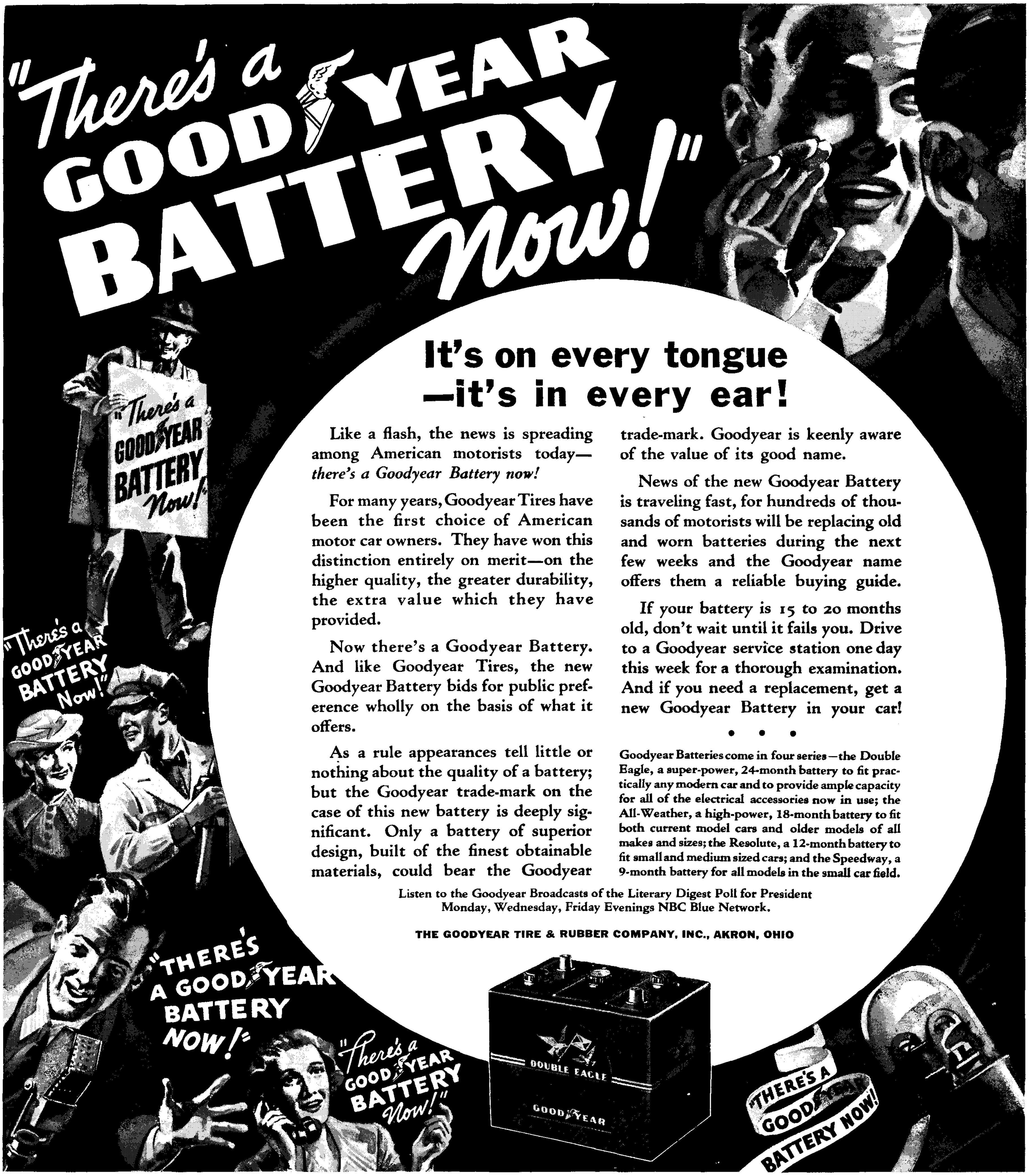
"Mom," said Phil, "what can we do?"

"Why, I found all your trains and tracks this afternoon. Liza and I opened all the boxes, and that brown box marked 'coats' was full of trains—"

That was all that was needed. They were streaming away from her upstairs before the last syllable was reached. Their shouting went on uninterruptedly for an hour, with occasional outbursts of tooting and whistling. Before six, mothers were telephoning and muffled fathers and small, well-bundled figures were disappearing from the red glow of the side doorway into the softly falling curtain of twisting white flakes. The snow was assuming the dignity of a blizzard now, and all children belonged at home.

Susannah telephoned Anne.

"Anne, Jerd home safe? Anne, I'm not coming over because it's so thick;


"There's a GOOD YEAR BATTERY Now!"
"There's a GOOD YEAR BATTERY Now!"
"There's a GOOD YEAR BATTERY Now!"
"THERE'S A GOOD YEAR BATTERY NOW!"
"There's a GOOD YEAR BATTERY Now!"
"THERE'S A GOOD YEAR BATTERY NOW!"
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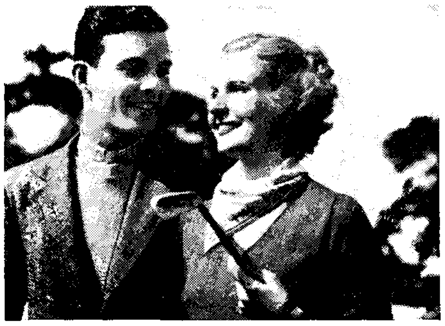

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Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

(Continued from page 40)

Laverne went up to the barn to speak to Chess, and she said she had to find the fence to get back. No, don't let Terry come for me because I'm as lame as a tree from that walk this morning, and tired from putting things away this afternoon. Call me about eight tomorrow and we'll conspire for Nan's birthday."

She settled down to a supper of Laverne's cheese whip, bran muffins, damson preserve, with a Phil who apparently had entirely forgotten the hearty mid-afternoon meal of cookies and milk. They talked of their respective expeditions; Susannah and Terry had walked all the way to Martin's Crossing that morning; Phil had been out with the Scouts that afternoon. And they did Phil's homework.

For his activity of mind and body was of such a sort that merely eating did not fully occupy him. It exhilarated and stimulated him, and Susannah took advantage of that exhilaration and stimulation to discuss his history lesson, point by point, or open his arithmetic beside her plate and go seriously into the matter of Hugh and his oranges that were three quarters of the oranges that Thomas had and seven tenths of George's oranges. Under these circumstances Phil would concentrate. There was nothing formidable or terrifying about this way of getting through, and by the time a hot apple pudding was on the table he was working away cheerfully, bringing down subtrahends and minuends in fine style. Usually he and Jerd worked together for a little while after dinner, but Jerd could not come over in the storm, and Phil's work was finished by dinnertime, anyway.

AFTER supper Susannah settled herself in the chintz-frilled, big, low chair by the fire, and Chess Trimler came in with snowy armfuls of wood, and Laverne carried the dishes away. Phil, in his own chair, was savoring for the fifth time the colored sheets of Sunday's funnies, but when the clatter in the kitchen pantry ceased, and the house grew very still, when Liza and Laverne had gone upstairs above the kitchen and there was no sound except the little ticking noises the snow made against the windows and the little crackling noises the fire made in answer, he came and got into Susannah's lap, and rested there for a little while, dreaming with wide-open eyes fixed on the burning logs.

"Sanna, do you think my mother would care if I loved you more than I did her?"

Her cheek went down against his hair.

"I don't think so, Phil. She's in heaven, and they understand everything there."

"She would know I was lonesome," he said. And after a while, "Sanna, do you s'pose anyone there is bein' as kind to your baby as you are bein' to me?"

"I think so."

"Could it be Mother?" he said.

"Perhaps so, Phil. Perhaps because you and I have found each other, she's found my little girl." She could talk to him sometimes of his half sister; never to anyone else of Evelina.

"Will we always be with each other, Sanna?"

"Always, Phil."

"That's what I want it to be," he said. "I know you're not my mother and I know I'm not really your boy, but I love you more than Sonny does his mother and more than Gordy Crooker loves *his* mother. An' I tole 'em so, too."

"But nicely."

"Nicely." He was getting very sleepy now, and Susannah was meditating going upstairs herself, and getting into bed almost as soon as he, when there was a floundering and laughing and stamping confusion in the passage, and Terry came in with snow on his hair and melting snow on his boots.

"Anne wanted to be sure that everything was all right," he said, shamelessly.

"Terry! In this snow!"

"I liked it. I had a lantern, real country fashion. Sue, you are comfortable in here! Hello, Pips."

"Hello, Uncle Terry. Gee, Uncle Terry, Sanna found all my old trains that I never could use at school—" Phil leaned against his shoulder, expatiating upon tracks, switches and semaphores, and Terry listened with his fine, aristocratic face turned sympathetically to him. Susannah presently summoned the child from the doorway.

"Come on, Phil, Liza's upstairs. I'll be up in fifteen minutes. Don't forget *teeth*."

She took her chair again and smiled in the mellow lamplight at Terry.

"Crying, eh?" the man asked.

"I had a bad crying spell this afternoon," she admitted, in a puzzled, unaffected voice. "But I thought I'd powdered it out of sight. Phil didn't notice it anyway, and he's usually pretty keen."

"What started you off, Sue?"

"Some letters of Alec's, I suppose. Letters to Phil. His room is all finished now and we moved him in Saturday, and these letters were in some boxes they sent from school. It—it shook me up. One was about—last summer. It doesn't harm me to cry now and then, Terry. I think it makes me feel better, really."

"H'm!" he commented, glancing at her briefly, glancing back at the fire again.

"Would you talk to me about him, Sue?"

She raised shadowed eyes.

"Nothing much to say."

Terry looked at her, as she moved her gaze back to the flaming logs, looked at the fine hand against which the wide, full sleeve lay loosely, the whiteness of her temples against the rich red-brown of her wavy hair, the bronze eyelashes that were lowered on her cheeks. The cut of her gown was low and square in the neck and he saw the beautiful curve of her breast, and the faded dull pink of the ashes-of-roses gown no softer against the skin than the skin itself.

"He still matters terribly, doesn't he?"

Susannah made no answer, except with a brief glance.

"I've come over tonight," Terry said, after a pause, and not looking at her as he spoke, "to say that I'm not equal to it, Sue, and that I'm going away."

There was a hint of a smile in her look.

"You had to come out in a blizzard to tell me that?"

THE tall man, with his red hair, his thin aristocratically featured face rather reddened, too, just now, by firelight, his long hands locked, his head slightly dropped forward between his shoulders, and his narrowed eyes fixed on the fire, answered her quickly and forcefully, in brief separated phrases.

"Exactly. I had to come out into the blizzard tonight. I tried to work—to read. It wasn't any use. You were here, across the lane, through the snow—you and this fire, and the lamp, and your voice. I'm not apologizing, or explaining. I had to come and I came."

There was a silence.

"If anyone had told me a year ago that I could possibly come to care for a woman as I've come to care for you, Sue, I would have thought it was funny," Terry presently recommenced. "Why, our group in Boston is full of attractive women, and they've made me a sort of standing—well, what?—joke for years. They've played me against their young men and told me their troubles and treated me generally as if I were the safest and most confirmed proposition in the world. I've felt myself to be!"

"One or two, according to Anne, have not felt quite that way," Susannah interpolated dryly.

"No, one or two haven't," he admitted, with the same forceful, almost angry brevity of tone and phrase. "There was a very handsome, smart little widow—her husband had been my friend—who thought it would be a good arrangement for her and the children to take me on, and there was a sweet young thing of about eighteen who decided that I was lonely and that no woman had ever understood me. She's married now—this Sylvia girl is—and the widow told me this Christmas that she was running a very successful real-estate agency and didn't know whether she would marry a man who is importuning her to that effect or not. I advised her to marry."

HE SOMETIMES spoke with a unique and characteristic incisiveness of diction. She had told him months earlier that it was sometimes like listening to someone reading aloud. He was speaking so now, quietly, indifferently, but with that easy selection of words that made his speech so pleasant to hear.

"So I think," he added, after a pause, as if the talk had gone on in his own mind to further conclusions, "that I'll get on a Norwegian steamer sometime in March, and go through the Canal, and then go on from San Francisco. Australia, maybe."

"Terry." Her heart sank a little at the thought. "To be gone how long?"

"As long as I can stay away."

"But since when have you been thinking of this?"

"Oh, for a week. Two weeks, maybe."

"Have you ever been to China, Terry?"

"No. I've never been to California, even."

She considered.

"I'm sorry," she said simply.

"Nothing for you to be sorry about. It's just—the way it is. I can't stand it, and I'll have to try to get over it."

"No gardening this spring," Susannah commented.

"No anything. No anything." He ground his big hands together. "I realized tonight," he recommenced in a low tone. "Oh, of course, I've realized all along, almost from the first time I ever saw you. But I realized tonight that it's stronger than I am. It's obsession—fever—anything you like."

"I wish just liking—tremendous liking, were enough," Susannah commented, after a moment of silence, in an embarrassed voice.

"Ah, Sue, but it is enough!" His fine intellectual face was working with eagerness as he looked up.

"Oh, no, Terry, it's not. I'd be a fool," Susannah said, speaking as earnestly as he had, turning toward him her troubled eyes, "not to appreciate what it means when a man like you cares about me. I know what you are, Terry, and I know how happy you'd make your wife. To have Anne and the children, and our farms here, and Boston for holidays—why nobody'd want a lovelier or safer life than that."

"Don't talk that way," he said, under his breath.

"But Terry, I mean it."

"But then why won't you risk it? Why won't you believe that that's the safest way—the only way, to happiness? Our liking each other, feeling such a bond of companionship, in books and ideas and the way we like to live and the things we like to do! Why not trust me, Sue? Isn't it just possible that I know you better in this than you do yourself?"

He crossed the rug and knelt down beside her chair and took possession of her hands. Susannah leaned back against the flowered limp flounces of the old chintz, her eyes welling amber lights in the glow of the lamp.

(To be continued next week)

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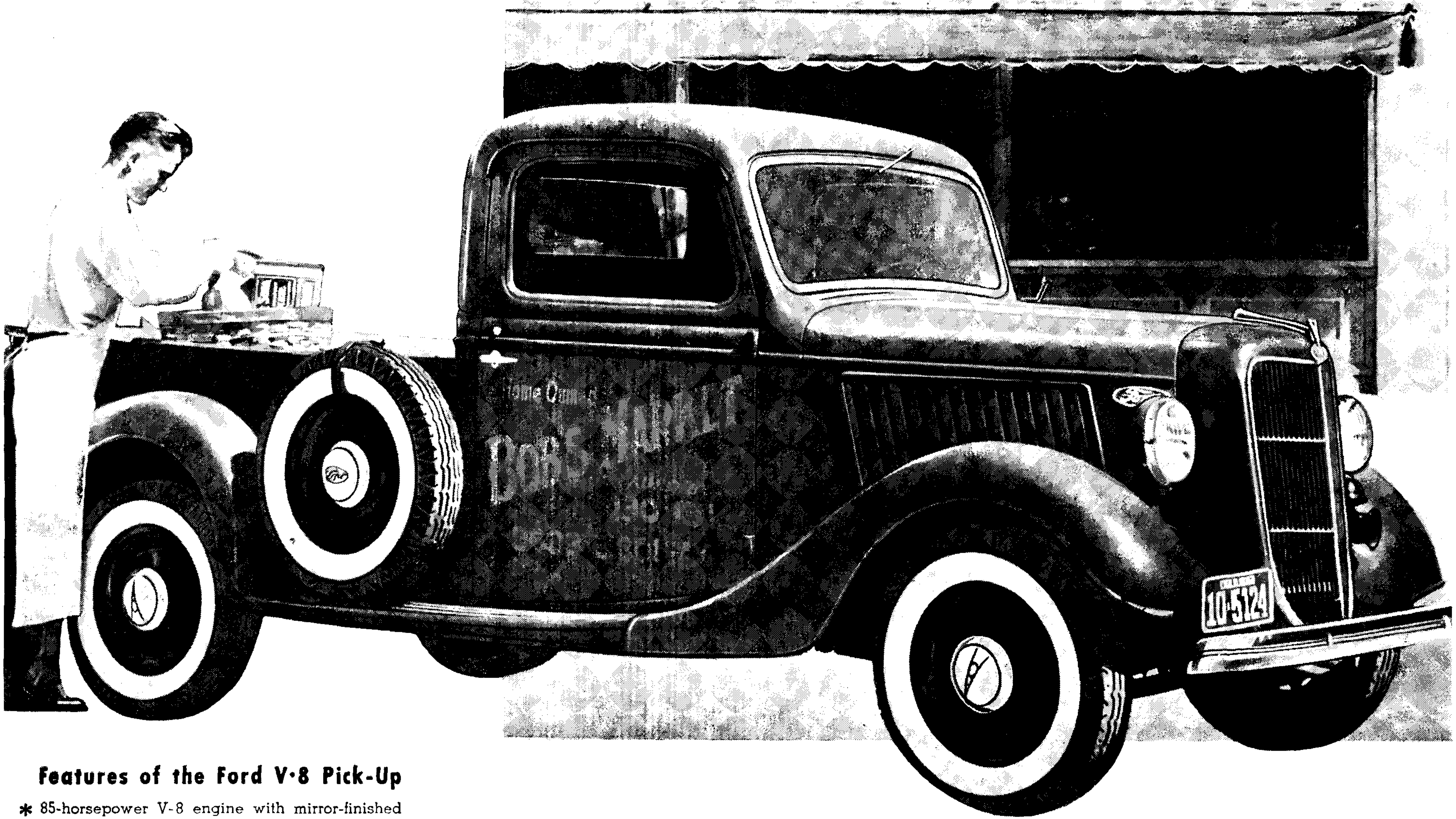

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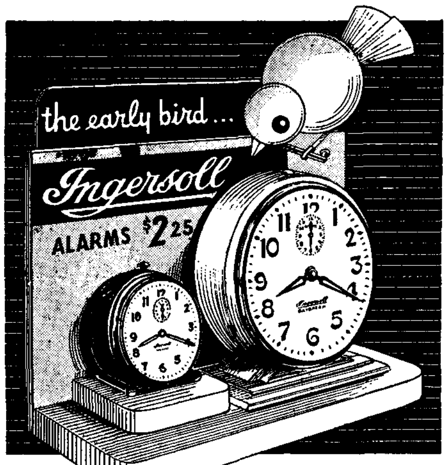

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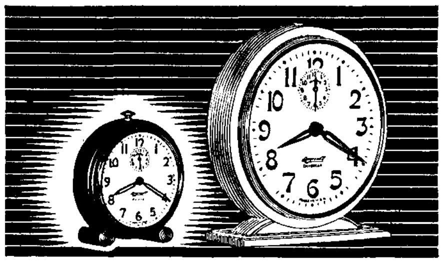

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"Petite"—a beautiful baby-size alarm in cream or black. "Daybreak"—its big brother—also in cream or black. $2.25

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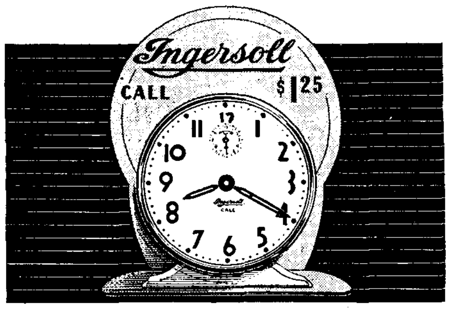

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Top Heavy

Continued from page 17

bachelor uncle up on 84th Street and Avenue A.

When he was twelve he got a real break—bellhop at the German Club in Yorkville. He got fourteen dollars a week for it and worked only eighteen hours a day. The rest of the time he spent with his father and at the East Side Settlement House. He was something of a sprinter and they had track teams. The combination almost ruined him. The bones in his feet collapsed and he was in casts for twenty-one weeks.

But the Settlement House was responsible for his career. He played Lorenzo in The Merchant of Venice when he was twelve. The responsible party in the case was John D. Barry, who is now a newspaperman in San Francisco and was then dramatic coach of the Settlement House, with a scorn for anything but Shakespeare. Arnold was working by turns in an upholsterer's shop and in the powerhouse at Columbia University.

He was fired at the powerhouse for allowing an engine to run hot, and things were serious until Barry got him a job with the Ben Greet Players, who were playing at the Opera House in Trenton.

"Barry had knocked the 'dese' and 'dose' out of me at the start," says Arnold, "but going from the powerhouse to the Ben Greet Players—Isaac Ben Greet, now Sir Isaac—was almost too much for a kid of fifteen. He had a company of one hundred with the Russian Symphony Orchestra and we toured in theaters all winter from New York to California and outdoors during the summer."

Arnold played bits and was general understudy, mostly in bearded parts. He played the King in The Tempest and King Midas in King Midas' Box. He got twenty-five dollars a week but paid his own sleepers and living expenses. Next year he was with Maxine Elliott in The Chaperone at fifty dollars a week.

Next year he went back with Ben Greet, later played with Robert Mantell and then went with Ethel Barrymore for three years as stage manager and player of bits. She was in ill health during that period and on many nights fought off fainting spells until the last curtain was down, collapsing then in the wings. Arnold was always on hand to grab her. There was only one remonstrance from Miss Barrymore.

"Mr. Arnold," she said, "I'm indebted to you for the way you keep me from breaking my neck and I agree with you that the only possible thing is to scream for water at the top of your lungs, but *must* you bend me over in the middle that way till my head touches the floor?"

Three Years of Essanay

Mr. Arnold assured her it was necessary and they proceeded on that basis. He stayed with the Barrymore company for three years, leaving it then to go into stock at Yonkers, New York, as leading man. From there he went into a company in St. Paul with Wright Huntington and played 104 consecutive weeks. He had eleven straight years in stock companies, playing Richmond, Syracuse, Savannah, Philadelphia and Utica.

With Arnold in Richmond was Arthur Berthelet, who got a job in Chicago directing pictures for the old Essanay company. When Francis X. Bushman quit as star, Berthelet wired to Arnold to come on. He got $125 a week and stayed there three years in association with Bryant Washburn, Henry B. Walthall, Edna Mayo, Marguerite Clayton and Rod LaRoque. This was all very well until George K. Spoor, who ran the outfit, decided to trifle with an idea. He wanted to make third-dimension films and nothing could stop him, not even the tears of Arnold, who cringed whenever he thought of another ten years in Utica.

Arnold went on to New York. He now had a wife and three children and a great disbelief in his talent. He thought, however, his movie fame might do him some good and was no little stunned when he found that managers on Broadway had stopped going to movies shortly after Birth of a Nation. He finally got a part in Getting Together, in which Holbrook Blinn and Blanche Bates starred.

"It was a war play," says Arnold sadly, "and the Armistice was signed two weeks after we started out. We came right back in."

He then got a part in She Would and She Did with Grace George and that ran full steam into the famous Equity strike and that show also closed.

Typed as a Western

When the strike was settled, he had a run of two years with George Broadhurst's The Storm, but it was almost a fatal bit of luck. He played a Western character and was so definitely typed that when he came into booking offices they looked at him and said, "No cow people today, old boy." He finally went into vaudeville with Langdon McCormick doing a condensed version of The Storm and played it two years. He was still a type actor, nevertheless, and was glad enough to get the part of sheriff in The Nervous Wreck with Otto Kruger. That meant two more years' work and was a fine part. From that he went into Easy Come, Easy Go with Kruger and Victor Moore. When that was finished, he was sunk until he got a vaudeville job with Viola Dana, a tour which was to take them as far as California.

It was the early days of the talking pictures and Arnold knew four directors now working in Hollywood. It was a setup for a man of the Arnold genius.

When he got to Long Beach, he made certain of everything by visiting a fortune teller who informed him that the breaks were coming his way. The first four breaks were of his heart because he couldn't even get in to see his former friends in Hollywood. The Dana-Arnold tour closed in St. Louis and the final break came then when he almost broke his back on the bus ride to New York.

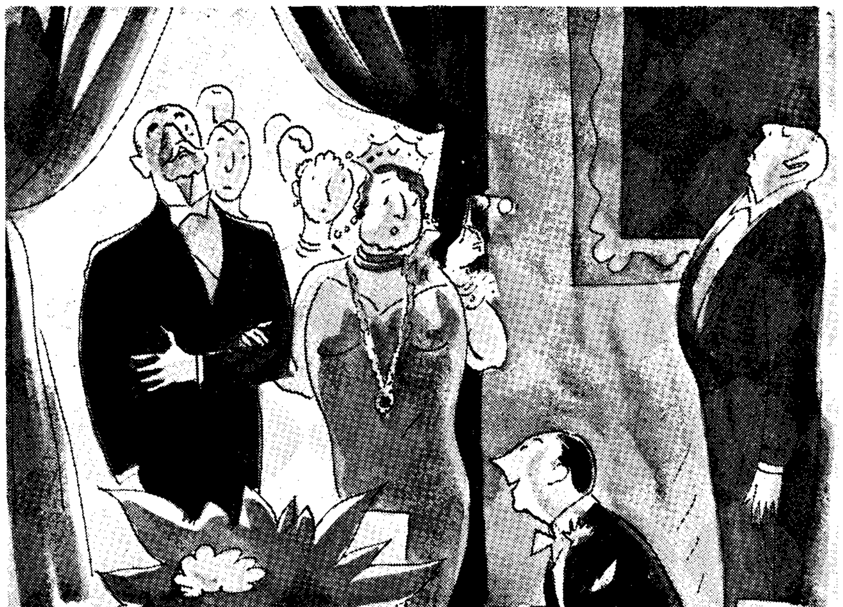
After the usual sad sittings in casting offices, he was finally signed by Cheryl Crawford of the Theater Guild and played with Nazimova in Month in the Country and in The Miracle of Verdun, neither of which was long-lived. He was then in the Third Little Show with Ernest Truex and later in Whistling in the Dark, with the same comedian. The latter show closed in the summer but Arnold went out to play with the coast company at half salary. It was the year of the Olympic Games in Los Angeles and it was assumed that there would be business enough for one dramatic company in the land of Big Speech. This proved a bit overoptimistic but to Arnold it was all right.

"A little tardy," says Arnold, "but they discovered me."

He had three offers after the first performance and accepted terms with Universal, who put him immediately into a little something called Okay, America. His first important impression came in Sadie McKee with Joan Crawford, where he did a marvelous drunk scene, drawing upon his stock experience for detail.

Because he weighs 214 and looks as though meals come regularly with him, he was a natural for the life of Diamond Jim Brady, who was such a trencherman that waiters attempting to look after him without relief had to be retired to pasture at an early age.

He was featured in Wednesday's Child and Crime and Punishment. His latest appearance was in Meet Nero Wolfe. It is hardly likely that he will forget he played in Sutter's Gold. The zeal for realism in Hollywood is growing.



"I couldn't wait, Mrs. Van Goshen. I've got to make a train"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

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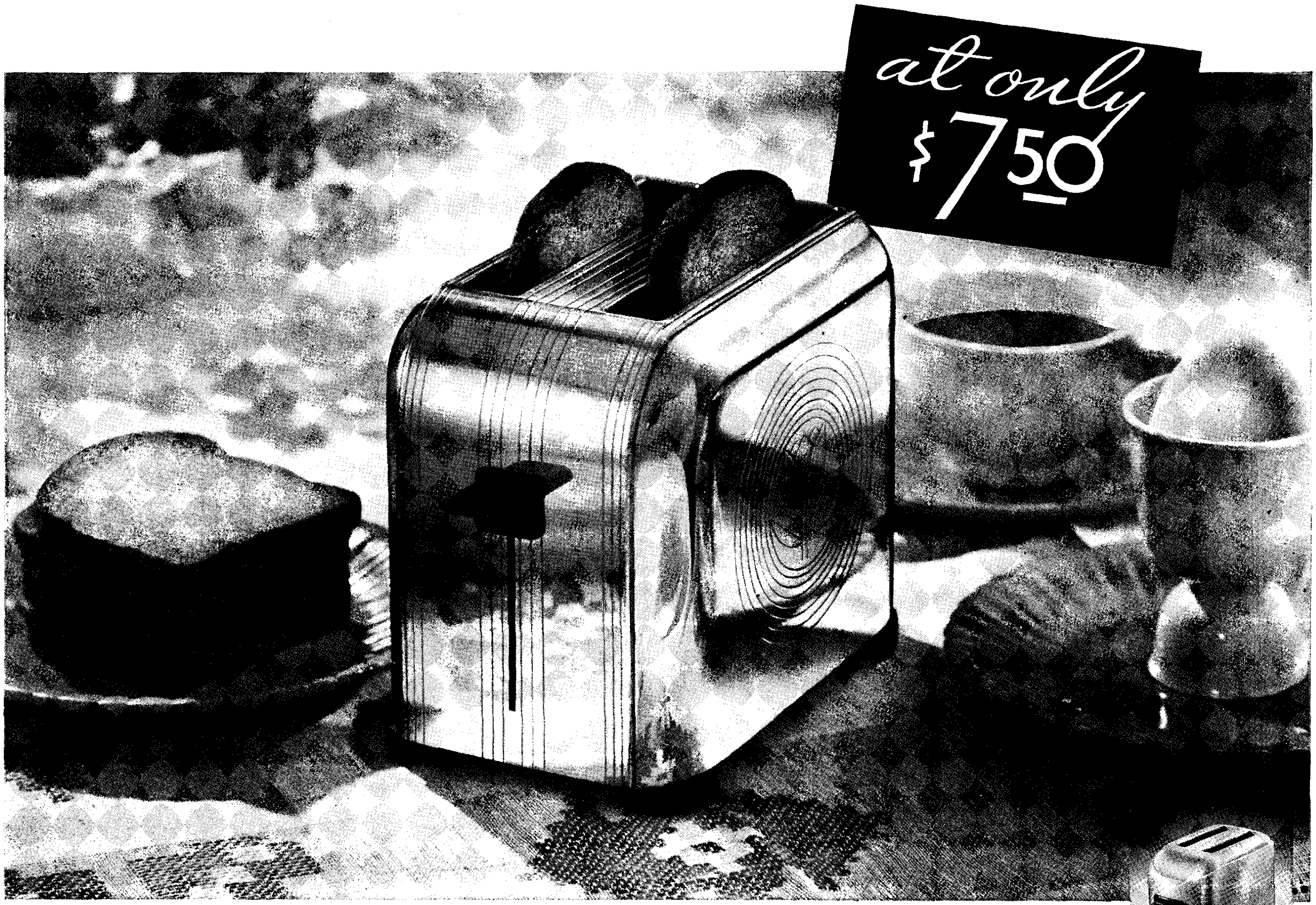

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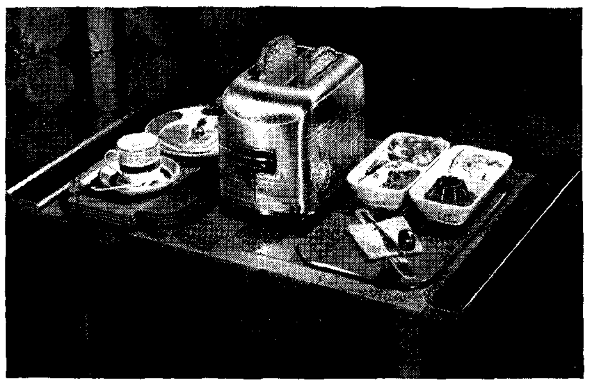

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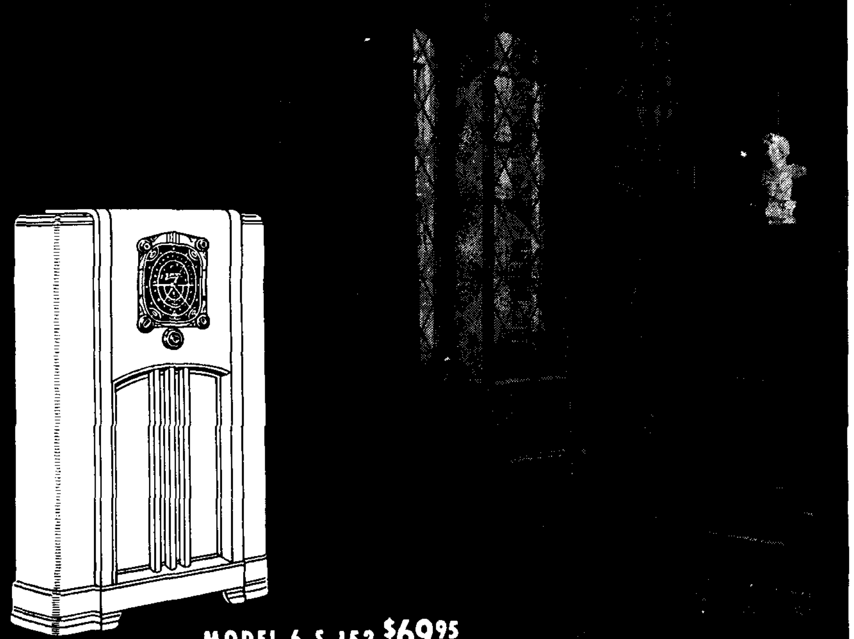

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The Dumb Gods Speak

Continued from page 15

will serve you well and honestly to the end. If he does it is because your end and his are the same."

"Ring through to Chamber Fourteen," Mark directed. "Say that I am on my way up. See that the seal is off the door and the guard prepared."

Catherine unlocked the cabinet that contained the most private telephone of all. She spoke into it for a moment or two, replaced the transmitter and locked the cabinet. They all three seemed uneasily conscious that great things were happening.

WITH a master key in his hand Mark opened the fifth door, which led into the great observatory. He closed it carefully behind him. A sallow-complexioned young man dressed in dark clothes, and swift in his movements, hurried down the room. He bowed low to the visitors and remained awaiting orders.

"There is fresh news?" Mr. Cheng inquired.

"A thirty-seven mile move in Manchuria, my lord," was the quiet reply. "Southward, too, there is progress. Our night messages have been interfered with by thunderstorms in Persia. There may be more to come."

"And Fan Sik Tsun?" Cheng asked.

"His Honor, the general, was wakened from his sleep at the news of your coming," the man reported. "He will be here directly."

Mark and Catherine stood side by side at the head of the huge room. She drew a little breath of amazement as she looked around her. The walls were covered with a glittering and confusing array of bells and signal boards and in the distance two huge receivers were turned seaward. A score of men were seated before small iron tables, on every one of which stood strangely shaped machines and instruments. A tired-looking youth wearing thick glasses removed an apparatus from his head and came across from his place to where the visitors were standing.

"General Percheron left word that he would like to speak to you if you came up, sir," he announced.

"Tell the general that we are in the chartroom," Mark replied. "Can you leave your instrument for a few minutes?"

"I have just disconnected it, Mr. Humberstone. I have to fetch a fresh platinum sheet from the stores. I will send the general along."

THE operator hurried away. Mark, laying his fingers upon Catherine's arm, drew aside a heavy curtain and led her into a sort of annex to the main apartment. The whole of one wall was taken up by a gigantic map about which there were dotted a number of black, green and red pegs. The map itself was guarded by metal railings in front of which was a small swinging gate. Outside the railings, but close to them, was a long wooden seat with a high back, rather resembling a choir stall in a cathedral. In the middle of it Mr. Cheng was seated very erect and with folded arms. By his side, with a long ivory cane in his hand, was a man of medium height, solidly built and with complexion almost copper-colored, as though from lifelong exposure to sun and icy winds. He wore a black silk dressing gown tightly drawn around him. His gray hair was shaven close to his head. He bowed as Mark and his companion approached.

"Any report, Fan Sik Tsun?" Mark asked.

"There is further news," the Chinese general announced. "It concerns the movement northwards of Ling Ho."

"Ling Ho," Mr. Cheng repeated. "What progress have they made with him, I wonder?"

"Two years ago his forces were nothing but brigands," Fan Sik Tsun confided. "Today they have built up excellent discipline, chiefly, I fear I must admit, under American direction. Ling Ho himself has taken the oath."

"Put him in his place," Cheng directed.

Fan Sik Tsun opened the little iron gate, peered at the chart for a moment and then with firm fingers thrust in a green peg side by side with a red one.

"His men are across the river," he continued. "They have built their own rafts and have been of some assistance."

Fan Sik Tsun returned to his master's side and eyed the chart with his hands clasped together.

"All this in eight months," he meditated. "Progress seems slow when one watches it from afar but my lord must realize it is a great advance that has been made. From Manchuria the news may come at any time. Nearly half our pegs are practically in touch with the railway."

"Very soon then," Cheng said softly, "the skies will flame."

"Very soon," Fan Sik Tsun echoed.

A TALL thin man of soldierly presence, although in lounge clothes, stepped through the curtains and made his way toward Mark. They exchanged brief but friendly greetings. Mark introduced him to Catherine.

"This is General Percheron from Washington," he said. "Catherine Oronoff is one of our staff."

"Hope you will excuse my costume, Miss Oronoff," the general apologized. "We live a sort of isolated life up here and we are not looking for visitors."

"Everything okay, General?" Mark inquired.

"There has been some slight trouble," the other confided. "Levissier, the head of the Police Intelligence Department in Paris, paid us a visit last evening."

"He was not admitted here?"

"Certainly not. I interviewed him below. He insisted upon seeing our licenses."

"You showed them to him, of course?"

"It was necessary. When he saw the signature of the Minister of the Interior he seemed thunderstruck."

Mark flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"We paid ten millions for those licenses."

"I reminded him of the fact. He surely was in a state of distress. He pointed out that neither of the news services can get their material through distinctly and the cable service from the East is continually being disturbed. They have become convinced that the interference is caused by some new element which we have put into action. One of the deputies is to ask a question in the chamber next week. He came down purposely to warn and to consult with you."

"He wastes his time," Mark declared. "Our licenses cannot be revoked. We are using the most powerful instruments in the world because their patents and all the secret methods connected with their use belong to us. It is absolutely necessary that we dominate the news eastward for a short time longer. Afterward it will be of no account."

General Percheron nodded gravely.

"I understand the position, Mark," he said, "but I can understand this fellow's point of view, too. The whole thing is a question of time. Of course I do not know much about the political side of it but I should say, looking at the chart, that I ought to have been in the air on the way to join up with Mayne forty-eight hours ago."

Mark reflected for a moment. He waved his hand in acquiescence to Catherine, who was signaling her departure to him.

"You can order your plane for midnight, General," he decided.

CATHERINE, who had preceded the two men by several minutes, looked up eagerly from behind her desk as Mark, followed by Cheng, entered the room.

"I am afraid that something has happened to Jonson," she announced.

"Proceed," Mr. Cheng begged.

"You know we sent out two of the men from the squad to find him."

"Well?"

"At the far end of the Promenade des Anglais, which was almost deserted, they came across Jonson with two strange men. He was sitting between them on a bench and they were all three talking earnestly. François is a very intelligent person. Will you hear the story from him?"

"By all means," Cheng consented.

François, who was waiting outside, answered Catherine's summons without delay. He was rather an undersized young man, typically French, with wild curly black hair and a scarf around his throat instead of a collar and tie.

"Tell me about the man you went out to search for," Cheng ordered.

The young man broke into ready speech.

"We were driving slowly. The light was not very good and we were approaching the racecourse. Just opposite one of those three dancing cabarets on the right there is a seat. Upon that seat we noticed three men. The one in the middle was Jonson."

"Do you know who the other two were?"

"They were strangers, monsieur. Jean would have pulled up but it seemed to me that there was something the matter with Jonson. He was sitting uneasily and though he turned his head he made no movement to attract our attention. We passed quite slowly. He recognized us, without a doubt, but he turned away. We decided, therefore, not to stop. We went on as far as the racecourse gates."

"Any other reason for not stopping?"

"Yes, sir," François continued. "I was perfectly certain something was wrong. I stood up as the car passed and I saw over the top of the seat the man on the left had a gun pushed into Jonson's side."

Mark frowned.

"You left him there?"

"We went on to the racecourse entrance. Jean remained in the car. I climbed over the gate and came down on the other side of the hedge. I was able to get within thirty or forty paces of Jonson and the two men. They were standing up when I got there but I could not hear what they were saying. They crossed the road. They each had an arm through Jonson's and one of the men still had the gun up his sleeve. They entered that little hotel which advertises a cabaret and dancing and has all those rows of shaded lamps. One knows the place. It has a bad reputation."

"Well, what did you do—leave him there?" Mark repeated.

"But no, monsieur," François remonstrated. "It is not our business to leave a comrade in trouble. I waved my hand to Jean. He drove the car down the road and we entered the place together. Everyone was talking at the same time and it was very noisy. It was full of people and much wine was being drunk. Two little ladies of the town—very chic, very pretty—were seated on stools at the bar and there was another who was singing a little song and dancing by herself. The two men were trying to persuade Jonson to go round to the back with them. Jonson was making a great fuss with one of the girls, though, and swore he would not go until he had had a drink. They looked at us with suspicion but we both made the pretense that Jonson was a stranger to us and we shouted for drinks. I heard Jonson call out, and although he did not look our way I felt that he meant us to hear. He said something like this:

"'I will come. We will spend the evening together, but I have a fancy for the little one here. She must drink a glass of wine with me first, then I will come. When we have talked I shall return to her. She pleases me!'"

"And the girl?" Mark asked.

"Oh, she took it all right. She was hanging around Jonson all the time just as though she were waiting for a message. She knew what she was up to, that girl. Soon I saw what his game was. His hand was in his coat pocket and was moving about all the time. When it came out there was a five-hundred-franc note in it but there was something in the five-hundred-franc note which was all twisted up. One of the two men whispered something but Jonson pretended to be angry.

"'Why should I not offer a gift?' he demanded. 'Mademoiselle will give me her lips presently and if she is as sweet as she looks I shall give her another note. Life is dull enough here. You must be more cheerful if I am to spend the evening with you. I would have you remember that I am an artist. At nine o'clock I appear at the Jetée!'

"They all laughed at him but the barman backed him up.

"'He is telling the truth,' he declared. 'He is Professor Ventura. He stops the earth.'

"Everyone in the room laughed again except the two men, who looked sullen and restless. The barman leaned across his counter.

"'You try and pass his line on the stage tonight,' he warned them. 'You will have the pins and needles in your legs. There was a man the other night—they say that he will be lame for life.'

"ONE of the two men took Jonson by the arm.

"'Come on,' he insisted. 'We cannot wait here for you all the time. We wish for that little conversation. Mount with us now, if you please!'

"'I shall give the young lady the note first, whatever you say,' Jonson said doggedly.

"They only laughed at that. He slipped it into her hand. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. They dragged Jonson off then toward the stairs, but Jean and I were on each side of the young woman in half a minute. She spread out the five-hundred-franc note. There was a piece of paper inside with something scrawled on it. In smoothing out the note for her I got hold of it. She saw me but I showed her that it was only a piece of soiled paper. We all had a drink, then Jean and I got out. I read what Jonson had scrawled, by the light of the car. I thought I had better bring it to you. Here it is."

Cheng took the scrap of paper into his hands. Considering the manner in which it had been written the penciled words were fairly legible: "The Trio. Warn C."

"My London friends!" Cheng exclaimed.

"And after that we came back to report."

Mr. Cheng waved his hand in dismissal. François understood and left the room.

"Looks as though the little man were in for it if we don't get busy," Mark observed.

Mr. Cheng was lolling in the depths of

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 47)

an easy chair. His forehead was wrinkled.

"I am, in western phraseology," he confessed, "upon the horns of a dilemma."

"The question being?"

"Shall I leave Jonson with these men, trusting to him to restrain their bloodthirsty impulses, or shall I plan a really bold coup?"

"I shouldn't leave Jonson with them," Mark advised.

"We will make no use of our own guerrilla forces, I think," Cheng reflected as he rose to his feet and strolled up and down the room. "I will invoke the aid of the police. What do you think of that, mademoiselle? The police, whom most of the time we are trying to outwit!"

"You and Mr. Humberstone between you pay a large subsidy for service," Catherine reminded him. "Why not make use of them sometimes?"

Cheng reached for the telephone. "Please," he said into the instrument, "put me through to Monsieur Déchanel of the *Sûreté*. . . ."

JONSON, as he mounted the stairs of the cozy-looking little hotel on the Promenade des Anglais with a gun pressed into his back, had altogether lost that cheerful smile with which he had commenced his constitutional. These two men were both killers, they were both desperate, they had a fanatical passion for the man whom it was their business to protect and they had every cause to suspect him as a traitor. The chances of his hastily scrawled appeal for help reaching the bureau he felt were exceedingly slight, for mademoiselle was scarcely likely to risk offending the patron of the place. Nevertheless, he kept his brain cool and clear—a chance was all he wanted.

"Take that damn' thing away from my back," he enjoined with a fine show of anger. "You two were never any use with firearms. The thing might go off!"

Krakoff had reached the first landing and threw open the door of a bedchamber.

"A place for love," Jonson remarked, looking round with an amiable smile.

"It is going to be a chamber of death unless we get the truth out of you," Krakoff threatened. "Tie him to the bedpost, Hanson."

"But what have I done?" the prisoner protested blandly. "What have you against me? Simply because we failed in London and I thought it wiser—"

"To escape and leave us to face the trouble," Hanson grunted. "We believe that you are a traitor. It is our intention to kill you."

"Get on with it, then," Jonson invited.

"We should like first," Krakoff said, "to ask a few questions."

"Well, ask your questions then," Jonson invited resignedly. "I can only tell you that at the present moment you are in greater danger than I am."

Hanson completed his task in scornful silence. To all appearance it was a wonderful performance. Their prisoner was bound hand and foot to the brass end of the bedstead. Krakoff approached him with a long knife in his hand.

"I might use this," he confided, "to cut your bonds later on if you please us. On the other hand, I might use it as the Chinese do—to cut little pieces from you when your answers annoy."

"You talk a great deal," Jonson observed. "You do nothing. What are these questions you speak of? I have nothing to betray except our own cause."

Krakoff slapped his cheek viciously.

"You are a lying dog," he shouted. "We believe that you are in league with the men we are pledged to kill."

"You are thickheaded enough to believe anything," was the sneering reply.

"What are you doing in Nice?" Hanson demanded. "Why did you leave us with our task unaccomplished?"

"If you want to know what I am doing in Nice go and ask the patron here to tell you again. You will see my picture on all the billboards. I perform at the Jetée Casino every evening. I get a *mille* note every time I go on the boards, and if you want to know why I left you and came here it is because at the office in London they had no funds to pay—no funds for our expenses. Work of any sort I am willing to pledge myself to, but I need pay. What about you two? Your bags are full of money—yes? The secretary of the Great Liberation Fund has dealt generously with you?"

"Quit this cackle," Krakoff muttered angrily. "A little shortness of funds there may be. What does it matter? The money will come. Listen, Jonson. The man we seek is in Nice. Where is he?"

"If he is in Nice find him. I have finished working for those who do not pay, and who treat one in this fashion."

"I see," Krakoff exclaimed with an ugly grin. "You have transferred your services to the man with the full purse."

"Ass!" was the scornful rejoinder. "I earn all the money I need at the Casino."

"You have not found another master then yet?" Krakoff demanded, pressing the blade flatwise against Jonson's cheek and turning it a little towards the edge so that a thin line of blood showed itself. "Soon we shall begin business, eh? What is the name of this new master and where is he to be found? He is not connected by any chance with the International Bureau?"

Jonson laughed happily and to all appearance with sincerity. His head was a little on one side. He seemed to be listening.

"Push those curtains back, my friends," he enjoined. "Look down onto the promenade. You may see something."

BOTH men rushed to the window. They peered out over the top of the net blind. They glanced up the fine curving road and their eyes swept the empty promenade towards the racecourse. Then Krakoff turned round, startled by a sudden exclamation from his companion. They looked straight into the barrel of Jonson's revolver and Jonson himself, with a rope hanging loosely from parts of his person, was standing within a few feet of them. The expression of good-humored scorn had left his face; his teeth were set, his eyes glittering. He was a very angry man.

"Now then, you two—up with them—up, I tell you!"

Krakoff's right hand had strayed for a moment but at the second exhortation it followed his companion's.

"Flat against the wall—the palms of both your hands," Jonson ordered. "No hesitation. I would kill either of you with pleasure. When the police see your papers and your firearms and that knife they will shake me by the hand."

The two men obeyed. They seemed paralyzed by the shock of this amazing change in the situation. Hanson in particular could not remove his eyes from the rope.

"I may be going to die," he muttered, "but that rope—you were bound as tightly as I ever bound a human being in my life!"

"You should have stayed and played with the kids in the nursery," Jonson scoffed, "before you came out to rub shoulders with men. Did you not know I was a music-hall performer? I have only two great stunts. One is I stop the world, and the other I free myself from any rope you can wind around me. Babes, fools, to lay your hands upon a conjurer!"

He paused to wipe the blood from his cheek with his left hand. The direction of the gun, however, clenched in his other fingers, never faltered.

"How long are you going to keep us here?" Krakoff demanded.

"Until I can find an excuse for killing one of you," was the prompt reply. "I can then deal singlehanded with the other. Come on, why do not one of you try a rush? You, Hanson, you are not afraid to die, I am sure. I can hit glass balls at fifty yards. I will pick you off anywhere you like."

"I have not moved," Hanson shivered. "I shall not move."

The saliva of fear was upon his lips, his eyes were glazed with terror. Jonson turned smilingly to his companion.

"Well, what about you?" he asked. "I want an excuse for shooting one of you. A quarter of an hour ago you were planning to kill me without any excuse."

"You do not need an excuse to kill a bloody traitor," Krakoff spat out.

Jonson shot him deliberately between the second and third button of his waistcoat. Krakoff, who realized what was coming, made one mighty effort and threw himself upon his opponent, but Jonson's hand never swerved. Hanson, who might even then have settled the fight under cover of Krakoff's attack, gave one yell of horror and sank fainting to the floor. Krakoff in his last effort kicked furiously at Jonson and brought him to the ground. Whilst he was still writhing with the pain there came a loud official knocking at the door. Jonson kicked the wounded man's revolver into a corner and struggled up with the aid of the bedpost.

"Enter!" he shouted.

The door was pushed cautiously open.

"In the name of the law!" someone pronounced in a deep bass voice.

"Enter," Jonson repeated. "They have finished the fight these two. Enter, gentlemen. There is no longer danger."

Monsieur Déchanel, in the rear of the bodyguard of gendarmes, stepped into the room. He looked around him fiercely.

"What has happened here?" he demanded. "Are they dead, these men?"

"The tall one is wounded," Jonson replied. "The other is a coward. He is unhurt."

"And you?"

"I am unhurt. It was a fight between these two men."

Déchanel twirled his mustache imperiously. He looked hard at the speaker.

"Your name is Jonson?"

"That is true, monsieur."

The agent of the police stood on one side. He pointed to the door. Jonson understood and limped out.

"Take him to my own car," Déchanel directed. "You understand," he added in a low tone to the sergeant, "he is to disappear. Those are my orders. It is a matter of policy. Take him where he wills to go and forget it."

A FEW nights later, about an hour after the arrival of the Lyons plane at Cannes, a man and a woman descended from a shabby-hooded motorcar in front of the Casino Municipal at Nice. They left two bags inside the car and the woman addressed the chauffeur. Her voice was husky, her French fluent, her accent execrable.

"Pierre," she ordered, "you will take the valises of monsieur to the villa, you will see that Lucie unpacks everything and puts warm night clothes by the fire. You will then return here for us. Be here at midnight."

"One o'clock will be soon enough," her companion intervened.

The woman sighed.

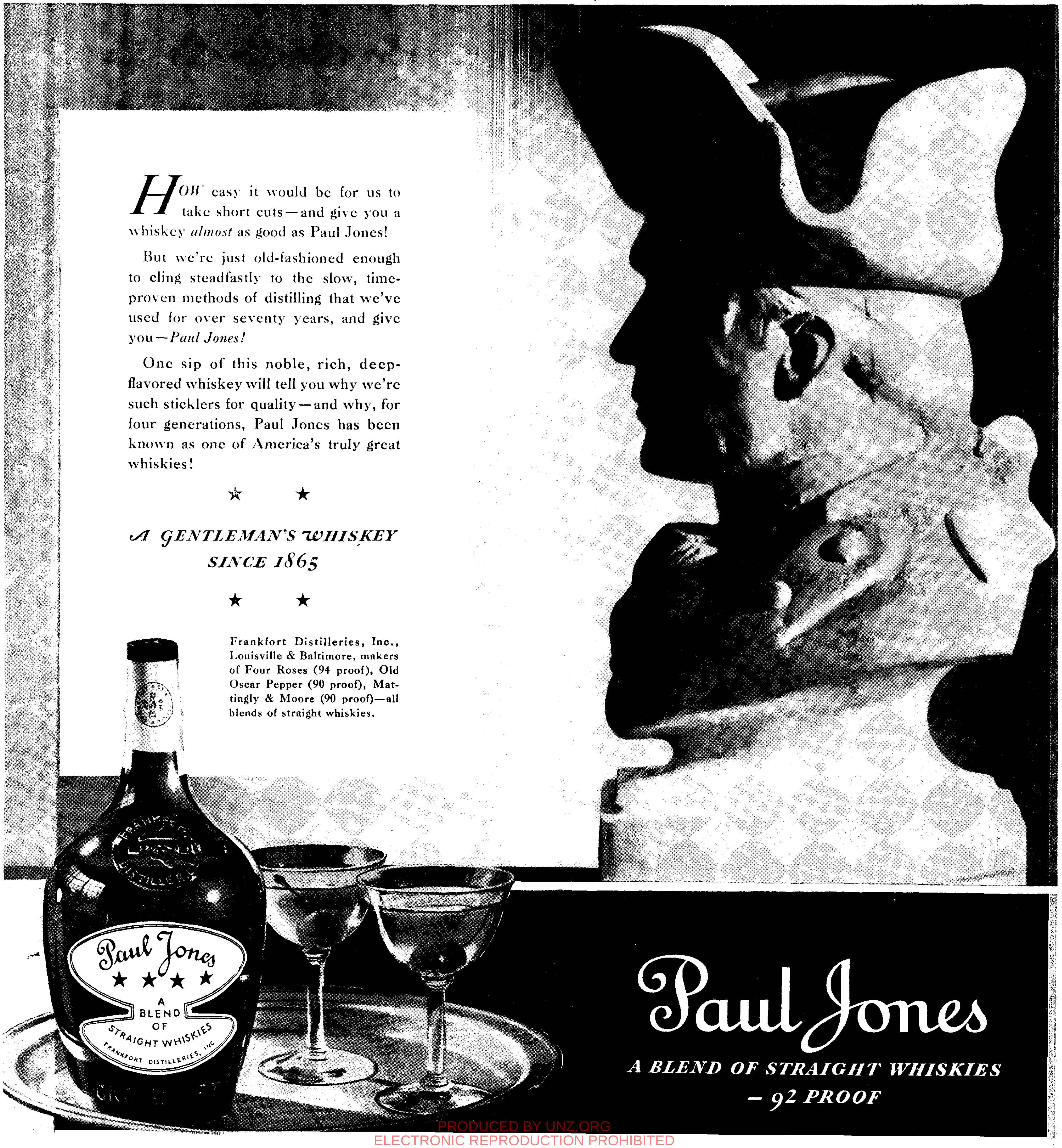
"One o'clock then," she said submissively. "Do not be late, Pierre, and remember your orders. Remember this, too—"

"Yes, Madame?" the chauffeur replied stolidly.

"If you should be asked by anyone, mind, what you have been doing today,

(Continued on page 50)

make finer whiskey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Paul Jones
★ ★ ★ ★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
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*H*OW easy it would be for us to take short cuts—and give you a whiskey *almost* as good as Paul Jones!

But we're just old-fashioned enough to cling steadfastly to the slow, time-proven methods of distilling that we've used for over seventy years, and give you—*Paul Jones!*

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A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY
SINCE 1865

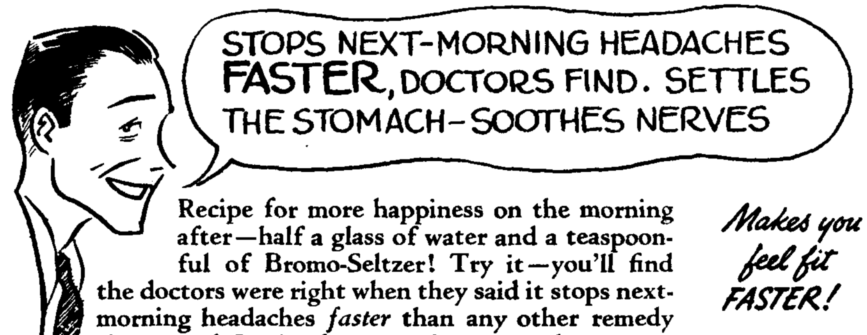
★ ★

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
– 92 PROOF

BACHELOR DAYS
-WISH WE WERE BACK HERE AT SCHOOL, JERRY!
GOSH, I CAN'T EVEN WISH WITH THIS HEADACHE!
TOM, YOU OLD ALL-AMERICAN - AND JERRY- WELCOME LADS!
DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF MORNING-AFTER? LEGGO MY HEAD!
-OOOOOF! MY STOMACH!
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY TO INTERCEPT A PASS!
-OW-MY NERVES!
IN HIS CONDITION HE CAN'T STAND MUCH OF THIS!
-SOME GUY OVER HERE YELPING ABOUT HIS HEAD, STOMACH AND NERVES?
YEH, BOY- AND CAN HE DO WITH THAT BROMO-SELTZER!
-A LITTLE LATER...
WHAT A VICTORY- AND NOW I CAN ENJOY IT, THANKS TO BROMO-SELTZER!
WHEN BROMO-SELTZER TACKLES A HEADACHE, BOY, IT STOPS!

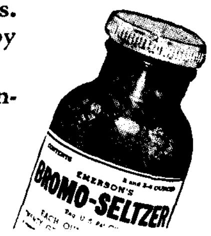

STOPS NEXT-MORNING HEADACHES FASTER, DOCTORS FIND. SETTLES THE STOMACH-SOOTHES NERVES

Recipe for more happiness on the morning after—half a glass of water and a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer! Try it—you'll find the doctors were right when they said it stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested. Settles the stomach, too, steadies nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.

Ask for Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet, too.

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

BROMO-SELTZER



(Continued from page 48)

you took madame into Cannes to her dressmaker, she had tea with some friends and you left madame at the Casino in Nice where she plays always on Saturday evenings."

The chauffeur pointed to the bags.

"What about the luggage?" he asked.

"It belonged to a friend of madame's who is coming to visit her tomorrow. Keep the bags to yourself, Pierre. Take them into the house yourself. It is understood?"

The chauffeur, whose manners were not of the best, nodded and drove off. The woman clutched her companion by the arm. They entered the Casino together. They crossed the hall, rang for the elevator, mounted to the first floor and made their way toward the bureau. It was madame who addressed the clerk.

"Monsieur will take a card for the season," she said. "Show them your passport, Paul. It will be one hundred francs."

The very polite clerk studied the passport, bowed and smiled, wrote out the card rapidly, accepted the hundred francs, handed the visitor the pen with which to sign his name, and the business was over. The latter was out of the bureau and started for the gambling rooms before his companion could pick up her bag. With a hoarse laugh, which was not altogether mirthful, she pulled at his arm and restrained him.

"Paul," she complained, "you have scarcely spoken to me. It is months since we met. I have sat and waited—"

"You have been playing here," the man interrupted. "The clerk recognized you. He addressed you by name."

"I play here two or three times a week," she assented. "What would you have me do?"

"Oh, you look after yourself without a doubt," he said. "Later we dine together. We go to the villa. Tomorrow night I shall not be so anxious. It is my one weakness, remember, Rosa. For the long months," he went on, dropping his voice a little, "I carry such a weight on my shoulders as no other man breathing could support. Here I am free. God, if only I could be free forever!"

Madame was welcomed with a bow. No need for her to show her card. The man's received a perfunctory examination at the door. They passed in. To the left were roulette and *chemin de fer* tables, a crowd of people round each. The stifling, overheated atmosphere of the room floated out to where they lingered.

"ONE drink first," the man proposed after a moment's hesitation. "That will show you that I am sane, Rosa. Come."

He strode off toward the bar. She tugged at his coat and made him sit in an easy chair with a table before them. A waiter hurried up.

"Vodka—you have vodka?" the man asked.

"But certainly, sir."

"A double vodka. For you, Rosa?"

"A glass of champagne," madame decided.

They raised their glasses, they toasted one another. She was a large woman with fine eyes and carriage, carmine lips, touched up eyebrows and lavishly powdered. She was without doubt a Jewess. The man was inclined to show signs of a stomach but his face was almost gaunt. He was clean shaven but there was a faint bluish black growth about his powerful chin and narrow lips. His hair was black, streaked with gray, and badly needed trimming. His shirt was crumpled; a black wisp of tie was badly arranged and ill chosen. His clothes were probably new but they needed brushing and pressing. She sighed as she looked at him.

"You need care, Paul," she said. "You should have had a wash before you came in to play."

"Thirty or forty hours in planes," he reminded her. "One wants something to make one forget the rocking."

He lit a cigar and smoked feverishly, threw back his head and swallowed the vodka at a draught. Madame beckoned to one of the managers of the room, who came across to them.

"Monsieur would like a place for roulette," she confided. "Two places if you can find them together. Monsieur has only just arrived from a long journey. Listen, Monsieur Raymond," she went on, dropping her voice, "Monsieur plays high—not my poor little game."

"In two minutes," the man promised, hurrying away.

The prospective gambler, Monsieur Paul Agrestein—the name upon his passport—called for another vodka. He tossed it off.

"Come," he said to the woman, "we have our places. The chef is beckoning us."

SHE rose and followed him into the gambling room. Two places had been found. The man sank into the chair next the croupier. His face relaxed. There was something almost like a smile upon his lips.

"Come, come," he said, "roulette in Nice! This is a wonderful thing to see. One moment, monsieur," he begged, touching the chef who was seated on his high chair.

The hand of the jeweler from Warsaw went into his breast coat pocket. He brought out a bulging pocketbook. Slowly he began drawing out *mille* notes. The chef and the croupier both stared. He counted out twenty of them and passed them to the croupier.

"*Plaques et louis, monsieur?*" the man demanded obsequiously.

"*Plaques* only," was the gruff reply.

There was a low murmur round the table. A visitor who changed twenty *mille* as a start and asked for *plaques* only was a rarity these hard times. He sat there with three piles in front of him, looked at the table for a moment, leaned over, pushing the woman by his side, pushing the croupier, nearly upsetting a player without a seat who was struggling to put a humble five francs upon a *transversale*. He placed the maximum on two numbers, threw a *mille* on red, another *mille* on the odd, then he leaned back in his chair. This was the life! . . .

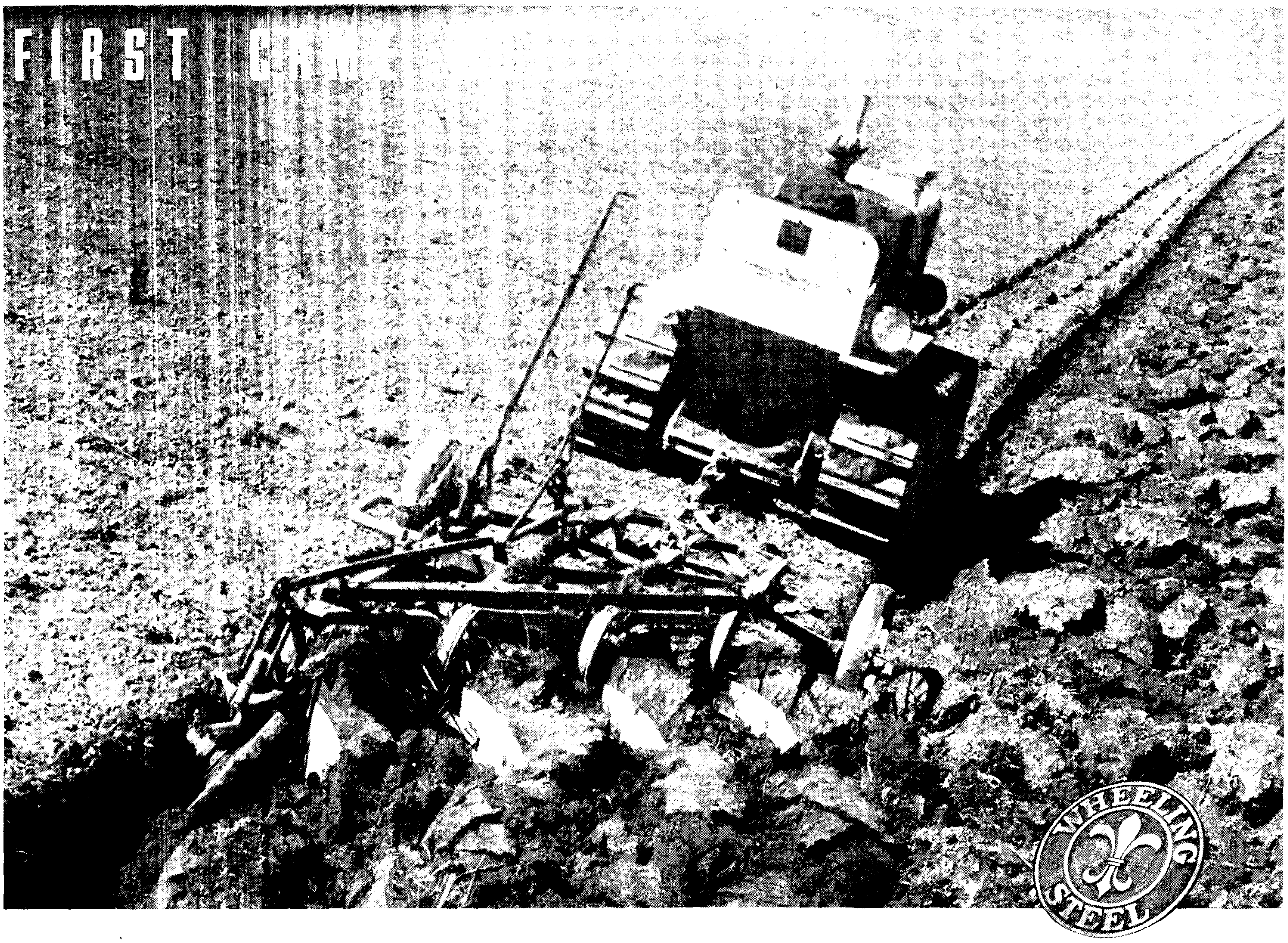
He watched the ball with eager eyes, pursed his lips as it fell and glanced back at the table. It was not so bad. He had a *cheval* and two *carrés* and one of his *mille plaques* had won at evens. He gathered in enough to repeat his stake, doubling the winners. The woman pushed a five-franc piece onto an even chance.

The game proceeded. The whisper of heavy gambling soon brought a crowd round. The jeweler from Warsaw seemed indifferent to their presence. He won at first, then lost steadily for nearly half an hour. His twenty *mille* had gone. He drew out once more the bulky pocketbook, changed more money. Almost immediately his luck changed. He began to win. At length the much desired coup came off. He won the maximum on a number *en plein* with the *carrés*, *chevaux* and *transversales*.

There was a murmur of mingled envy and exasperation as the little crowd saw the piles of *plaques* pushed across the table. As is always the case among a French crowd, there was small sympathy with the winner. One or two of the women looked as though they hated him, others wondered how a man with such an appearance could have been permitted in the rooms. The woman who was seated by his side with her hands on the table in front of her leaned toward him.

"Give me a few chips," she begged. "I have lost everything."

(To be continued next week)



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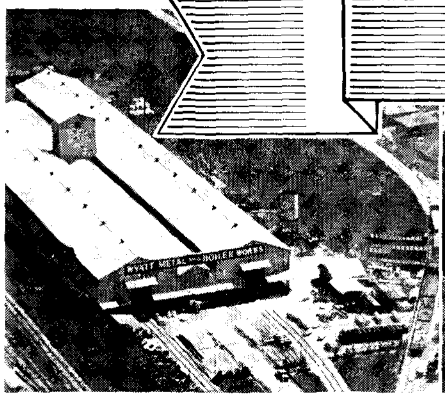
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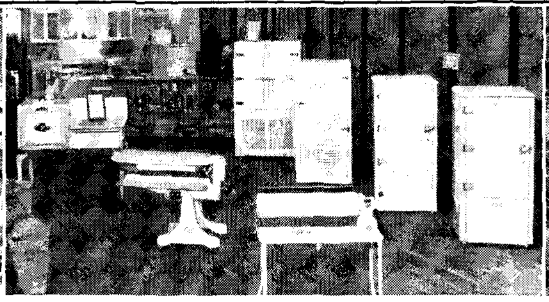
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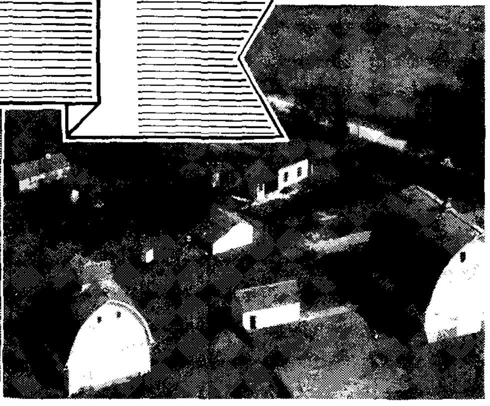
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Through the distillation process the tarry impurities present in all crude oils are left behind.

The next step in refining this great lubricant is to condense the distilled vapor into pure, clean Havoline.

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It is refined from rugged paraffin-base crudes. It is made Waxfree and Tarfree by our patented processes. It is the modern premium oil for modern automobiles.

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SCIENTIFICALLY, Havoline differs from other premium-priced, widely-known, paraffin-base oils in that it is *not* a mixture of residual cylinder stocks and lower viscosity oils, but *is wholly distilled in all grades.*

What Did She Have On?

Continued from page 22

people sewing. Nothing was running at full blast, for Miss Ruth Chatterton had not yet arrived and things could only begin to rush when they started her fittings. She plays the lead in Dodsworth, and you may remember this play as a nice fat chance for a designer, as the leading woman is one who craves clothes.

When we arrived at the studio, I found out just how you design clothes for the motion pictures. First you read the script as you would read any play; you have been told what actresses are to play which parts, so you face a neat problem of creating a costume not only becoming to your star but also suitable for the character she is to play, and suitable to wear in the situations described in the story. Then you sit at a drawing table before a pad of quite transparent paper. On the pad's second sheet you draw a quick outline of a nude figure. Then you lay the first sheet of paper over your nude and draw, over what shows through, a suitable costume for the actress, correct for the play, full of smart and beautiful lines and delightful ideas. Mr. Kiam will tell you, or any beginner, that whatever you do with bright and handsome lines and decorative ideas, they must be structural. They must work. Things you indicate in front must fasten somewhere. The back has to be possible with the front and it has to look well all around. You will encounter similar difficulties by trying your hand at a bit of sculpture or in planning a house; but if you insist on designing costumes, Mr. Kiam says you must know all about textiles. Since they all behave in different ways, the more you know about all the textures and weaves and surfaces gathered from all the spinners and looms of the world, the richer and more varied may be your lines and masses. You must know not only of the existence of materials, but also exactly what they can be made to do when they come to life in a dress.

The Way Clothes Act

I asked about that matter of the wearing of clothes, meaning the difference between just putting them on and getting the best out of them; the difference between holding a fan or using one as a Spanish dancer is able to.

"If a woman likes clothes she can learn to move, sit and walk to show herself and her clothes to the best advantage," said Omar. "Many of the best and most experienced actresses, when they reach the second try-on of a costume, go through the part they are to play before the mirror in the fitting room. They are not lost in self-admiration; they are working to discover how the clothes will fall as they move, sit or gesture. It is interesting to see an actress fall into the mood a part demands, the moment she steps into the fitting room with the costume on. In buying clothes for everyday life, women should take this hint, and walk, sit, bend, move about in a dress to see how it will actually look, instead of standing rigid and unnatural before the glass.

"The average American girl dresses in the morning, and save for dabs of powder on the nose, gives her costume little more thought during the day. The smart woman continuously (but not obviously) pays attention to her costume; the hang of a skirt, the tightening of a scarf, a bow, the adjustment of a belt. She guards the arrangement of her hair. If a woman wants to look her best and get the most from a dress, she can study herself in a mirror and learn to choose clothes and wear them so they flatter her good features and obscure her defects. She should also remember to care for the crisp freshness of well-pressed things."

Omar Kiam's own drawings on the transparent paper are as smart in line as his finished costumes. When he has finished one of these, it is turned over to a girl who makes a detailed fashion drawing for the workrooms. There, Mme. Jeanne and the sewing girls finish the costume on a dress form, in fine quality unbleached muslin. At this point Mr. Kiam and Mme. Jeanne begin to make endless adjustments. They shorten, lengthen, tighten, loosen. The star has two fittings in this unbleached muslin ghost of her dress, each with more and further adjustments. After the two fittings in the unbleached muslin the costume is made and finished in the material for which Mr. Kiam planned when he made his first sketch. A final try-on then takes place. For Dodsworth, Miss Chatterton, alone, has twenty-eight such costumes, with hats, bags and jewelry, all of these going through the same long process from creation to completion.

Few women have a motion-picture company, or a husband able to have clothes prepared in this detail; so while I had my authority cornered, I asked him some rules for everyday shopping.

The Art of Selection

"American ready-made clothes are very smart and good," he said. "If a woman can select clothes she can do well in almost any shop. Short girls should avoid hats too large, overpowering sleeves and capes. They have to avoid exaggeration anywhere. With few exceptions, top-coats should come down as far as the dress and some of the so-called swagger coats are not for short girls.

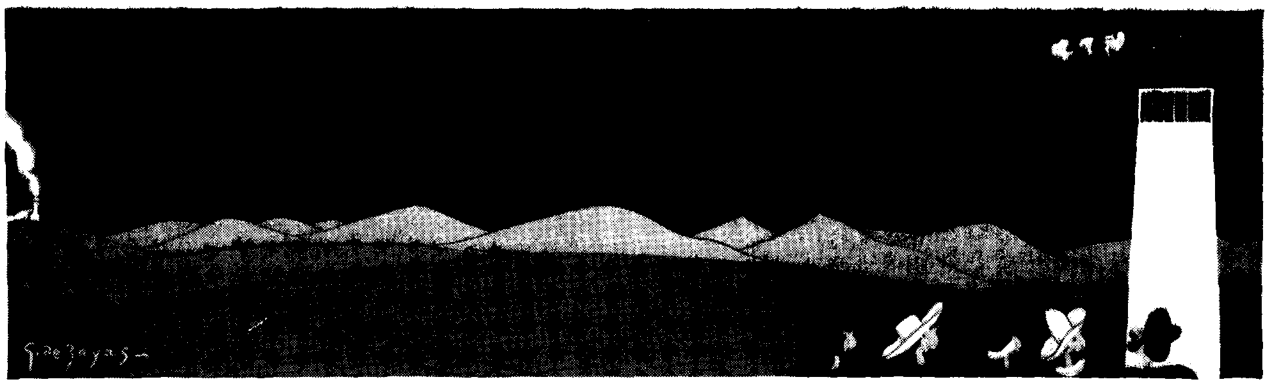
"Plump girls should not have clothes too tight. Sometimes a padded shoulder in a suit or added attention to the sleeves of a dress will give not slender hips the appearence of slenderness.

"Tall and exceedingly thin girls cannot have clothes too tight, either. Sometimes they can help themselves with frills, puffs and peplums. Nevertheless, somewhere, in some place, a dress must be tight. The art of selection is in determining where that tightness can be, to flatter best the figure wearing the dress.

"All the details and dictates of fashion usually written about are designed for the perfect figure of the type in fashion at the moment. Such rules cannot be followed exactly by every woman. She cannot wear her belt at the exact place decreed correct, nor have her skirts at the exact distance from the floor. She must learn to adjust both to her own best advantage.

"A well-dressed woman is not conspicuous for eccentricity. Beware of a costume with too many features. You cannot have both startling sleeves and an amazing skirt. It is a fundamental rule of design that you can feature only one thing in a costume."

So there we are, with some very good ideas about what makes those smart lines you and I admire in women's clothes.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In the early days of American railroads no station agent was able to inform the waiting populace just when a train would arrive until he, from his lookout tower, had spotted it down the line with a telescope.—*By Mrs. Isaac B. Lee, Iowa City, Iowa.*

No longer will ship radio operators have to listen constantly so they will know when their vessel is being called—by name—for a shore-to-ship conversation. With a new device, already in use, the land operator can ring the telephone bell on any particular ship—and that ship alone—by merely dialing its three-digit number.

The only man in the history of the world who alone named a continent—Australia—was the famous English navigator Capt. Matthew Flinders (1774-1814).—*By Arthur Fuchs, New York City.*

The Great Eastern, one of the largest and unluckiest ships ever built, was the only vessel that, unknown to its owners and crew, ever carried a dead man throughout its entire existence. Working on this ship when she was being constructed, between 1854 and 1858, he had accidentally been sealed up in one of the compartments of the iron hull and his body was not discovered until the ship was broken up in 1888.

The tornado is the shortest and most violent of all storms. One record-breaker, which lasted only five minutes, killed 250 persons and destroyed more than $15,000,000 worth of property. Moreover, they occur frequently. In 1894 the United States had more than 60 of them within 24 hours.

A giant oyster that was hauled out of the South Pacific off the coast of Thursday Island a few years ago by a shell-fishing boat is believed to be the largest ever found. The shell was 16 inches in diameter and 4½ inches in maximum thickness, while the meat was sufficient to furnish a full meal for the crew of nine men.

State lottery tickets vary greatly in price throughout the world. In Greece they cost as little as ten cents. In Spain they cost as much as $300. —*By Nathan C. Johnson, Newark, New Jersey.*

The 390 bands which accompanied the American Expeditionary Force to Europe during the World War carried with them the largest single purchase of sheet music ever made. It comprised 200,000 leaves, containing 333 concert pieces, ceremonial numbers and popular songs which had been supplied by 27 music publishing houses at a cost of nearly $50,000.—*By Lee Waller, Annapolis, Maryland.*

One of the strangest fishes ever taken out of the sea was a hundred-pound bass-shaped animal caught by rod and line off Tahiti in 1928. With the exception of the teeth, every part of it—scales, eyes, flesh, bones and even its blood—was as green as grass. —*By Edward Mounce, New York City.*

Up to 1879 the British army branded with gunpowder the letter "D" on apprehended deserters.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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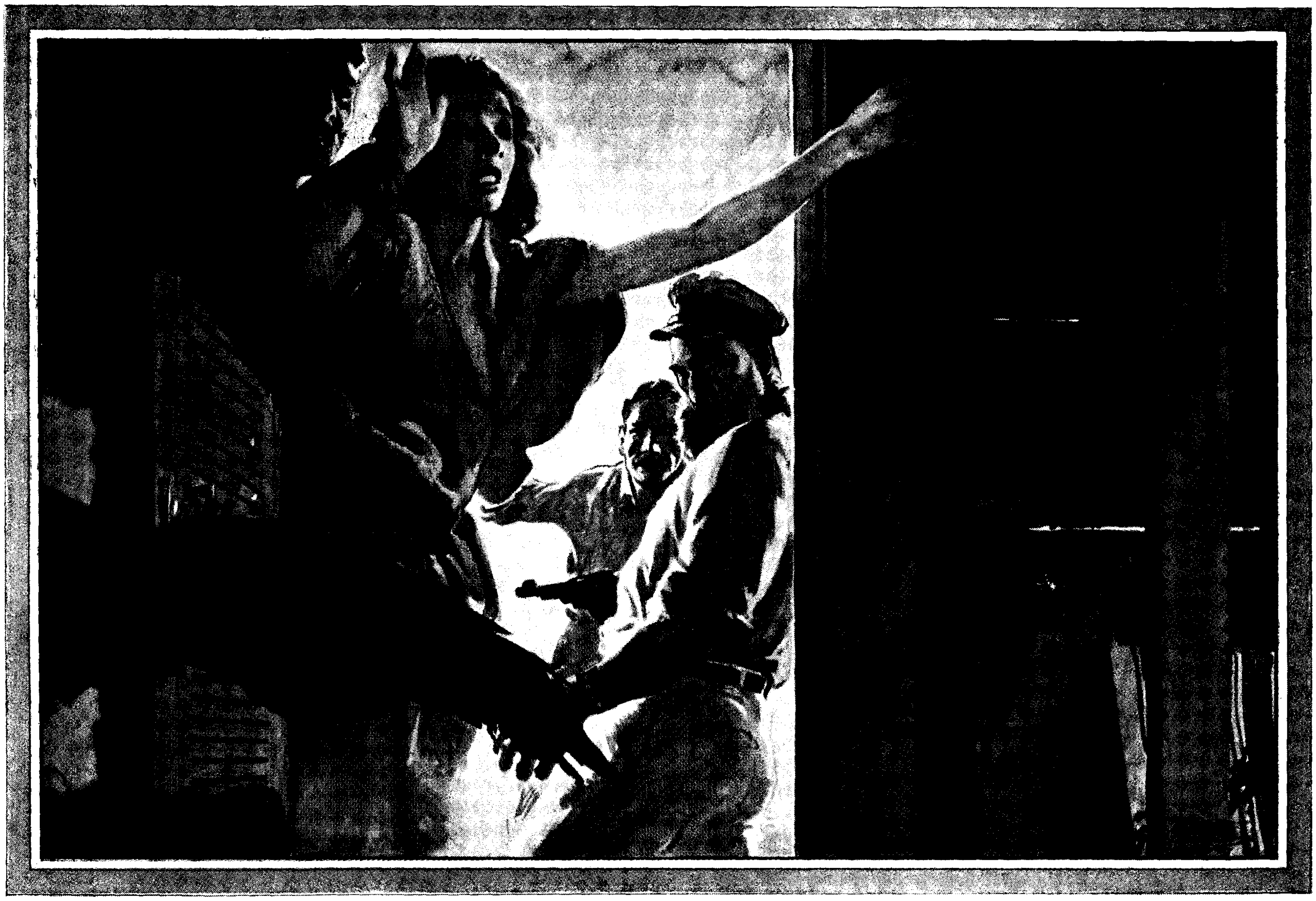

His brother caught Gwen Cassell as she made a sudden turn for a door leading to the back veranda

In Gun Smoke

Wallaby Jim, the wanderer, finds another great adventure, thanks to a gang of cutthroats—and to a South Sea Island girl

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

IT WAS nearly dawn, but the stars still reflected back from the lagoon in the atoll of Kanara, while the freshening Trade swayed the palms and sent a whispering through the tangled hibiscus about Cassell the pearler's bungalow. In the big living-room an oil lamp was burning, and by its pale light Cassell himself sat playing endless games of solitaire. Occasionally he would pause and listen, first to the quiet breathing of his young wife in the room behind him, then to the feverish mutterings of Wallaby Jim, tossing under blankets on a cot in one corner.

Wallaby Jim's bark, the Kestrel, had hove to only the day before to deposit her master on Kanara. Cassell was an old friend of his and Wallaby never passed the atoll without a hail, however brief. But this time, feeling the approach of one of his periodical bouts of Island fever, he had elected to stay and see it out while the Kestrel made a call or so to the north and returned. And for twenty-four hours now Cassell and his wife had nursed him, dosed him with quinine, and kept the blankets around him so the healthy sweat should come. Cassell rose hastily as his patient's mutterings rose to the level of audible talk and a wild arm flung the coverings free.

"Steady, old man, steady," Cassell soothed. He had to wrestle a moment with that arm to get it under the blankets again, for Wallaby was a powerful man, even with the fever sapping deep within him. Consciousness came to him for a moment and he looked up, focused swimming eyes and then grinned.

"ALL right, Sam. Just one of those spells," he said weakly.

"Sure, I know," said Cassell and rearranged the blankets. And it was then the unexpected happened. Cassell straightened from the cot, started for the table and his solitaire again, and then stopped. He was looking into the muzzle of a steady-held .45 and a red-bearded giant of a stranger stood in the doorway from the veranda.

"Hold it," said the stranger grimly. "You're Cassell, eh?"

"I am," Cassell managed. "But what the devil's the idea? I never heard anyone anchor. And what's the meaning of the gun?"

"No, we didn't bother to anchor," the other agreed. "Just pulled ashore in the gig, my brother and me. We figured our business wouldn't take long."

He stepped aside to let a smaller replica of himself thrust into the room, clean-shaven though, bare-chested and bare-armed, and with crossed gun belts about his waist.

"Looks like he's scared, Clint," the newcomer drawled.

"He'll be more'n that if he don't talk," the other assented. Cassell's throat began to swell with anger.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded. "You can't . . ."

"But we have," said the bigger man blandly. Then he ripped out an oath and spun startled as Wallaby groaned and turned over. "Who's that? We thought you were alone."

"That's Captain Carstairs; Wallaby Jim, if that means anything," said Cassell. "He's sick. Now, if you'll explain yourselves."

"Wallaby Jim," muttered the bearded giant uneasily. He crossed to the cot, peered down and then laughed. "So that's the great Wallaby Jim, eh? I've heard of him. Well, he won't be able to tangle in this affair. The fever's got him bad."

"Let's get to business!" snapped the other man impatiently. He stared at Cassell. "We heard you had a year's take of pearls cached away, and the take was good. Where is it?"

"SO IT'S a raid?" Cassell managed through tight lips. He was thinking of his sleeping wife and wondering if he should risk a jump for his gun belt hanging on the wall. He decided there was no chance.

"There are no pearls," he said harshly. "I shipped them a week ago."

"No you didn't," snapped the bearded man. "We happen to know you always sell to Hip Sing, the chink buyer from Singapore, and he ain't due to call here for a month or so. We looked up all angles before we jumped. So don't get

We've always been for "Top-Run"!—

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LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

WE ARE PROUD to tell the whole drinking world that only top-run whiskey comes from our stills.

And if you don't think "Top-Run" is a compliment to our whiskey, just ask the next Blue Grass whiskey man you meet.

Top-run method makes the best whiskey, there's no two ways about it—so you can bet our popular Crab Orchard Kentucky straight bourbon is made that way.

That's why you get in Crab Orchard the full, rich top-run of spirit by a perfect distillation of the "mash" of the fermented grain.

We know as well as the next one that it costs us (but not you) extra money to use the old-fashioned mash tub—but we have always refused to employ any method except the "Top-Run" process.

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Crab Orchard gets its shimmering glow—its bubbly bead and natural color—its warm, golden charm—from eighteen months of ripening in charred oak casks.

Then it is bottled *straight*—and goes from barrel to bottle to you.

After all these years as top-run whiskey makers, we know people can tell the difference.

That's made plain in the fact that Crab Orchard's popularity is growing greater day by day as more folks hear how much better it is. Ask for it *by name* at bars and stores.

EVERY DROP 18 MONTHS OLD

Crab Orchard "Top-Run" quality is being constantly improved. Yet its price does not increase. You can get it in almost every bar and package liquor store. If you accept a substitute you may be disappointed—for Crab Orchard fans tell us they think it's easily the finest whiskey under $1.50 a pint.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

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THE A.M.S. DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS
PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Crab Orchard

BRAND

Top-run KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

In Gun Smoke

Continued from page 54

funny. Hand over the stones to us now."

"If I call my houseboys," Cassell began.

"Quit stalling!" roared the other. "Your houseboys go to the village every night. Do we have to get rough?"

"Sam!" came a startled voice from the inner room. Mrs. Cassell appeared suddenly, a dressing gown thrown hastily on; and her blue eyes widened as she took in the scene. "Sam, what is it?"

"A raid. You get back to bed, Gwen."

"And I thought his woman was a Kanaka dame," purred the smaller man. "Look at it, Clint. It's pretty."

"Maybe we'll take it along," Clint agreed, grinning. "But hold her! We don't want the village swarming here."

His brother caught Gwen Cassell as she made a sudden turn for a door leading to the back veranda, and he held her helpless and struggling in his arms. Cassell jerked out an oath and sprang blindly forward. The bearded giant hit him once and he stumbled and fell.

"Tie that dame up," Clint ordered roughly. "And gag her. I'm going to work on this funny guy."

Dimly through his fever Wallaby Jim heard voices, then strange animal cries, and savage voices again. He struggled back to consciousness and sat up, some instinct urging him to his feet to face danger. His swimming eyes saw a wavering red-bearded face lunging toward him, saw Gwen Cassell gagged and bound to a chair, saw . . . and then a great fist took him in the mouth, smashing him back on his cot, and he dropped to unconsciousness again. That was all. When the houseboys came on duty the next morning they found him, weak as a kitten but clearheaded and with the fever gone. And what he saw when they helped him to his feet brought forth a bitter, stinging oath.

It was three days before the Kestrel returned. Wallaby paced grimly up and down the beach while Bancroft, his mate, brought the bark to anchor and came ashore in a small boat to pick him up. Bancroft was bursting with news.

"I never got a thing at Morphy's place, sir. He'd been raided. Cleaned right out. Laid up with a bullet in his shoulder. A pair of strangers from the north, Morphy said. The Danton brothers."

"Did one of them have a red beard?" Wallaby checked him.

"So Morphy said. A whacking big man with a red beard. He seemed to be the leader. . . . By the way," Bancroft looked around, puzzled, "where's Mr. and Mrs. Cassell?"

Wallaby gestured.

"Cassell's there," he said. Bancroft stared up the beach and saw a wooden cross above a new mound near the bungalow. "Gwen Cassell's gone. Your raiders were here too, right after you'd left."

BANCROFT puckered his lips in a soundless whistle and looked at his captain. And what he saw in Wallaby Jim's eyes made him turn back to the small boat and push it off.

"We can sail at once, sir," he said quietly, and Wallaby nodded as he stepped on board.

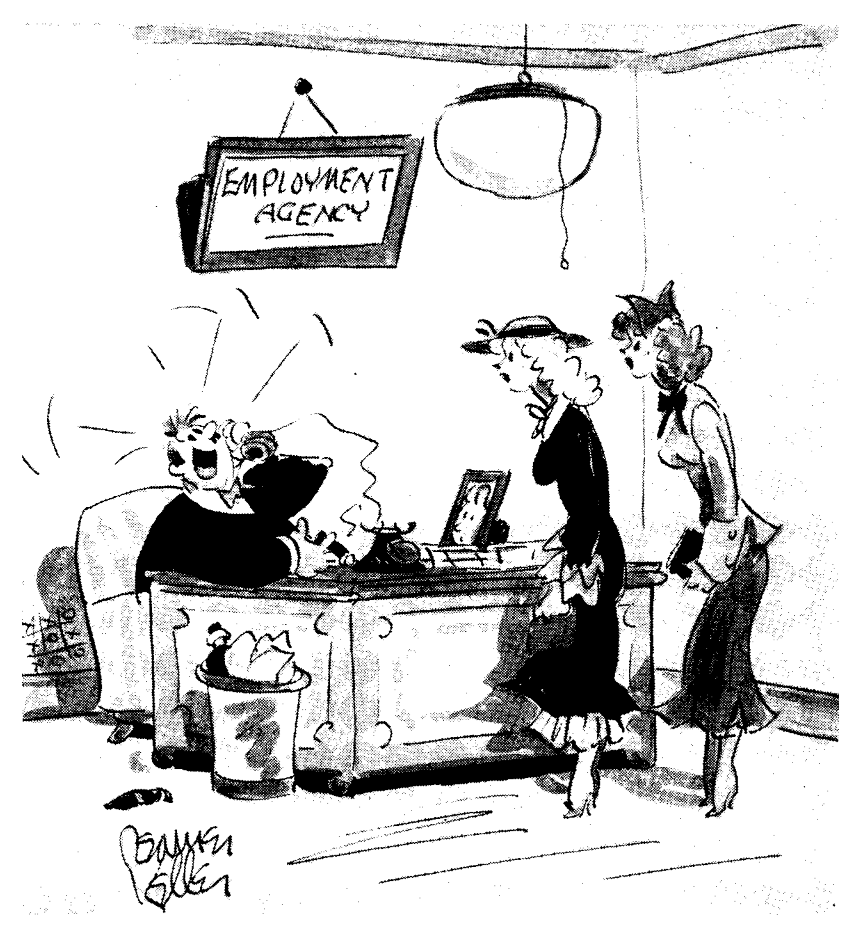
"Did Morphy know where these Danton brothers come from? They must have a base." Bancroft shook his head.

"Morphy didn't know. He gathered they were strangers from up north."

Wallaby was quiet until he had landed on the deck of the Kestrel while Bancroft motioned the Kanaka crew to hoist the boat on board and then waited, silent. He knew the signs. The set of the jaw, the iciness of the eyes.

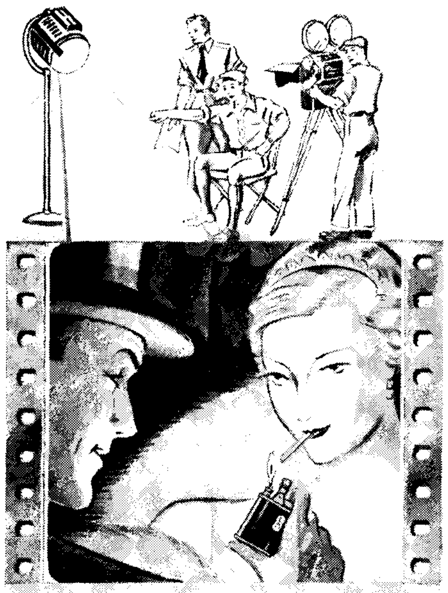
"We'll see Roth, the Resident Magistrate at Tuvaai," said Wallaby at last. "If anyone would know he would. I'll set the course."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Bancroft and went for'ard to lift the anchor.



"Could we use a couple of maids, dear? I hate to let these two go over to my competitors"

BEAMER KELLER



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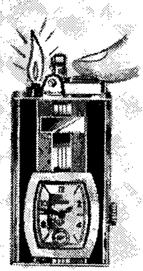
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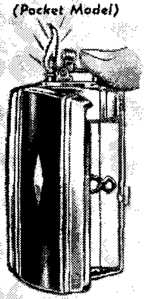
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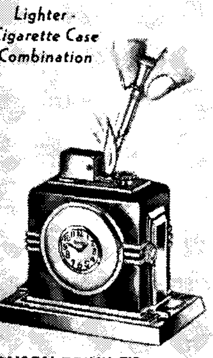
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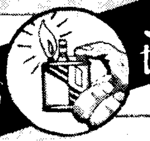
Smart to Give!

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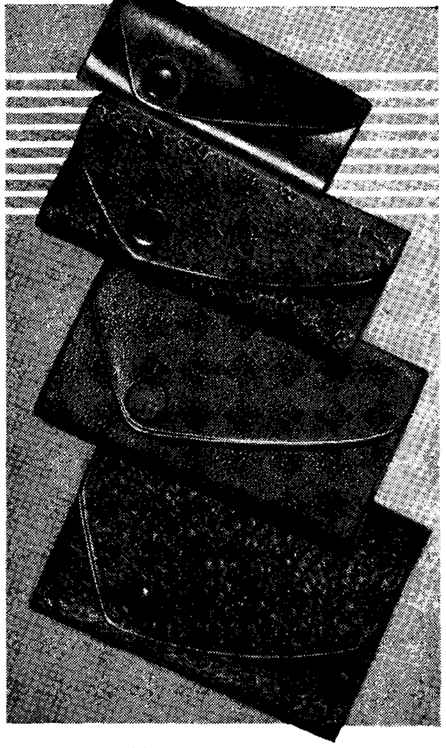
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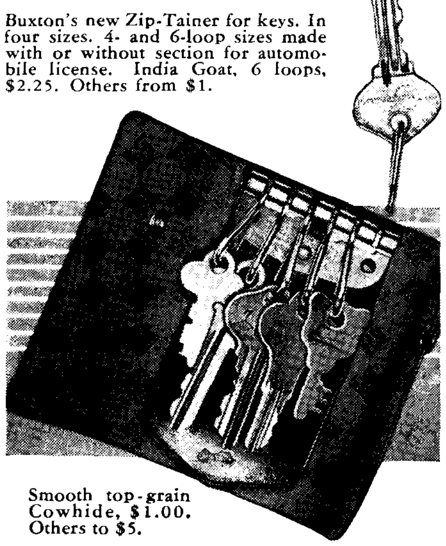
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KEY-TAINERS . . .
BILLFOLDS . . . POCKET CASES

Six days later Roth, the Resident Magistrate at Tuvaai, leaned back in his swivel chair and stared at Wallaby Jim's fine height and massive shoulders. He was a seamed and wiry little man himself, gray from forty years in the Islands, while his crinkled eyes were the color of a sun-washed sea.

"I suppose you've come to report the raid on Morphy's place," he said wearily. "That's one of your own posts, isn't it? Well, I've already heard. The Danton brothers."

"They raided Cassell's lagoon at Kanara, too," said Wallaby.

Something in his voice made the R. M. look at him sharply.

"Serious?"

"They got Cassell's pearls, a year's take. They abducted his wife. I've known her since she was so high. And Cassell . . ."

"Yes," said the R. M. gently.

"They burned the soles of his feet and did other things. He talked, of course. Then they strung him up from a tree just so his feet touched the ground. This was before dawn, and they used new line. You can figure what happened by dawn . . . what with the mists."

THE R. M. nodded, cut the end from a cigar and lighted it with care. That done he tapped a sheaf of papers on the blotter before him.

"Yes, I know. New line. The mists soaking in it, tightening it slowly until Cassell's feet were not on the ground at all. I've known it done before. Deliberate torture before death. The devils! Listen, Wallaby, the Dantons have made a swing right through the archipelago. Looting and burning. I've had a dozen reports. By this time, they're clear."

"I'm not interested," said Wallaby thinly. "What I want to know is where they came from. Where do they hang out? They're strangers to the Line Islands."

"They base at Moffitts Island off the coast of Celebes," said the R. M. carefully. "Which leaves me helpless. Moffitts is in Dutch territorial waters."

"So what?" Wallaby demanded. The R. M. shrugged.

"I'm an official, Wallaby, not a freelance. I've sent the legal requests through to have them arrested and turned over. But you know what that means. The Dutch are hardly holding their own on the coast yet. They've two native wars on their hands and no money to spend sending a warship after the Dantons."

Wallaby nodded and carefully adjusted his white-topped captain's cap.

"Thanks, R. M.," he said quietly. "I'll attend to the matter myself."

"Sailing now?"

"In a few days. I've got to fix a sprung mainmast."

The R. M. nodded and stood up as Wallaby left. And when the mosquito door had closed again he dropped heavily to his chair and stared absently before him. "I'll attend to the matter myself." That was Wallaby Jim. The straightest and fastest shot in the South, a legend through all the Islands, the dominant figure in more mad ventures than men could remember. The R. M. gave a tight little smile and called for his secretary.

"Take these reports on the Dantons," he ordered, "and put them in the *Cases Closed* file."

"Yes, sir," agreed the secretary. "And any memo as to the Dantons?"

The R. M. picked up his pencil and began to check over his monthly report to the Governor-General.

"The Dantons?" he said absently. "Oh, yes. Just say *Deceased*."

THERE were four men hunched in cane chairs on the veranda of the Dantons' bungalow on Moffitts Island. At the foot of the slope below them, and backing the beach, sprawled the nondescript jumble of shacks and dives that made up the home base for most of the riffraff of the Tiafrua and the Coral Sea. In the sheltered bay rode a Chinese junk and a Malay proa, both out-and-out pirate craft without pretense. Near them at anchor was a lean, black-sided barkentine that from the smell of her was manned by Russians and had been after guano. There was a rakish schooner closer inshore, and right in the shallows opposite the side of the Dantons' bungalow their own ship, a fast-looking brig, was heeled over, being careened. Clint Danton scowled at the watery afternoon sun and fumbled at his beard.

"He wouldn't have the nerve," he said. "No one lands on Moffitts without one of the regular guys brings him. You know that, Barron."

Captain Barron, the master of the rakish schooner in the bay, shrugged thin shoulders and rolled a cigarette. He was a sallow-faced man, nervous, with vicious eyes and mouth.

"Sure, I know it," he agreed. "And I know Wallaby Jim too. You've only heard of him. I thought I was doing you a favor when I raced in to give you the dope."

Clint Danton's brother reached for a gin bottle and poured a drink.

"We got to thank you for that, Barron," he drawled easily. "But you Southern Island men scare too quick. Here we pull off a raid on a whole damned archipelago and get away with it, and you come and give us a yarn that Wallaby Jim's going to clean up on us. No man's that good."

Barron's mate, who was sitting by, shook his head.

"Wallaby's bad medicine," he observed gloomily. "The skipper here's right. We've tangled with him. He cleaned up Balata Beach once and he's planted a lot of guys who thought they were tough."

"I SUPPOSE you want us to skin out?" inquired Clint Danton sarcastically. "Like hell! If this Wallaby Jim shows up he'll get a bellyful of lead."

"You should have plugged him when you had the chance," insisted Barron. "Made a clean sweep. It was bad enough to bring the woman away but to leave Wallaby alive was just plain suicide. I knew that as soon as I heard them saying at Tuvaai he'd been asking the R. M. where you hung out. He was just about ready to sail when I left."

"Well, if it's the woman he wants he can have her," said Clint roughly. "She's a hellcat. All Jim and me have been doing since we got her is argue."

His brother grinned.

"Clint's fallen hard," he explained. "Wants her to himself."

Captain Barron shrugged and got up.

"Well, it's your grief, boys. But if you take my tip you'll either get out or keep a close watch."

"How many's he got in his crew?" inquired Jim Danton with more seriousness. A swift raid with a heavy crew could do a lot of damage if nothing else. Barron drew hard on his cigarette and laughed thinly.

"You've got Wallaby all wrong," he stated. "He doesn't raid that way. The chances are he'll come alone and before you know he's around you'll have a bullet between the eyes."

Clint Danton looked thoughtful.

"So he raids alone, eh?" he said. "And I take it that means at night. No one would be fool enough to land alone on Moffitts by day." He looked sharply at Barron. "I understand Wallaby's a rich man."

Barron nodded.

"Just about owns the South," he agreed dryly. "What of it?"

"I was just thinking," Clint explained,

(*Continued on page 58*)

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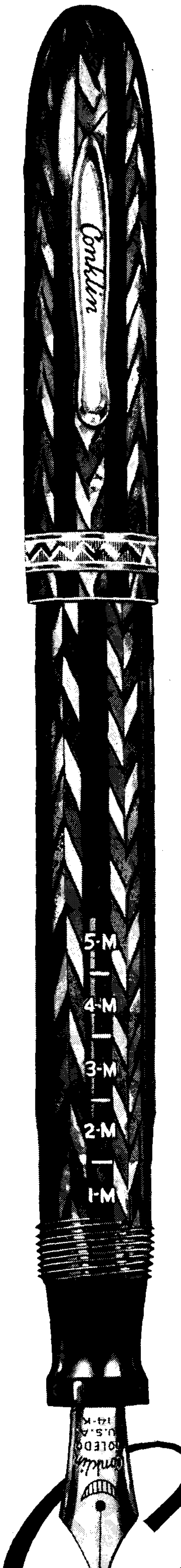

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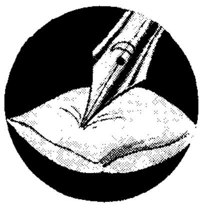

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(Continued from page 57)

"that we might make a little profit out of things before feeding the sharks. I've known men to sign drafts before with a little coaxing."

Barron blew smoke down his nostrils and stared at the red-headed giant with narrowed eyes.

"It's your funeral," he said and, motioning to his mate, he went down the veranda steps toward the beach. Clint looked at his brother and nodded.

"Yeah, I got ideas," he said. "We'll stick a lookout on the headland to spot any strange sail . . . and then we'll fix things. Wallaby Jim might be something to frighten Kanaka kids with down south, but to me he's just a walking gold mine. Get it?"

"I got it half an hour back," agreed Jim Danton uncertainly. "But I don't feel any too easy. Barron don't talk just to hear his own voice, and he don't scare well. But he was jumpy today all right, and in a hurry to get sailing."

"You'd better take a drink," snapped his brother. "You're getting soft."

"No," muttered the other, half to himself. "But I got a damned funny hunch." He made the drink a stiff one.

WALLABY JIM halted in the shadows beyond the range of the light from the Danton brothers' veranda, and carefully loosened his guns in their holsters. As was his custom he had come alone, for he did not care to involve his men in what he considered a personal quarrel. It had been his experience that one man could often accomplish more in a swift, clean manner than many men who would certainly be noticed on a place like Moffitts and would probably precipitate a general battle. He was in no hurry. He had landed from his dinghy soon after dark, leaving the Kestrel outside the bay; had cautiously climbed the path from the bungalow, and he had the whole night before him.

Wallaby leaned against the rough trunk of a palm and wished he could smoke a cheroot. He wondered what had happened to Gwen Cassell and the thought filled him with a cold, hard anger. He had known Gwen Cassell since she had been very small, and Cassell himself had been his partner once in the early days. The debt to be settled was very heavy.

"No sense in keeping you waiting," said a hard voice abruptly, and Wallaby felt the uncompromising muzzle of a gun press against his back even as he started to swing around. He checked, forced down the swift desire to throw himself sideways on a chance and come back with blazing guns, and became suddenly icy calm and deliberate.

"I was getting a bit impatient," he drawled evenly. "Which of the Dantons is this?"

"Clint, if you want to know." Deft hands removed his guns. "Now get on the veranda and move slow. This is a hair trigger."

Wallaby went on the veranda without a backward glance. He had been fairly caught and he wondered how or why.

"All right," sneered Clint Danton. "You can sit down while we talk a bit." Wallaby chose a chair and sat down, quite calm. He saw the red-bearded giant of the Kanara Lagoon raid towering above him, and behind him the grinning face of the brother. Two armed natives stood silent at the top of the veranda steps. Clint Danton holstered his gun and chuckled.

"Easy as hooking a hungry fish," he jeered. "I had lookouts watching for a strange sail and they spotted you before sunset. I've had boys behind you ever since you landed. The Kanaka on the beach you stopped and asked where our bungalow was—I'd planted him."

"Clever," agreed Wallaby dryly. "Mind if I smoke?"

"It might be your last this side of hell. Go ahead." Clint turned to the armed natives behind him. "All right. Get out," he said roughly. "And never mind what you hear, don't come back until morning. I might work on this guy." The natives turned and vanished in the darkness and Clint's brother poured himself a drink.

Wallaby lighted a cheroot and considered.

"Who warned you I was coming?" he demanded suddenly. Clint laughed.

"An old pal of yours, Barron of the Waterfly."

"Ah," said Wallaby very gently. "Now I understand. He was at Tuvaai when I called. That was a loose end I forgot."

Clint shrugged. "He held a grudge and he's paid off. You must figure you're pretty damned good to stick your nose on Moffitts Island. Or is it the woman that's eating you?"

"Perhaps," Wallaby said, his eyes narrowing a little and a nervous, warning twitch coming to his lips. "Where is she?"

"Safe under lock and key," snapped Clint. "She's too damned wild to run loose. But I'll do the asking. We want a draft from you on Burns, Philp at Moresby. Ten thousand quid."

"You come high," said Wallaby dryly.

"You're good for it," the other rasped. "We know that. Jim here will go and cash the draft while you stick around until he does."

"And then?"

"We'll kick you out!"

Wallaby smiled grimly. He knew as well as if they had told him that he would never leave Moffitts Island alive once that draft was cashed. But there was someone else to consider. He owed that much at least to Cassell.

"I'll play," he agreed. "But my own way. I'll sign for ten thousand if you'll put Mrs. Cassell on board my ship lying off the harbor, and bring back a signed receipt from my mate."

Clint shot a sharp look at his brother and hesitated. Jim Danton shrugged and took another drink.

"Why not? There's a lot of women. And we'll still have him."

CLINT clawed at his red beard and scowled.

"That's all right, but the woman'll give the show away and we might have all this swine's crew to buck. The boys at the settlement won't take it right, us bringing a fight on them with outsiders."

"Well, work it your own way," the other snapped. "It's all your idea."

"Was it his idea to string Cassell up with new line, taut, just so he could stand on his feet?" Wallaby inquired. "That killed him at dawn."

"Never mind whose idea it was," Clint snarled savagely. The hard stare of Wallaby's icy eyes was getting on his nerves. "He was too damned obstinate. You worry about yourself." He looked at his brother again. "We'll rope him up, Jim, and give him time to think it over. We can get the brig afloat as soon as it's light and if he hasn't signed by then we'll give him a dose of what we gave Cassell. Take him on board and work on him on the run to Moresby."

Jim Danton wiped gin from his lips and considered.

"That's as good a way as any," he agreed. "His men won't be getting jumpy about him until dawn anyway. I'll get some line."

He went into the bungalow and emerged with a length of strong line while Clint motioned Wallaby to stand up.

"And don't try anything," he warned. "I'll plug you sure as hell. Not in the guts either. In the legs."

Wallaby Jim knew better than to waste time straining at his lashings.

(Continued on page 60)

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2. Check your diet with your physician or dentist—to be sure your system is getting the elements essential to the health and strength of your teeth.
3. Brush your teeth thoroughly, at least twice a day, and be sure you use a dentifrice scientifically prepared to clean teeth effectively, and safely.

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BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 58)

Sailors knew how to tie a man—nothing slipshod as a landsman might accomplish. So he lay still and racked his brains for a way out. Bancroft on the Kestrel would not begin to worry for some hours yet, for Wallaby had many times before gone alone on his ventures, carried them to conclusion and returned safely between a dusk and a dawning. But by this dawn, if the Dantons acted as they had threatened, it would be too late for Bancroft to do anything.

Wallaby swore, rolled over, got to his knees and, with an effort, to his feet.

"Wallaby!"

"Yes," he said. He heard a half-sob.

"I thought it must be you when I heard voices on the veranda, but I wasn't sure until you just spoke."

"Swore, you mean," said Wallaby grimly. "Is it Gwen Cassell?" There was no need to reply to that.

"They've tied you," she whispered fiercely. "I'm in the next room here and I've been listening to you trying to get loose. Come over and I'll help."

He inched across the floor, guided by her voice, and leaned his face against the rough plank wall.

"How can you help, Gwen?" he asked, puzzled.

"There are spaces between the boards. They've warped. I've some scissors here they let me have to make a dress. . . . They took me with nothing save my night clothes. If you'll lift your hands . . . the third plank from the floor . . ."

He struggled to position and after a while they located each other. Wallaby felt one blade of the scissors come through the wall crack and after some further whispering to get it adjusted over the knotted line it began to saw back and forth. They were not particularly sharp scissors, and the point stabbed Wallaby's wrists more than once, but they worried patiently through. It took an hour and a half before the first strands gave, and after that with Wallaby straining hard upon the rest it was easier. His wrists broke free at last and he unfastened his ankles.

"All right, Gwen," he said gently. "Now push the scissors through as far as you can. I'm going to snap off the blade. After that go and lie down and never mind what you hear. This business has taken too long already."

He brought his clenched fist hard upon the jutting scissor blade so it snapped free, and then picking up the length of steel he cautiously dragged the iron cot beneath the screened window, hacked the screen open so he could get through, and at last dropped lightly to the ground outside the bungalow. He rested then, ripped his shirt to tie his still bleeding wrists, and padded silently to the front of the bungalow.

THE Dantons were half drunk by this time, arguing fiercely about something or other and banging on the table at times so the oil hurricane lamp jumped and quivered. They still had their gun belts strapped on, a sign they were not as easy as they might be, and Wallaby planned coolly and fast. He could not hope to jump armed men without a weapon himself. At least not with the light sufficient to give them a target. Easing back into the brush that surrounded the bungalow he searched in the darkness until he found what he sought, a young sapling with a side branch, which, broken off, made a serviceable sort of hook.

Crouching below the level of the veranda he waited until the Dantons were busy taking another drink, then straightening suddenly he stuck the sapling through the veranda rails, hooked one leg of the table and jerked hard.

There was a startled oath from Clint Danton as he got to his feet. His brother choked in his pannikin and sprayed gin. The table went over with a crash and by all the normal laws of probability the hurricane lamp should have crashed out. But it was Wallaby's unlucky night. The heavy-bottomed lamp slammed against the bungalow wall, hit the veranda floor on edge, teetered a moment and then dropped upright and still burning. Wallaby had no time to figure now. He was on the veranda and diving for Clint, who was tugging, panic-stricken and bewildered, at his gun. His brother was shouting hysterically, "That swine's loose. . . . Watch out!" and then Clint bellowed as he and Wallaby thudded together. It was a mad melee with the shadows flickering and bottles rolling and the vicious, thick curses panted into the night.

"Get him, you fool!" Clint roared. "Get him . . . !" He choked on that because an iron fist took him in the throat. He pulled his trigger fast then, though his wrist was held tight, and the orange flames stabbed across the veranda. Wallaby whirled the giant around so his back was toward his brother, but there was no need. Jim Danton was standing stock-still, his guns bottom up and held only by the trigger guards on his first fingers, a growing red stain on his shirt and his face gray and drawn.

THEN Clint's gun dropped with a thud and it was a barehanded fight between himself and Wallaby. They reeled against the veranda rail, crashed through it and dropped to the earth below. Clint was a giant and powerful, and the veteran of a score of ugly brawls. But he was against a man who was known as the strongest in the Islands, all whipcord and wire, and a man who was in condition, which Clint certainly was not. Moreover, Wallaby was annoyed at the whole trend of things and he was in a hurry. He expected to find Jim Danton on his back, or to hear his guns blaze against him, not knowing how badly Jim had been hit. So he proceeded with cold efficiency, and when Wallaby did that he was not a pretty fighter.

He winded the red-bearded giant with a terrible blow under the heart. He countered an attempt to tear open his mouth with a jab at the eyes, rammed a knee to the groin, and his hand happening to alight on a stone he finished the business with two vicious smashes against the side of the head. Clint Danton groaned and rolled over, groping to get to his knees but out for the moment at any rate. Wallaby whipped to his feet like a cat and crouched to spring either way, repressing his heavy breathing. Jim Danton. Jim Danton with two guns and the light fair for targets. But Jim Danton was swaying.

Wallaby leaped on the veranda again and Jim Danton made a last effort. His lips drew back from his teeth and a terrible fear drove the glaze from his eyes. Twice he tried to swing his guns up and twice he failed, and then Wallaby was on him and had knocked the weapons clear. Danton slid to his knees and collapsed, and blood frothed from his lips.

"So your own brother got you," rasped Wallaby thinly. "It's always a fool trick to shoot blind."

"Damn him!" choked the dying man. "I told him he was a fool to figure this . . . You . . . Everyone told us. You're a devil."

"Who strung up Cassell?" Wallaby demanded bitterly, all iron and flint in the crisis. "Who strung him up?" The other rolled his head.

"It was Clint's idea. He always did like torture. He knew what would happen at dawn. The heavy mists . . . new line . . . the rope taut . . . I warned him."

"Save the slobber, Jim," croaked Clint Danton's voice. "I'll give you company in hell!"

Wallaby cursed and spun, still crouched. Clint Danton had climbed back on the veranda, groggy, bloody, but holding himself with an iron will. He had secured his gun again.

“You still lose, Wallaby,” he croaked, and gave a ghastly grin. “Damn you!”

Wallaby had no weapon, but one hand was within a few inches of one of Jim Danton's dropped guns. Clint took aim and Wallaby reached down, grabbed the gun near him and flung it. Clint's shot slammed into the wall and his own flung weapon took the red-bearded giant in the chest, staggering him. Then Wallaby was across the veranda, had Jim Danton's second gun and was erect.

“Your error,” he said calmly. “Shall I string you up as you strung up Cassell? New line, Clint. And the dawn mists will take care to shorten it.”

Clint held a hand to his bruised chest and glared like a rat at bay, his own gun at his thigh where it had dropped as he staggered.

“You wouldn't do that,” he croaked.

“I could take you back to Tuvaai,” rasped Wallaby. “The R. M. has rope there too, and you're wanted, badly wanted, Clint.”

THE giant watched the steady muzzle held on him and his face was gray. New line about his throat . . . the mists of dawn. He had only to look into Wallaby's eyes to know the man was capable of it, and he remembered the stories he had heard. He wondered if he dared lift his gun and shoot, taking a chance, but he remembered again, against his will, that Wallaby Jim was reputed the straightest and fastest shot in the South. Sweat broke upon him and he shivered.

“Wallaby,” he began and then his chance came. Some quirk of loyalty coming at the last roused Jim Danton dying on the veranda floor. He lifted himself on one elbow, saw Wallaby with his back turned to him, and as a last effort kicked hard at his knees.

“Get him, Clint!” he choked through bloody froth. “Get him!”

Wallaby staggered, went forward on his face as Clint's gun roared. The bullet hit his cheek, furrowing along it. Another ripped through his shoulder. Still another smacked clean through the flesh of his left thigh. And then he was resting on his free hand, his face lifted, bleak and calm, and his own gun spoke once. A sudden hole appeared between Clint Danton's eyes. He remained upright for a moment, swayed and then fell with a crash. Wallaby heaved upright and turned on Jim. But there was no need. Jim Danton was dead.

Wallaby gritted his teeth, turned into the bungalow and called: “Gwen!”

He located the door of her room by her answer. It was locked, of course, and he had no key. But, yes, he had a key.

“Stand clear,” he said and blew the lock away. He leaned heavily against the wall as Gwen appeared, and he holstered his gun. Gwen Cassell was a woman of the Islands and there are times in the Islands when there is no need for talk. She took one look and then tore a towel in strips to bandage Wallaby's wounds. That done, she gave him her shoulder. On the veranda as they passed she looked once and shuddered, and then her face grew as bleak as that of Wallaby Jim's, remembering the red night on Kanara. The matter was finished. The justice of the Islands.

On the deck of the Kestrel, two hours later, Bancroft handed Wallaby a pannikin of straight brandy. Gwen Cassell had gone below, exhausted and sick. Wallaby sat on a coil of hawser and the look on his face frightened even his mate.

“It was tougher than you expected,” said Bancroft quietly.

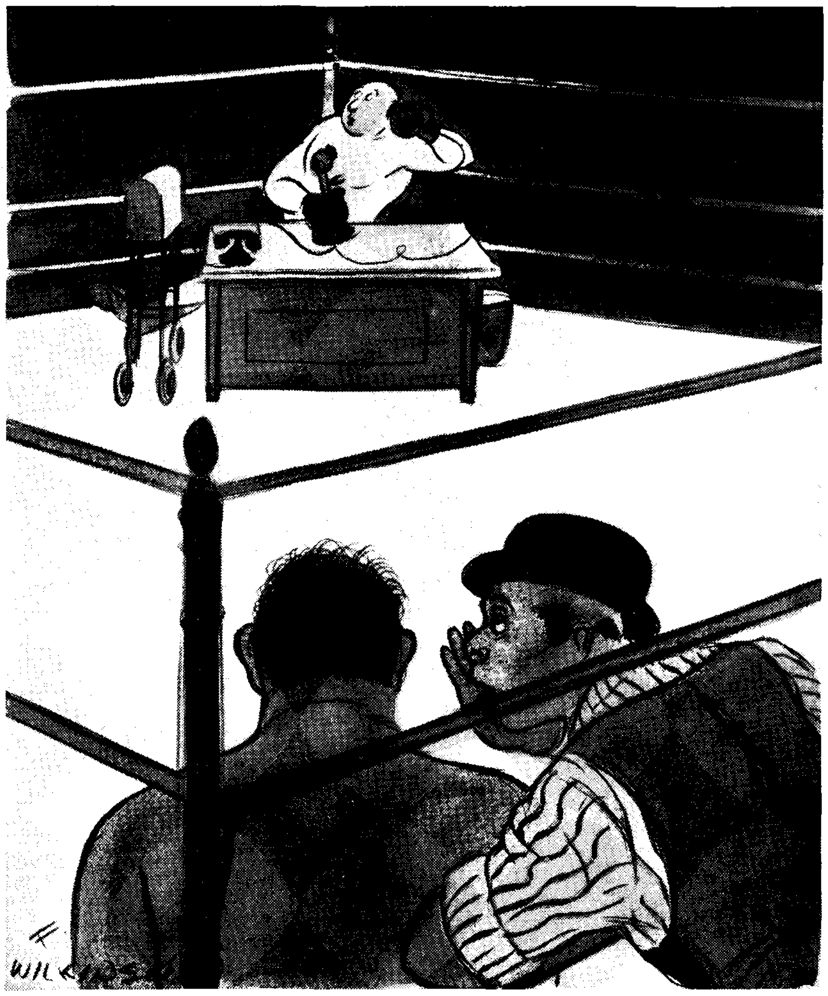
“Too tough,” Wallaby agreed. “The nearest thing I've ever been up against. Men talk too much.”

“So?” Bancroft said.

“We sail for Moresby. I want to find out where Captain Barron cleared for. There's something to take up.”

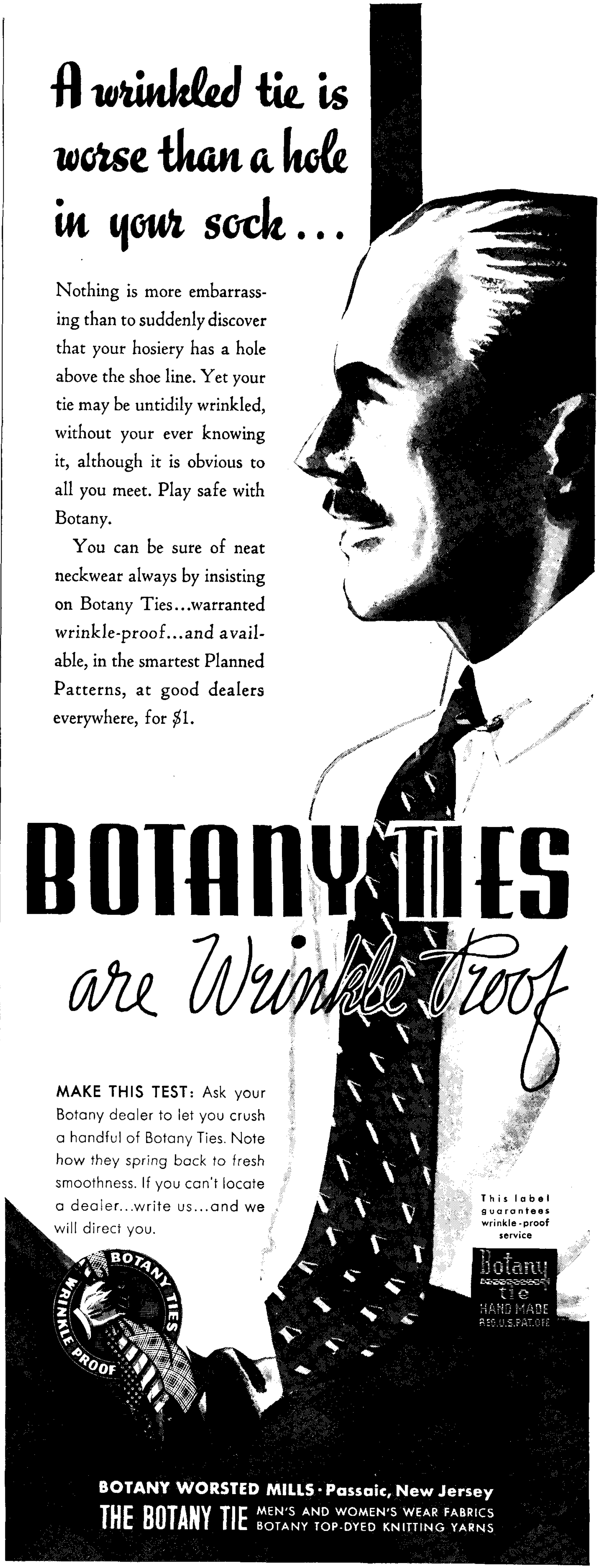
“Another feud?” Bancroft suggested but Wallaby shook his head.

“Not exactly. Just a loose end I overlooked. . . . Make sail!”



“Fighting's a business with him!”

FRITZ WILKINSON



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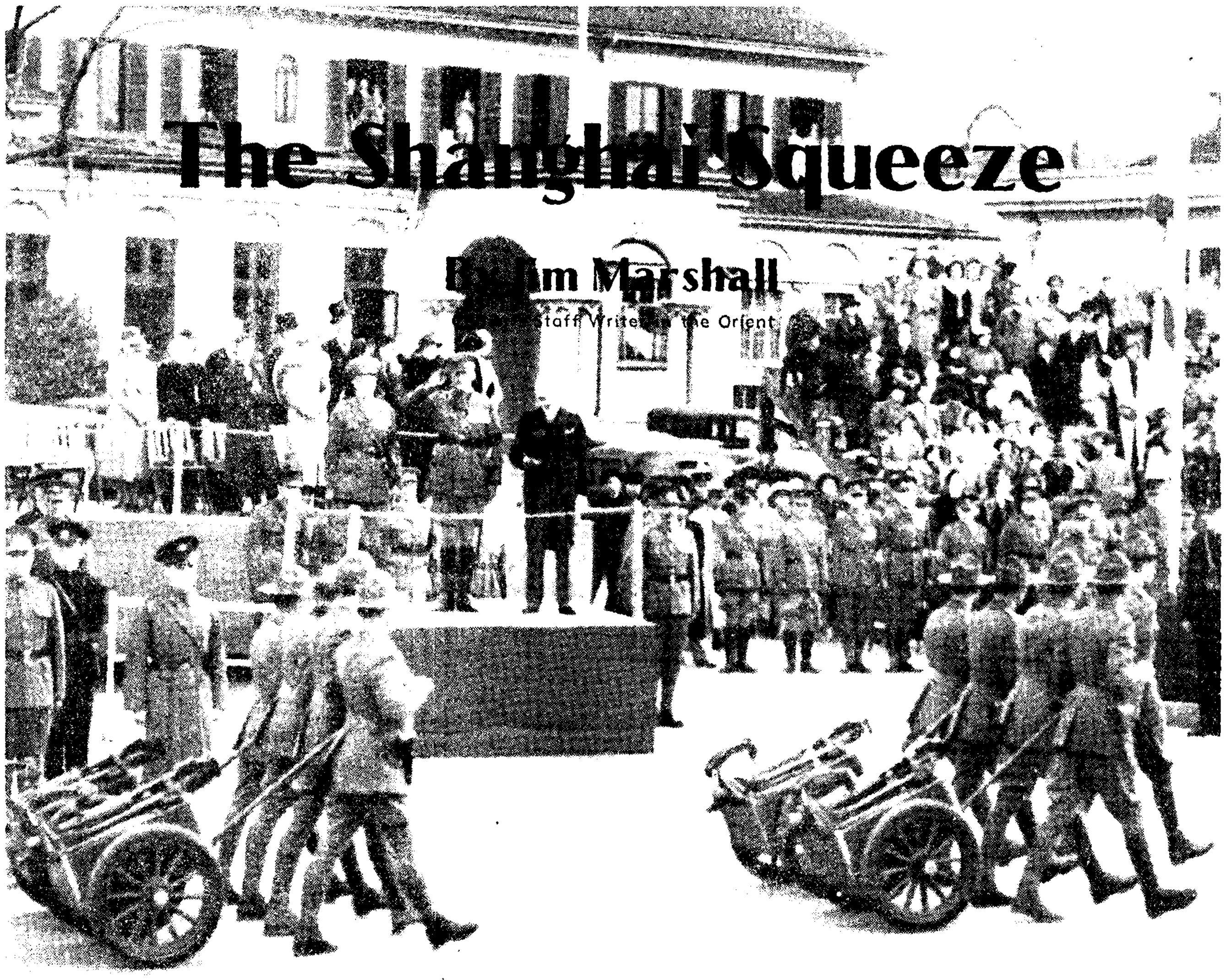
The Shanghai Squeeze

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient



NORTH CHINA DAILY NEWS

Shanghai's big splurge is the annual parade of the Volunteer Corps, Shanghai's foreign army

China made a mistake: she gave away an unhealthy strip of swampland along the Soochow creek. On that strip now stands Shanghai, the seventh largest city in the world. It is run by foreigners, backed up by a foreign army. After squeezing China for years, it is now getting squeezed in its turn—between the awakening nationalism of China and the aggressive imperialism of Japan

SHANGHAI is a racket. It is the seventh largest city in the world, one of the greatest ports on earth and boasts that it is the most cosmopolitan town now in business. Along its water front—the Bund—fly the flags of the nations, from banks and shipping offices and consulates. Up and down its wind-chopped Whangpoo come and go ships from New York and San Francisco and London and Vladivostok and Kobe and a thousand other ports. Through its godowns and onto the ships go the products wrenched from China's overworked soil by two hundred million of the poorest, most patient people on earth. And every last one of the two hundred million pays toll to the towering city that sits today where there was nothing but a miasmic river swamp a century ago.

Shanghai is a racket—the world's greatest racket—the extra supercolossal de luxe racket of the six continents and the five oceans. There are billions in it! It squeezes a few grains of rice from a peasant two thousand miles away who never heard of it. It squeezes an ounce or two of wheat from a bronzed farmer far off in some unheard-of river valley. It squeezes a wisp of straw here and a mud brick there and a raveling of silk somewhere else. It squeezes a few sweet drops from a stick of sugar cane and some shreds from a water chestnut; a little wood oil from this man and an ancient and honorable egg from this junkload coming down Soochow creek. It puts them all together into one gigantic, world-startling squeeze — and with the money it runs up skyscrapers and flashes neon signs across the night sky and offers sybaritic luxury for a few thousand millionaires.

Shanghai is a racket. It sells the millionaires protection for their millions. And, day in and day out, it shrewdly keeps before them the specter of what might happen, if—

There are more than 3,000,000 people living in Shanghai. Fifteen years ago there were less than half a million. Less than one hundred years ago there was none. There was only a malarial swamp of yellow mud, stretching along the Whangpoo a few miles above its outflow into the Yangtze. The Yangtze flowed on, a broad estuary, into the China Sea, through a maze of muddy waterways between a thousand islands. The city represents the second bad guess of the Chinese.

Leave It to the Japanese

The first was Hong Kong. The Chinese gave that—a rocky, worthless island—to the British. The British brought in plain dirt and water and made a huge trading center out of it. The Chinese saw, marveled—and grew wise. The next concession they handed out was no rocky island. It was a dismal, fever-swept swamp. Large chuckles circulated in Chinese sleeves, which have plenty of room for circulation. But the white men took the swamp and built a sea wall and filled in behind it. They dredged out the river in front of it. They ran up brick buildings and huge stone edifices. And more than anything else, they diverted through this ex-swamp most of the trade of China. And from every pound of freight they squeezed their few grains.

So, today, the Chinese would like Shanghai back. The French and the Belgians and the British and the Germans and the Americans and all the rest of the polyglot squeezers who live in the foreign and the French concessions along one side of the muddy river just laugh at that. So do the Japanese. Occasionally, as in 1932, the Japanese get violent about it. The rest of the nations sit back smugly and write notes to Geneva and go tch-tch-ing about Japanese aggression. But secretly—and not so secretly—they egg on the Japanese "to keep the Chinese in their place." You see, the Chinese and the Japanese frankly don't like each other, so it's all right for them to have a war. But the rest of the nations are theoretically in a perfervid state of brotherly love toward the Sons of Han, and so it wouldn't do for them to slap down a Chinese army or take a pot shot at an old cruiser flying the Chinese flag. The Japanese can do that—because they're in wrong with the Chinese anyway, and what's another bomb or two?

(Continued on page 64)

The TALON slide fastener
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
has made SWEATERS better looking, better fitting, longer wearing and far more useful

A separating Talon fastener is ingeniously applied on this sweater of fine worsted: Closed to the top it gives a military collar; opened partly, it allows the sides to form lapels. The back, gathered to a yoke, is shaped to a snug band.

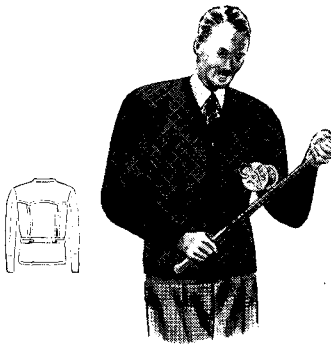
The Talon fastener locks where you stop it—stays locked until you pull the tab. Not affected by dry cleaning or laundering.

Talon has made sweaters as easy to get into and as easy to get out of as your dressing gown. And style? Well, seeing is believing.

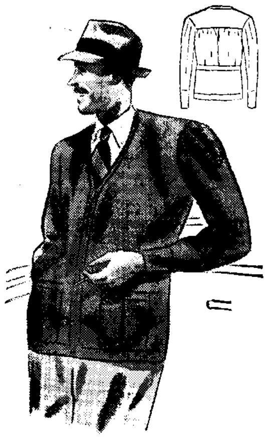
Walk into your favorite store. Pick out your size in a Talon-fitted sweater. Put it on. Pull up the Talon fastener tab. Step in front of a mirror. Have you ever known that you could look so good in a sweater—or, that a sweater could look so good on you?

Good-looking shoulders. Trim waistline. Tailored sport backs of varied designs. Becoming and distinctly useful. That's a sweater tailored with Talon! And that's why leading makers of sweaters feature the Talon-fastened front in the better grades and patterns.

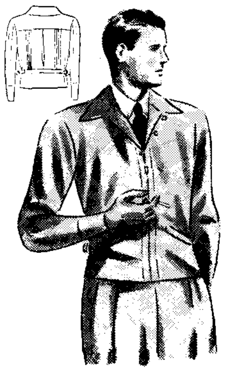
Talon-fitted sweaters are not stretched out of shape by tugging and pulling to get them on or off. They offer a concealed, continuous closure that can be adjusted to suit yourself and the weather. There are no buttons to lose. No buttonholes to stretch out of shape. No gaps or bulges. Ask to see them at your *favorite* store.



Plain colored bands conceal the Talon slide fastener in this diamond-checked sweater of soft-finished wool.



An inverted pleat which conceals the separating Talon, is repeated in the pockets, and in the center pleat in the back.



Combining the popular Gaucho style with the convenience of the TALON slide fastener. The belt has adjustable tabs. Pleated back.

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Just pour Sani-Flush in the radiator. Run the motor. (Directions are on the can.) Drain. Flush and refill. Sani-Flush is harmless. Cannot hurt aluminum cylinder head, water-jacket, radiator or connections. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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(Continued from page 62)

Shanghai flies her flags, marches in parades and fires majestic salutes every few weeks—for the Chinese New Year and the Dragon Festival; for the French on July 14 and for the Americans on July 4; for the British on the King's birthday and for the Japanese and the Russians and the Italians and the Germans. But Shanghai's big splurge, when all the nations get together, is the annual parade of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. That's the day the Shanghailanders get an eyeful of the armed protection they're paying for.

The commander in chief of this private army of two thousand trained soldiers is the chairman of the Shanghai municipal council, an all-nation body that runs the town—pretty much as the British want it run. The chairman, a sort of mayor, can call out the army whenever there is an "emergency"—an elastic term that includes a crowd of hungry Chinese marching down Nanking Road from a famine area to get their five or six per cent of the food so kindly shipped in by the Americans, the other 95 per cent having disappeared in the course of a score of "squeeze" plays.

But the parade is the big show. Crowds line Bubbling Well Road and sit on stands in front of the Country Club. Chinese hang from balconies and Japanese naval officers get hotboxes on their camera shutters taking pictures of the army. All the girls put on their best straight-from-Paris and latest New York frocks and the council chairman dons his dress suit and silk hat to stand in the reviewing stand and salute the machine guns and tanks and artillery and rolling kitchens as they pass to the music from a British regimental band.

There's the Shanghai Light Horse and the American Troop; a whole regiment of professional White Russians, carrying their rifles left-handed; a "Portuguese" company full of Eurasians; a goose-stepping Japanese outfit, followed by a Chinese company. Armored cars, field artillery and mechanized units roll by and a warplane drones along overhead.

This all looks very grand and satisfying to the Shanghailanders along the route, and sounds comforting to the millionaires ranged along the longest bar in the world at the Shanghai Club and in palatial suites at the skyscraping Cathay Hotel. But there is a fly or two in the ointment. The Japanese want Shanghai's army disbanded—because some day there may be another slight war, as there was in 1932—over some Chinese thumbing his nose at a Japanese or some equally world-shaking insult. And it would be a bit embarrassing if Japanese bullets happened to wing some Britishers and Germans and Americans and other assorted nationalities.

If It Happened Here

The Chinese don't care much for the army, either, and the commander in chief says solemnly that he hopes it'll never be necessary for it to fight—"because that would incense the native population." And incensing some millions of Chinese, well equipped with late-type bombing planes and plenty of fliers to man them, would bring no comfort to the hearts of the protected millionaires in the tall office buildings along the Bund.

But the Americans and the British are proud of the city's army—because, deep down in each heart there is fear—fear that is frankly admitted by almost every white man and woman.

"I'm a pacifist," an American woman watching the parade says, holding her children's hands, "but I'm for this army. It makes me feel safer. And so do the warships out in the river. Without them, there are nights when I wouldn't sleep."

To get the Shanghai picture from the Chinese point of view, imagine you are living in Colorado or Illinois or Connecticut, trying to scratch a living. The United States, instead of being crisscrossed with high-speed highways and railroads, depends mainly on rivers and canals for heavy freight transportation—and on the backs of Americans for almost every other sort of produce movement. Because of this primitive and enormously costly system, you are lucky if you manage to live at all. There is very little national distribution of anything, and in case of drought or flood you'll be likely to starve next door to plenty.

Having imagined this, imagine that Manhattan Island isn't a part of America at all, but territory owned, operated and defended by foreigners. Out in the Hudson and East rivers lie foreign warships. Up Fifth Avenue marches a cosmopolitan army, maintained by these foreigners. This army includes a company of Americans—just in case their fellow Americans, out in Ohio and Indiana and Virginia, grow rambunctious and threaten to charge down upon the American millionaires who live in Manhattan for protection against the unruly Americans outside the concession.

How Long Will It Last?

This concession, you must imagine, takes toll from every bushel of Dakota wheat, Oregon apples or Maine potatoes; every ton of Texas cotton or Wyoming coal; every gallon of Oklahoma oil or California wine.

Now perhaps you may imagine what the average Chinese farmer or junkman or merchant or coolie feels and thinks about Shanghai . . . and perhaps get an idea of the fear that lurks down in the heart of every white man in the settlement, behind the bristling guns of the private army and the lined-up warships.

Well—why does all this go on? How can a handful of foreigners maintain itself on the edge of a continent, squeezing into its pockets tribute from nearly half a billion pitifully poor people? How long will the system last?

If China were a nation, and a republic, it might not last long. But China isn't a nation; it isn't a republic—except in name. It is a group of more or less self-governing states, half of them bitterly opposing the rest. Nominally, the government is a sort of committee at Nanking.

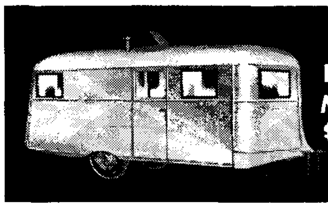
This lack of Chinese unity is Shanghai's strength—but always in the background is the possibility that a national consciousness may arise under stress of circumstance. A few years ago very few Chinese had any national spirit. Family loyalty was the limit. But times change. The greatest unifying force in China is the Chinese-American airways system. Pan-American puts up the money; the Nanking government puts up the "face." The system flies more than a million miles a year; covers a territory almost as large as the United States.

H. M. Bixby, Pan-American's No. 1 man in the Orient, thinks air transport finally will make a nation out of the Chinese. Until a few months ago, he says, statesmen in various sections could get together only after weeks of tedious travel. Now they can assemble within a few hours.

Up in the tall tower of Sassoon House in the center of Shanghai's Bund Collier's correspondent unfolded Mr. Bixby's theory to a staid British businessman, in China for thirty years, a stanch supporter of the private army. He swung around in his chair, looking out over the wind-whipped Whangpoo, with its line of warships.

"Air transportation make a unified nation out of China?" he asked. "Well—perhaps. . . .

"But," he added piously, "God forbid!"



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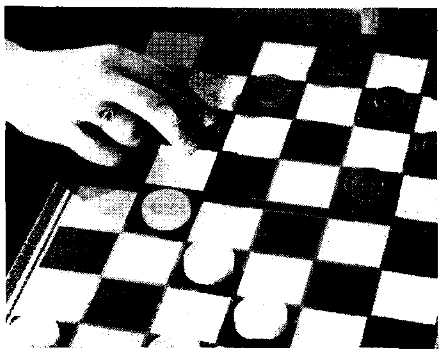

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Not in the Book

Continued from page 13

shown Jane some attention in the Boston show.

We went to my car and drove into town and I took them up to the office. One of the staff brought in highballs and we drank to each other's health and I said, "I just finished your last book, Mr. Grosset. It was great."

"Glad you liked it," he replied. "And I suppose you think it would make a good picture?"

I looked at him and then at Jane and she laughed and said, "I told him all about it, George. He knew something was up and I couldn't help but explain the whole thing."

"And you still came?" I asked. "I thought you disliked Hollywood."

He said, "I still do. But Jane insisted that I come out and talk with you, so here I am."

"Well, that's fine." I couldn't think of anything better to say. "What is it that you dislike so much about pictures, anyway?"

"A number of things. A moving picture is never the same as the book it is taken from. You never recognize your work when it is transferred to the screen. Because of that an audience gets the impression that an author's writings are a great deal different from what they really are. They think of them in terms of the screen and are usually disappointed when they read your books for the first time. You fall down on the excitement end and it hurts the sale of your stuff."

"I think you're wrong about that. The screen has made more writers famous than any other medium."

"That's granted, but I don't care for that sort of fame. However, the worst thing I have against pictures is Hollywood itself. No one here seems to know what he's doing. They run around like people in an insane asylum and know about as much of their business as I do of crocheting."

"Now you are wrong. These people know their business better than anyone gives them credit for. They have made something of moving pictures."

"It's the other way about. Natural growth. Pictures made them."

"I still disagree with you. Take your story Charter Flight. Sam Kaye would like to make a picture of that, and I guarantee that it would be a beautiful job if you let him."

Jane said, "He's right, Irving. Mr. Kaye knows his business. I'm sure you would like the picture."

"Are you?" he asked, looking at her rather intently over the rim of his glass.

"Yes."

THAT seemed to decide it. It was very evident that Grosset was interested in Jane, and he argued no more after that. The next day I brought him up to the Kaye-Milgrim studio and Sam almost fell on his face when he was introduced. It was the first time that any studio had gotten that particular author into an office. I could see Sam planning publicity already.

The three of us shook hands when the contract was signed, had a drink together and then Sam said, "Mr. Grosset, would you care to do the adaptation?"

"No, thanks," he said. "I don't know what a picture script looks like. You'd better use an experienced man for that."

"Yes. Yes. Of course. Now, about a synopsis. Could you write that for us?"

"Surely. I'll do it tonight and send it over in the morning, or possibly in the afternoon."

Jane was waiting for him in front of the studio and he left and Sam pumped my hand up and down and said, "How did you do it, Georgie? How did you do it? It's marvelous, stupendous. Ten per cent you get from him and five from me. I don't forget, Georgie. I keep my promises."

"How about Jane Lisbon?"

"Oh, yes." His face fell and he stopped pumping my hand. "Do I have to take her, old man? She's a beautiful dame and a good actress, but she don't film well. Georgie, old man, as friend to friend, do I have to take her?"

"That was part of the bargain."

"Yeah." He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Oh, well, send her up tomorrow. I'll have the contract made out. I keep my promises."

THE next day he got the synopsis and also Jane Lisbon, and I relaxed and counted profits and congratulated myself on one of the neatest deals, and one of the easiest, I had ever been involved in.

Things ran rather smoothly for a while and I began hearing reports about Jane and Irving doing the late spots together, which didn't surprise me too much. Then their pictures got in the papers and there were the usual hints of a secret marriage, a coming elopement and all the rest of it. Jane was in the office one day and confirmed most of it.

"I really adore him," she said. "We haven't set a date yet. I think he wants to see how his picture comes out first."

"What has that to do with it?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's just that I was the one who got him into it."

"Mmmmmmm. And how are you getting on at the studio?"

She laughed and flicked her head back so that the red hair fell loose over her shoulders. "Not so good," she said. "But I don't care. Mr. Kaye gave me a good part and said I did it well, but they had to leave it on the cutting-room floor. I looked a little too heavy. And the funny thing is I'm really slim."

"I know. But you film heavier than you are. If you could only lose ten pounds."

"But I suppose I can't."

In which she was very wrong.

Charter Flight was finally finished and Sam called me and told me the sneak preview would be held in Westwood Village. I picked up Irving and Jane and we drove out and sat through the regular feature. After that was over, the preview sign was flashed on the screen and then Charter Flight started. The cast was good, all big names, and it moved like a breeze, the hero getting crippled in the World War, running a flying circus after and then going into the charter business.

It was a good picture.

The audience applauded loudly when it was over and Sam hurried over to us as we were going out and stopped us in the lobby.

"Well," he said, beaming more than ever, "it's a masterpiece, Mr. Grosset, if I do say so myself. I tell you, that picture will sweep the country."

"What picture?" Grosset coldly asked.

"Why, Charter Flight, of course."

"That wasn't Charter Flight."

He spun on his heel, walked out of the theater and left Jane and Sam and me staring at each other. Jane started to cry and ran out of the lobby and Sam said, "What's the matter with that guy? Don't he like the picture?"

"It looks that way. You have to admit, Sam, it wasn't like the book."

"So what?"

(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

"He wanted that picture to be just like the book. I don't imagine he's very well pleased, even though it's a great picture."

Sam dismissed it all with a wave of the hand and said, "Come in the office tomorrow, George, and we'll talk business on his book Manya Geva. Have you got it?"

"I don't think he'll let you have it."

"Hunch, eh? Now look, Georgie, you get that book for me. This guy is a great writer and his ideas are good and his name's not bad, not bad at all. You get me that book. Understand?"

"But, maybe—"

"Maybe, nothing! You get that book or you'll find it tough around K and M. You hear?"

I walked away shaking my head, a little punch-drunk, and got even worse the next few days.

Irving Grosset was nowhere to be found. I called the airport and found that he had flown out of town the night of the preview. He had a PX through to Mexico City and that was all they knew about him. I wired Mexico City and found that he had been there, but had left for an unknown destination. Then I started sending wires all over again.

Jane came in to see me a week after that had been going on and I was quite surprised at sight of her. She had lost a lot of weight, and I wanted to know what was wrong.

"Irving," she said, "I haven't heard from him. I guess he blames me for getting him into this picture mess. What shall I do, George? I want him back so badly. Tell me what to do."

I looked her up and down and then got Sam on the telephone and said, "Have you seen Miss Lisbon lately, Sam?"

"No," he grumbled, "and I don't want to."

"Now, wait," I soothed him. "How did she do in that part you gave her?"

"Marvelous," he said. "Great. But she looked like a cow. She films too heavy. We cut it out."

"How do you think she would be if she lost, say, fifteen or twenty pounds? How would you like her then?"

"You ask me that? Ain't you got sense enough to know? I'd give her a feature role right off the bat."

"Is that a promise?"

"Sure."

"Okay. She's already lost that weight. I'm sending her back to the studio and you get that part ready for her."

SAM called me up later in the day, after she had reached the studio, and was very excited. "She looks tremendous," he said. "I gave her a terrific part. How did you do it, Georgie? How did you make her lose that weight? We got another dame on the lot who's a little hefty. If you'll tell me how you did it I'll—"

"That's only for my clients," I said, and hung up.

That was one stroke of luck and then another, as I thought at the time, happened the same afternoon. Irving Grosset came striding into the office and I blamed near had a stroke.

"I've been sending out wires for you all over North and South America," I said. "Where have you been?"

"Just flying around," he replied. "I had to get all this Hollywood out of my system."

"Then what brings you back? Not that I'm looking a gift horse in the mouth."

He pulled an oiled pouch out of his pocket and filled his pipe. Then he said, "I'll tell you what brings me back. I'm going to produce a picture."

"You?" I gasped.

"That's right. I don't know a great deal about Hollywood so I'm leaving all the business arrangements up to you. Get a studio for me, the cast and all the rest of it. You can also arrange for distribution."

"But what the devil is this all about? What are you going to produce?"

"Charter Flight."

Then I really had a stroke. "You're going to do what?"

"Produce my own book—under another title, of course—the way it should be produced. That story was slaughtered in the picture and now it is going to get a chance."

"Have you the money to do it with?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let's get going."

All this was against my better judgment, but I knew that when a person was bitten with the producing bug there was only one cure—let him go through with it.

THE news of what we were about broke the next day and the movie columnists played it up big. Lou Hershing, president of the Congress studio, called me up at once.

"Who's handling the release?" he wanted to know.

"I haven't contacted anyone yet."

"Yeah? Come over and talk business. That Grosset is good. Charter Flight is already knocking the audiences silly. Anything that guy does is all right with me, even to producing. Get over here and we'll talk business. Better bring him with you."

"That's not necessary. I'm handling that end for him exclusively."

"Kinda coming up, ain't you? Maybe we could use a fellow like you. Maybe we'll need a new casting director in a few weeks."

"I'll be right over."

Bells were ringing in my head and my heart was singing so loudly the people on the street could hear it. I was over to Congress in nothing flat. Lou had the deal all worked out before I got there and it was only necessary to insert a few protective clauses.

"Maybe you got something here," he said. "We can always use another producer on the lot, especially one with his own money. Do a good job of this thing and that proposition about the casting office will hold good."

That warmed the cockles of my heart and I worked like a demon from then on.

It took two weeks to conclude arrangements and to get the stages ready at the studio. Then we started shooting and the publicity ball began rolling.

I was as pleased as a bathing beauty with her first contract. The one thing that got under my skin was the way Irving avoided Jane. He wouldn't see her at all. She tried to get in touch with him a few times and then gave it up entirely. I called him on the mat about it.

"I've kept my nose out of your personal affairs," I said, "but this has gone a little too far. That girl is crazy about you, and—"

His laugh was sharp and cutting. "I suppose that's why she reduced so much," he said.

"Huh?"

"I asked her not to reduce when she told me about how she filmed so heavy. I told her I liked her just exactly as she was. And what happens? The minute my back was turned she took off twenty pounds. I know what's going on."

He walked away from me and that was the end of the argument.

But another beauty cropped up shortly after that. Sam wanted to see me and I hurried over to his studio. He wasn't a bit cordial when I came in, refused to shake hands and never asked me to sit down.

"You got a nerve," he said, glaring at me. "I ask you to get Grosset's Manya Geva for me and what do you do? You turn producer and switch the guy off to Congress. Do you call that playing fair?

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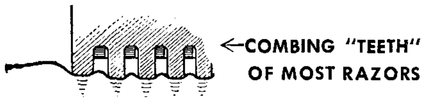

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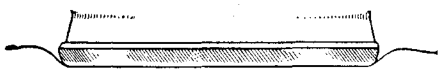

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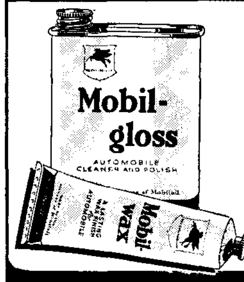

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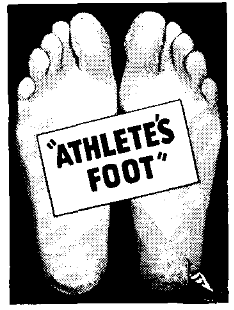

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You call that ethical? In my hat! And I was gonna make you casting director!"

"You, too?"

"Whaddaya mean, me too? You got another offer like that? Don't give me that stuff. As far as I'm concerned, personally you understand, you're through. We don't want no more of you around this office. Get out!"

"Listen, Sam."

"Get out. You hear? Don't you never come here again. Grosset won't sell no story to anyone now. He's a producer. Hah! Get out."

I got out and told Irving the whole story. "Too bad," he laughed. "But don't let it worry you, George. None of it was your fault. If Sam Kaye had handled Charter Flight the way it was written I would have given him all my books. It was all his own fault. That's the trouble with these Hollywood producers. None of them knows their business. They make a beer parlor out of an art gallery and think the public likes it."

"Sure, but what about my business? I'm an agent, you know. I have to sell players and writers and directors to these producers. K and M has been my biggest customer. Now that they won't let me on the lot it means a good slice out of my income. That's something to worry about. It's no little thing to me."

Even with the possibility of being casting director for Congress, my mind wasn't resting easy for days after that. Sam Kaye was the biggest man in the village and not one to make an enemy of. He could rub it in in more ways than one.

So I concentrated on the picture more than ever, just to forget the muddle, and was agreeably surprised at the progressive rushes. They were every one of them artistic triumphs, no doubt about that. The air scenes were beautiful and the dialogue was polished to the nth degree. Irving knew how to handle his grammar.

The whole thing was finally completed and we held a sneak preview at a little theater in Pasadena. But, somehow, the word got out and half the industry was in the audience—directors, cameramen, executives, performers and everybody. Lou was there and so was Sam and his staff, and I even saw Jane sitting off in a corner of the loges by herself. Irving saw her too and I thought for a moment that he was going in her direction, but he caught himself and we took our seats in the middle of the house.

THE regular feature was just finishing and it was only a few seconds before it was over and the preview sign was flashed on the screen. Then came the title of the picture and Irving's name underneath it. The audience applauded at that and a loud hum ran through the house. So far so good.

The picture started where Irving wanted it to start, with the main character just finishing his training at an air school. There was nothing exciting about it, but there were some nice shots of young fellows in the air, flying over the school grounds. Then the action swung to a commercial field in the South and from there to the hero purchasing his own planes and going into business for himself.

But there's no use in going through the whole picture. It was an excellent record of how charter flying is carried on and, as I said before, it had some beautiful shots and even better dialogue. But it was not exciting. The audience sat like so many sticks, interested at first and then not interested at all. The whole thing failed to impress them and you could hear talk through the audience, which was bad.

It wound up dismally, only the barest of polite applause, and the audience got up and filed out and Irving and I sat very quietly in our chairs until the house lights came up. Then he turned to me and there was a funny expression on his face, like a man who has swallowed something that won't go down.

"Well," he said, "what's your opinion? No, never mind. I know my own. It was terrible."

"I wouldn't say that," I said. "You could certainly call it an artistic achievement."

"No, I wouldn't even call it that. The whole thing missed fire all the way through."

"Maybe you deviated too much from the story. Maybe—"

"Not a line. That picture was filmed exactly as the book was written. Throw the whole thing in the ash can, even if Lou wants to distribute it, which I doubt. Throw it away and we'll try to forget about it."

"Okay."

WE GOT up from our seats and went out to the lobby and there was Sam just going out. He saw us and stopped and a big grin lit up his face.

"I don't like to rub it in, boys," he said, "but I wouldn't give you a penny for that thing. Producers, eh? Mr. Grosset, you leave Hollywood and the pictures to the people that understand 'em."

Irving looked at him and smiled and said, "I know. I've had my lesson."

"Huh?" Sam and I said that in unison.

"I was a fool," he continued. "My business is writing and I should have had sense enough to stick to it; at least, to stay out of your business. Charter Flight was an excellent picture, I admit it. But I was silly enough to think it could have been better if you had followed the story more closely. Now I see what an ass I've been to interfere out here."

Sam laid his hand on Irving's shoulder and said, "Don't take it so hard, my boy."

"Thanks. I'll get over it."

"Sure. You're young. You're a good writer. After you've forgotten about Hollywood—"

"But I don't intend to forget about Hollywood. I think I would like this business if I stuck to my own field. In fact, if you still want Manya Geva you can have it. Talk it over with George. I have to see someone."

He hurried away from us and I saw it was Jane he was heading for. We saw him stop her at the door and then Sam came out of his trance and slapped me on the back and said, "So that's it, Georgie, old boy? He's a fool? I'm a fool. I thought you was ducking away from me and all the time you had my interests at heart and was only discouraging him from producing so's you could get me that book. Georgie, you're a pal. How do you do these things anyway? You get me Charter Flight, which no one could get, and you make Jane reduce so's she's headed straight for stardom, and now you get me Manya Geva. You come in my office tomorrow and we'll talk things over, Georgie, old boy. I'll buy that book and we'll star Jane in it. How's that? And about that casting-director's job . . . Well, you come in and we'll talk it over."

My wife and I went stepping that night. But about dawn I woke up with a start and remembered a little scene in the lobby of the theater, Jane in Irving's arms and him talking his head off and then kissing her and the both of them smiling. I nudged my wife and she sleepily waited to hear what was on my mind and I said, "Does a woman usually put on weight when she's happy and in love?"

"Of course," she replied, "if the person she's in love with is agreeable."

"This one is," I groaned.

"Now," she said, "you sound more like your usual self. Welcome home."

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Leave Your Brains at Home

Continued from page 16

for his shot to the green. A four iron wasn't enough club for that shot.

I know many great iron-club players, and from where Manero's ball was on that last hole at Baltusrol I doubt if any of them could have banged a four home six times out of ten, even in practice rounds when they were not under the pressure of major title campaigning.

But, instinctively, Manero's muscles took control during the critical fraction of a second *when the ball was being hit.* The shot was hit hard but almost topped. Instead of having the normal trajectory of a four-iron shot, it whined through the air low and by a terrifying margin of a very few inches cleared a bunker to the left of the green and rested safely on the green. If the ball had been properly hit with the club Manero had used, it would have burrowed into the hazardous sand and, well, you can do your own experting from that point on.

Now, let us suppose that Manero had been able entirely to subject matter to the control of mind when he was selecting the club to use for his pay-off shot. There would have been involved in the thoroughly thoughtful selection of a club abstruse problems of ballistics, surveying, weather determination, mob psychology, turf conditions and the mechanics and metallurgy of club design and construction.

Scientists could work for weeks on those problems Manero had to decide in a few seconds and the scientists wouldn't be any closer to the right answer than Manero was. Still the sports-writing experts mesmerize themselves and their publics with shouting, leaping words about the brainy work of athletes. Manero, as athletes run, is a very intelligent fellow in his line. He is a first-class instructor and a rather penetrating student of the game. I use the word "student" with private reservations as to the profundity of study required by any game. I maintain, after more than twenty years devoted to the study of golf as a business and of other sports as a pastime, that the best (sometimes almost the only) brains an athlete has are in his muscles.

Count on Your Muscles

I cite, as one proof of my statement, the poise of many of the young athletes. Take some of these college football lads, not yet in their twenties. Or even the cases of young professional fighters with absolutely no cultural background. Put them in crowds of adulating, almost hysterical sports fanatics. The youngsters have the *sang-froid* of veteran European diplomats. The only reason I can advance for this apparently effortless self-possession is that their muscular and nervous systems have more sense than their heads. If they really knew what they were up against they would be embarrassed, and if not tongue-tied they'd innocently say the wrong thing.

Look at the matured expressions on the majority of young men who are prominent in athletics. Their faces are those of men fifteen years their senior. You don't see the same aged look when you get sight of brilliant young scholars. I have seen quite a few of this class—although, of course, not as many as young athletes—and the comparatively carefree, juvenile countenances of the scholars have impressed me.

Along this line of reasoning that the athlete's dominant brain is in his muscles, I have about come to the conclusion that it is instinct rather than the reputed element of luck that accounts for so many of the fortunate breaks in sport.

Consider your own case as an average golfer. You undoubtedly have reflected audibly, or to yourself as you mentally balanced the books, that were it not for the unfortunate mishaps and unlucky bounces you suffered you would have had an 87 instead of a 98 for your round. The fellow who was playing with you gets all the luck in the world and that is why he went around in 79. He may have apparently awkward form, but when his *ball lands* it bounds toward the middle of the fairway or hops over a bunker onto the green.

It's elementary, my dear Duffer. Your opponent's reflexes are properly conditioned so that instinctively the muscles act to put a corrective hook or slice on the ball. He doesn't know it, naturally, or it wouldn't happen. I discovered it quite by accident after some very uncomfortable moments. A wealthy gentleman had given me probably too much money for teaching golf to him. One afternoon I was administering to him the sort of a mild but earnest and diplomatic rebuke a golf professional gives to a man who is paying him a bull-market price for a lesson.

What I Preach

"Do you mean to tell me that you can't do that simple little thing?" I asked, concerning a detail of the golf swing.

"Don't get sarcastic with me, Armour, you don't do it yourself," he replied heatedly.

His blunt criticism shocked me. I started to argue but he interrupted.

"Come to my house tonight and I'll run some tournament movies of yourself that show you're as inconsistent as a preacher who takes up murder as a side line," suggested my pupil.

I went. Sure enough, this canny student had taken pictures of me in action at several of the Florida tournaments and in practice rounds. I blushed to see in these pictures how my actual performance conflicted with some of my spoken, carefully thought-out doctrines on the golf swing.

That discovery disturbed me for weeks until I suddenly realized that I had been subconsciously correcting earlier faults in my swing by amazingly deft and speedy compensatory actions as the ball was about to be struck. I appreciated that I couldn't work out those compensating details consciously. The action occurred in perhaps a hundredth of a second. That experience convinced me that my major golfing brains are in my muscles.

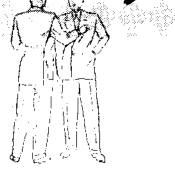
There is further evidence that the overemphasis of the brain in sport is mainly a build-up by such fellows as Thomas D. Armour, his comrade professional sportsmen and their pals and volunteer press agents, the sports writers. This additional proof comes to me from the ranks of fellows who often shoot in the low eighties or high seventies, but who have but little logical license to be scoring any better than 95.

These surprise performers are mainly week-end golfers to whom the game normally is merely a hit-or-nearly-miss affair. Ask them how they make their shots and they can't tell you with any clarity.

However, I have noticed that these men often are first-rate gun shots, and usually have such athletic backgrounds as first-class hurdling performances in college track meets. They have co-ordination of mind and muscle, which in sports means the mind co-ordinates by doing comparatively little, consciously.

I can give you, as golf's most durable example of thinking muscles, Walter

I'm Amazed



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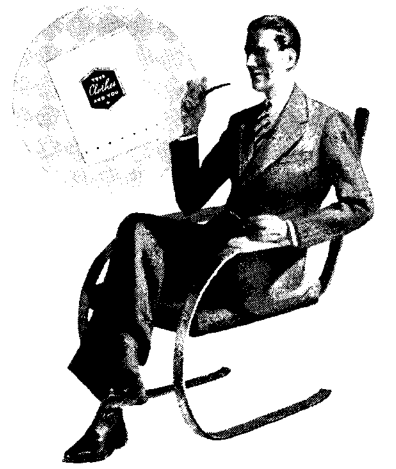

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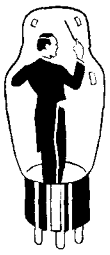

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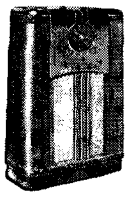

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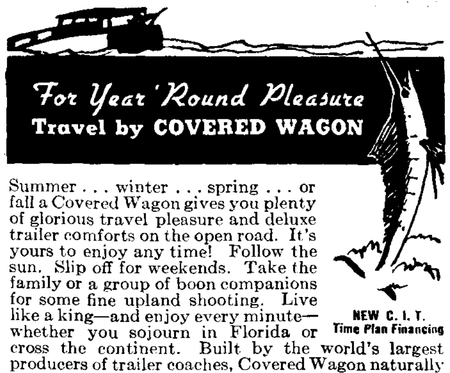

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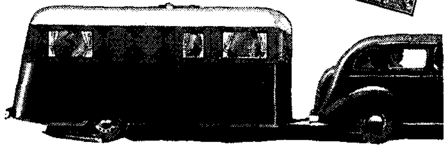

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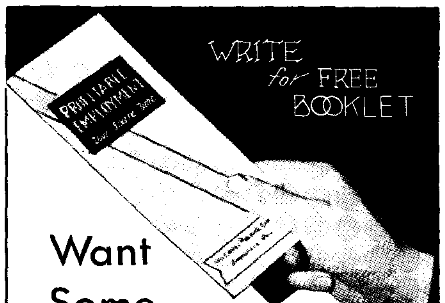

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Hagen and cite you the case of Hagen's finish in the British Open of 1924 at Hoylake as a characteristic instance of the type of thinking that made Walter almost a chronic champion. In the rough a goodly distance from the green and with three strokes to win, Hagen played a daring shot to the green. He curved one in that had to stop sharply or it would roll along into grave trouble. Walter's shot hit and bit on the green. Two easy putts and he was in the hole for a winning score of 301 against the 302 of E. R. Whitcombe. Macdonald Smith, the brainiest golfer of them all, was in his usual spot—just a few strokes out of first place.

Hagen was criticized for that bold shot to the green. "Why did you take a chance like that when a tie was a sure thing?" playing and reporting authorities asked him. Without reservation they censured the bold recovery shot as one of the most stupid ever made in a pinch by a great and experienced player.

Some of the American professionals later cornered Hagen and privately queried him on what he was thinking of to take such a long risk. Walter drawled, in honest reply, "Well, I was thinking pretty seriously when I made that shot. I was thinking that I should hole out in four and then I wouldn't have to stay over for a play-off. I had a date to go on a house party with some folks."

There were no ifs or buts in that Hagen type of championship thinking. The thinking required for the shot itself was done by the brain in the muscles of the entirely spontaneous Hagen.

In my own game absolutely the hardest of all shots are in reality the easiest. They become hard to us simply because the brain makes them hard and not because of any deep technical problem involved. Most of the major golf championships of the last fifteen years have been won by the margin of a few short putts. In 1935, the Radix Cup for the year's lowest medal average scoring by a professional was won by Paul Runyan with an average of 72.29 strokes per round, just eight one-hundredths of a stroke lower than Henry Picard during the 150 rounds in which these professionals played.

The Narrow Margin

During those 150 rounds there were many putts that one blade of grass kept from dropping into the cup. That blade of grass was probably less than one sixty-fourth of an inch thick. Therefore, eight one-hundredths of a sixty-fourth of an inch becomes an important margin in golf—a much narrower margin than the photographic eye of horse racing could catch. It's a margin too small for the human brain to handle, so it must be turned over to the mysterious powers of the subconscious.

I wish that I could dispose of my personal golf problems thus easily. It's because this delegation of authority to the subconsciousness can't be made at will that championship competitions are such terrific trials. Each green of a national championship, to the experienced player who is conscious of what he is up against, becomes an electrocution. Each time on those 72 greens that you draw your putter back the juice burns right through your skull.

I know it's silly; that it's conceitedly dramatizing oneself. I've seen marvelous putting done on practice greens in front of clubhouses by children of six to ten years of age who have been given putters to play with as their parents lounge around the club. After all the years I've spent in golf and in the blazes of competition I at least should be the equal of wee bairns in putting. But what I admiringly call my brain keeps reminding me that terrible things can happen with these easy putts. Terrible things have happened. I have lost my share of championships by missing putts worse than you ever missed them, if you can shoot under 110. I have sighted putts and seen, instead of the simple line to the hole, one million possibilities of error. Imagination gives me the yips. That miserable affliction, the yips, is what ails Jones when he tries annually to make his comeback in the Masters' tournament. The yips is what keeps Kirkwood, the wizard of astonishing trick shots, from becoming holder of many important golf titles. Bobby Cruickshank, who stands beside Hagen as an all-time owner of all the shots in the bag, has a vivid imagination that yips his putter at the wrong and crucial moments. Missing a putt fifteen years ago doesn't seem much of a matter at the time but next year that important putt jumps out of one's memory at a disconcerting time. Year after year that putt and others of its evil brotherhood keep recurring in the player's recollection. They become magnified to such an extent that they are almost paralyzing. It has happened to Macdonald Smith, that superb stylist and master of shots. It may happen to Harry Cooper, who for the last few years has been the world's greatest golfer only to lose to fellows who aren't as smart as Cooper in knowing how hard soft putts really are.

Too Smart

There are about as many great putters of more than ten years' championship competition as you can count on the fingers of one hand. The putting brains they had in their fingers and arms goes to their head after ten years. The one who regains this muscular intelligence is one like Willie MacFarlane who does not indulge in much competition now that he's well along in his forties. Horton Smith may last as a good putter longer than usual because of his early realization that putting is a matter of temperament, but even now while Horton is generally admitted to be the most consistently good putter of all professionals, I know that he isn't as good as he was in 1929 and 1930 when he made his debut as a star of major magnitude. Revolta, Runyan, Piccard, Laffoon and all the rest of those brilliant young professionals already begin to show the wear and tear of using their brains. The blunt truth is that they are too smart for their own good as golfers.

At intervals I come across articles on the measurement of athletic power and I attempt to appraise these studies from the experience of a professional athlete, making such allowances as I can for the fact that my field of athletics is one that magnifies the nervous element. After considering the efforts of the observers who write these pieces I am more than ever before of the opinion that the determining factor in athletic success is something that can be located and measured best by psychiatrists. With only the layman's sketchy acquaintance with psychiatry, I am reasonably certain that these men assist greatly in identifying potentially great athletic material when the psychiatric tests are co-ordinated with the coaches' clocking and distance measuring of the performances turned in by candidates during trials.

But I may be depending too much on the importance I now attach to competition. I can recall that as late as five or six years ago a championship was just another four rounds of golf to me. Some of the youngsters are in that frame of mind now, despite all we older professionals can do to impress them with the seriousness of the competitions. The lads are tough and resilient. They don't know as much as the veterans do about the punishing misplays that lurk for them. We somewhat venerable athletes get so smart we outsmart ourselves.

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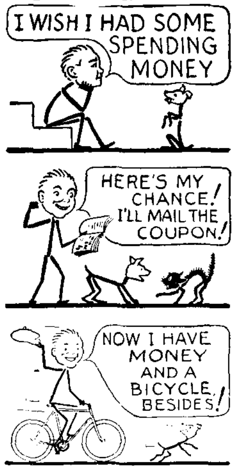

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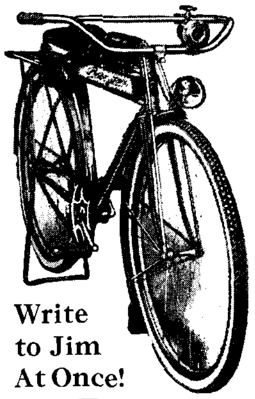
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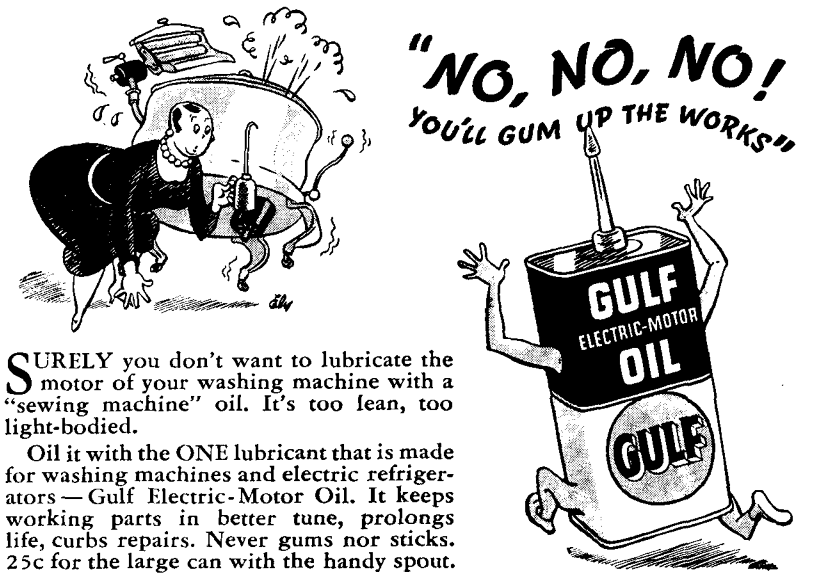

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The Doubtless Democrats

Continued from page 11

got this much: It would be one of those unanswerable generalized arguments which neither Mr. Landon, Mr. Hamilton nor any of the apostate Democrats who had flocked to the Republican totem pole could profitably refute. They couldn't, for example, hope to win votes by praising Wall Street, private utility rates, monopoly, the gold standard, farm mortgages, the open shop and similar currently unpopular components of our national existence. And as we understood it, Mr. Roosevelt was preparing to say a lot of unpleasant things about all of these.

Roosevelt's Sixth Sense

In Topeka they would tell you that the advantage was theirs because Mr. Roosevelt would be forced to fight a defensive battle. But it wasn't turning out that way. The President would be compelled (they hoped) to defend failures—the NRA, the AAA, the Guffey Coal Act and similar forbidden fruits of the New Deal—and thus leave Mr. Landon to talk in general terms about the Constitution, liberty, Americanism and allied campaign stand-bys. In the meantime Mr. Roosevelt would be squandering his time in explanations. And as it is axiomatic in politics that he who begs forgiveness is working for the other fellow, the populace would presently tire of explanations and flock to the Republicans.

Unfortunately the President was not explaining anything. Moreover, large sections of the voters were not charging the failure of the NRA and so on to Mr. Roosevelt but rather to the Supreme Court. And Mr. Landon's advisers were at some pains to remind him that it might not be healthy this year to do more than occasionally refer to the Supreme Court with respect, yet with not too much warmth. Mr. Landon was finding nothing to talk about except the New Deal and he was being limited to deploring its administration, not its aims.

This irksome state of affairs was by no means accidental. In Topeka, where they should have known better, they seemed to have overlooked that Mr. Landon was fighting one of the most astute politicians the White House has ever housed. Within a month after Mr. Landon was nominated he began to appreciate something he must have suspected for three years—that he was fighting a master who refuses to scare, who never publicly loses his poise, who believes unflinchingly in his own inevitability, who has that sixth sense which marks the difference between a successful political boss and an office-holding stuffed shirt and who honestly believes that nothing short of death can prevent his re-election. In Republican headquarters in Chicago they talk of "the Governor's chances" and, taking you aside, assure you that Mr. Landon is "going to give the President a hard fight." And that of course is natural to a challenger's camp.

But if you think for a moment that there is any speculation or fragmentary doubt in Mr. Roosevelt's mind or in Democratic headquarters your thinking equipment is in need of repair. While Mr. Landon is going at this campaign in the conventional way of all sincere but uninspired aspirants to public office, Mr. Roosevelt is still crusading. While Mr. Landon is listening to all and sundry—bankers and lawyers, Republicans and Democrats—Mr. Roosevelt is telling them. Mr. Roosevelt is not much of a listener. He is too much in accord with himself to enjoy counsel.

Whereas many of the maneuvers in Mr. Landon's behalf are made without consulting him (and that's too bad), no major move is attempted by the Democratic National Committee without consulting the master. The Roosevelt mind is so much faster than Mr. Landon's that if the two men were to battle it out unaided it would be no contest.

Mr. Landon's speeches are the product of many minds, not all of them brilliant, and are apt to suffer from the presence of many fears. He cannot denounce the fundamental philosophy of the New Deal. He does not renounce those New Dealisms which it was politically expedient in Kansas to adopt. In the main he must deal in generalities and he has none of Mr. Roosevelt's power to make them glitter. This places Mr. Landon in a most inconvenient hole and every word uttered by Mr. Roosevelt is intended to keep him there. You cannot run very far or fast in a hole.

They will tell you in Chicago and Topeka that Mr. Hamilton's speeches are of his own authorship and he has thus far given no one reason to doubt it. Mr. Farley's are frankly written for him, and you don't catch him saying that he is keeping his nose to the grindstone as he hastens to victory. But when the President is going to speak everything except a few details of research are pure Roosevelt. And it's a gift. Mr. Landon dictates his speeches in much the same dry temper and cadences as he dictates letters. No flair, no flame, just honest fodder. But when Mr. Roosevelt goes at it he orates. He practices its delivery from the first draft to the polished, finished product. Mr. Roosevelt is a showman; Mr. Landon is an oilman.

The President will give over an hour to a phrase, seeking an effect. His speeches are silver-plated shrapnel, not black bombings. And he is one of his own few favorite authors. He is as vain about his literary style as the man he so frequently uses as his model—the far more scholarly Woodrow Wilson. By the time he faces the microphone he is as well-rehearsed as a precision dancer, the timing and figures worked out to the minutest detail. And the effect is almost one of spontaneity. As for Mr. Landon—he assembles it, checks it over for errors of date and fact and just talks it. Rhetoric and diction are not among his charms.

As Confident as the Sunrise

Occasionally Mr. Roosevelt's staff becomes apprehensive. But not Mr. Roosevelt. Fears, light and dark, may pierce the hearts of his associates. But not Mr. Roosevelt's. Straw votes and polls may indicate that he is less popular today than he was in 1932. Smiles wreath the mobile face of the President. He is at his best when the going is hottest. His impervious optimism and the apparently shatterproof confidence that all will be well have never deserted him. His doctors will tell you that these qualities conquered infantile paralysis when all the medicines the doctors knew were thrown out the window. Toward what the doctors thought to be the end, Franklin Roosevelt took command of his own case, smiling serenely at the doctors. Ask them.

To his office come reports that the Republican Idea Men in Chicago have set up blackboards on every street corner. On them, they tell him, trained political spielers are demonstrating in simple arithmetic what you pay for lamb chops and how much of that price is taxation. At last, Mr. President, they are getting close to the voter's heart. This, Mr. President, is serious. The President looks up. His eyebrows rise. The right side of his mouth makes that quick downward hitch which precedes the internationally famous smile. Then in all its refulgent glory the smile. "I wonder," he says, "whether we're wealthy enough to have a chop for lunch."

From Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and Illinois come delegations of the faithful to warn him that unless this and that are done—well, Mr. President, the fight may be bitter. Bitter? Bitter? Aren't all good fights, particularly the Good Fight, bitter? They leave him somewhat awed. What are you to do with a man who won't recognize danger? Why, the man probably can't spell it.

Urbane as a new egg is Mr. Roosevelt. As confident as the sunrise. Delegations come to him dour with evil omens. They leave with his smile on their faces. Pippa was a piker. Dr. Coué was a festering pessimist. Dizzy Dean is packed with doubt. But Mr. Roosevelt walks with Destiny. He smiles at her. And she smiles back. Let little men fear the future. That is why they're little men.

At the Listening Post

Add to this formidable weapon Mr. Roosevelt's genius for perceiving political advantage from afar and his staff's eagerness to anticipate the enemy's political stratagems, and you have the almost perfect campaigner. Such men are seldom favored by party bosses—the men who prefer to pull the strings, the puppetmasters. Which is one of the reasons why the roster of our Presidents contains so few popular heroes. A good many years ago the late, great and Honorable Joe Cannon said to his associates in the Republican National Committee: "God protect us from a candidate with convictions of his own." To which the Honorable Marcus Alonzo Hanna is alleged to have replied: "Don't be nervous, Joe; that's what we're here for."

With Mr. Farley as executive officer the Roosevelt staff can dramatize an incident into an epic. Similarly equipped, Mr. Landon might have fewer worries. Mr. Roosevelt's staff is rigidly disciplined, trained to a hair, a beautiful mechanism completely under the domination of a gifted master—Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Landon's staff is composed of hastily assembled and occasionally well-endowed ladies and gentlemen representing diverse interests and opinions. One operates under dictation. the other rather at random.

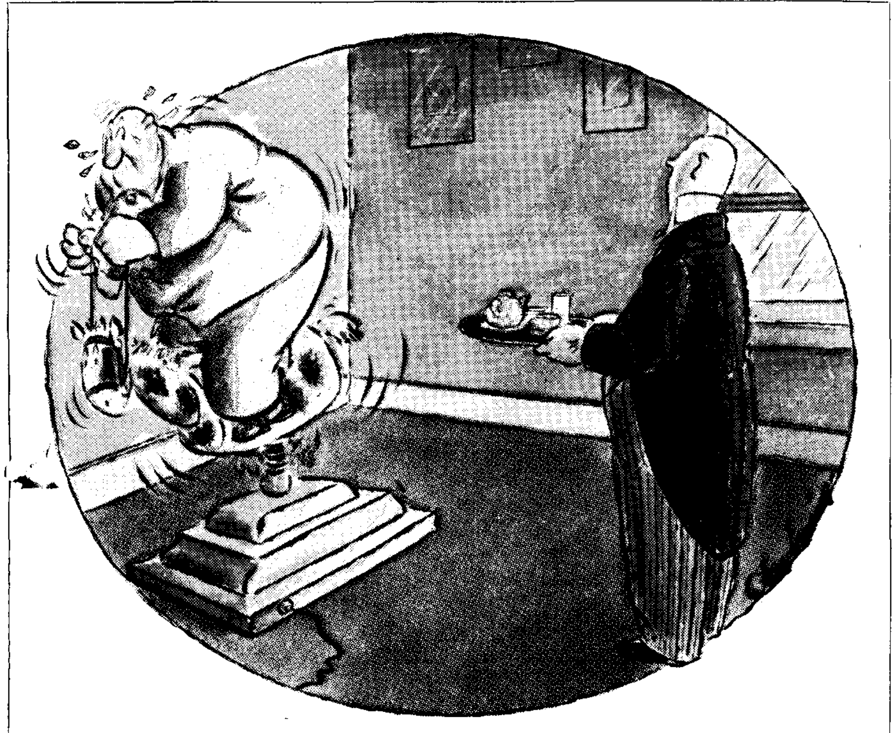
A sample of the smoothness of the Roosevelt unit is visible in the New York campaign. It is conceivable that Mr. Roosevelt could carry his home state no matter whom the Democrats nominated for governor. Yet without Governor Lehman at the head of the state ticket Mr. Landon's hope of taking New York would be enhanced. And in any campaign it is foolish to take chances.

Mr. Roosevelt knew that Mr. Lehman wanted to retire, that he had had enough of a job which offers very little of personal satisfaction. Before Mr. Lehman had announced his decision not to stand for re-election his personal friend, the President, could have prevailed upon him to sacrifice his personal wishes in the party's interests. And that would have been that—no drama, no publicity.

There was reason to believe that Tammany Hall in New York City might not come to Mr. Roosevelt's rescue with the half-million majority which it can give to Democratic candidates if it puts its heart into the job, thereby overcoming the excess of Republican votes from upstate. Mr. Farley and Tammany Hall have not been as one. And Mr. Roosevelt was having plenty of trouble dazzling the populous Brooklyn area. We shall not go into detail, of course. But without Mr. Lehman at the head of the state ticket there was that disconcerting chance that the metropolis might not give its all to the New Deal.

Wholly aside from the fact that Mr. Lehman has been an excellent governor of high personal integrity and quite popular in the Republican hinterlands, he is a Jew. And if there was any protection against possible halfheartedness in Tammany Hall it was in New York City's huge Jewish vote. This vote is regarded as Mr. Lehman's. Therefore it was desirable not only that Mr. Lehman be induced to reconsider his announcement of retirement but that his reconsideration be given national publicity. Illinois, too, has a Jewish governor standing for re-election—Governor Horner, a virile New Dealer with a tremendous rural following. And it was far from undesirable that it be common knowledge that the White House is in complete sympathy with the Jewish people, particularly now when they are firmly united in their fight against persecution by governments elsewhere. All this in spite of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's sympathy is not opportunistic. He has demonstrated his respect for the brains of Mr. Lehman's people too fre-

(Continued on page 72)



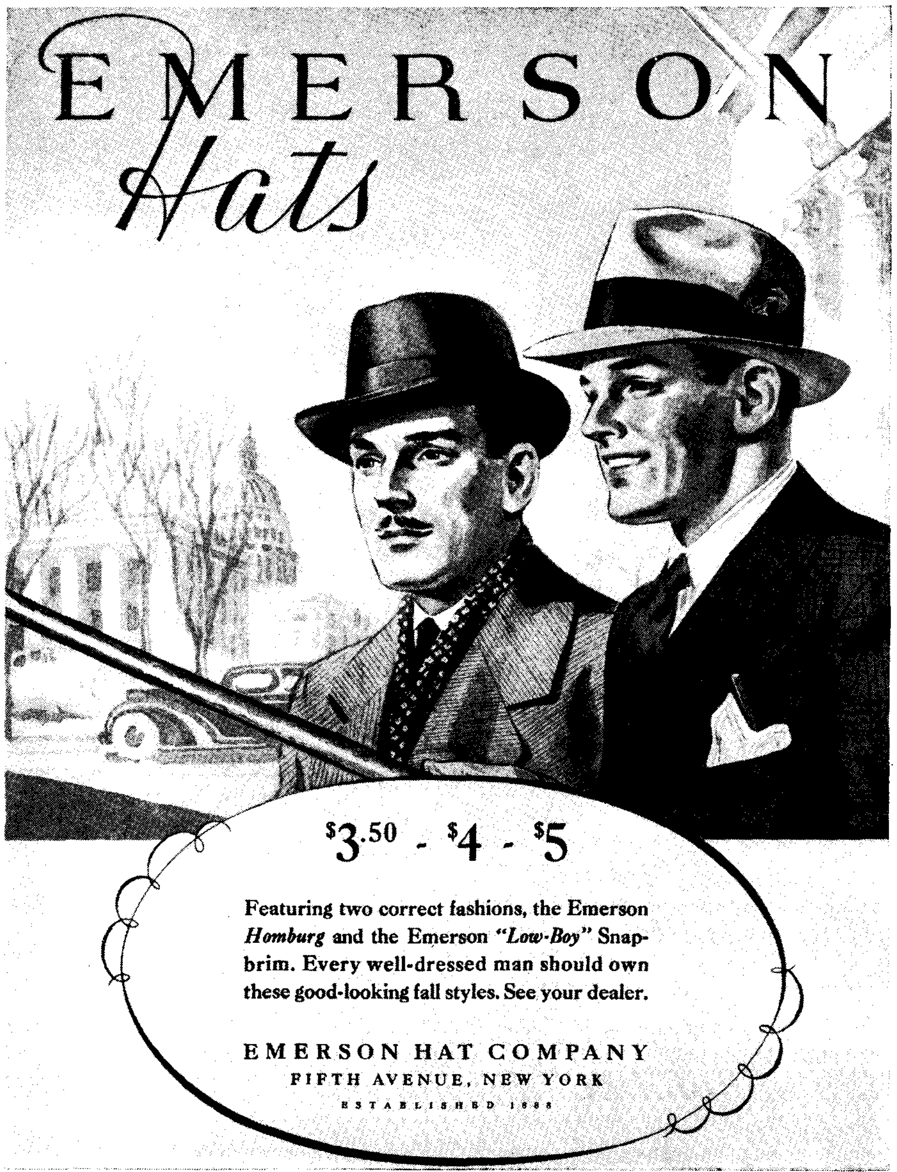
"Just set it down, Jeeves. I'll pick it up on my way back"

Walk-Over

Hang the weather!

• Rain or rough going won't dampen your style in this smart Walk-Over. Weatherproof brown Baltic, mellow and pliable. Flexible oiled sole. Comet last. Also brown sportbuck. Each $7.50. Tan Norwegian grain with Treadsmooth Insole, $10. Tab blucher, wingtip, black or brown Baltic, $7.50. Prices slightly higher West. Other Walk-Overs from $6.85.

Geo. E. Keith Company,
Campello, Brockton, Mass.

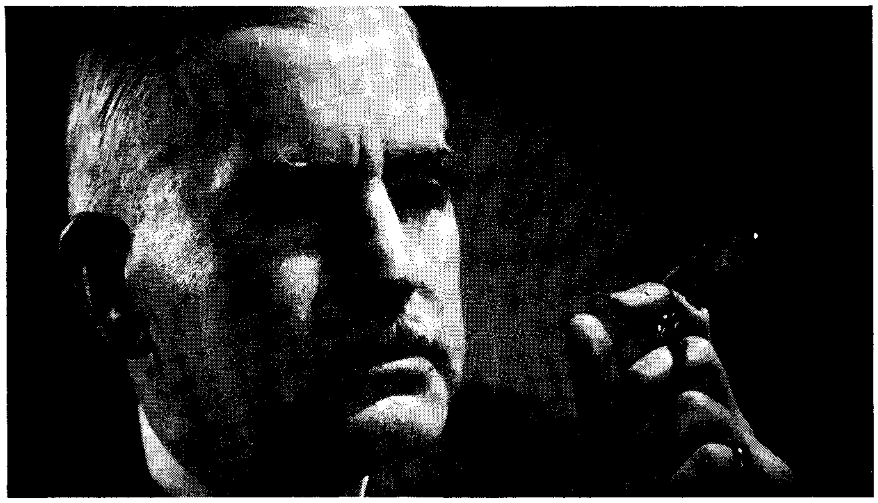

EMERSON Hats

$3.50 - $4 - $5

Featuring two correct fashions, the Emerson *Homburg* and the Emerson *"Low-Boy"* Snap-brim. Every well-dressed man should own these good-looking fall styles. See your dealer.

EMERSON HAT COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1885

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?



TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And *every* point is important to your welfare.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset the digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on each and every point the doctor looks for in a laxative.

Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families. For more than 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader. It is the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It *is* gentle. It *is* thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax does *not* work like a strong, violent purgative. Its action so closely approximates normal that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely know you have taken a laxative.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Unlike harsh, bitter purgatives, Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
K-96
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name...
Address...
City.......................................Age............
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

(Continued from page 71)

quently to permit of doubt. But to make Mr. Lehman one of the heroes of the Democratic nominating convention was sound politics, particularly in that certain groups of his opponents (of a decidedly blatherskite strain) were doing what they could to introduce anti-Semitic prejudice into the campaign.

The President's listening post in Topeka reported, correctly or otherwise, that one of the high points of Mr. Landon's acceptance speech was going to deal with Civil Service. At a later date (thus the report of the Kansas ear) Mr. Landon proposed to make quite a vote-imploring feature of Civil Service extension into the upper reaches of the post-office department. Whatever it was that Mr. Landon had in his mind to say was made wholly unnecessary by Mr. Roosevelt who, even as the crowds were foregathering in Topeka to listen to Mr. Landon accept his nomination, announced without fanfare that all first-, second-, and third-class postmasters—13,730 of them—would hereafter be appointed under the merit system and be subject to Civil Service regulations. No screaming, no dazzle, no ballyhoo—just an announcement with no follow-up. This executive order was signed by Mr. Roosevelt three days before Mr. Landon's speech. But it was not made public until the morning of Mr. Landon's notification day. One hates to regard that timing as coincidence.

Quite frankly this is not the story we had intended to write when we left Topeka. We had some sort of idea of doing this from Hyde Park, giving it a comfortable rural angle which would contrast the banks of the Hudson with the prairies, the occupant of a baronial hall in a clipped park with a Jayhawker in a homestead setting. But as we've already confessed, we might have known better. The contrast is in the machines the two men are riding—a hastily assembled wheelbarrow competing with a new and improved Diesel. And you are not called upon to jump at conclusions nor take it that victory is inevitably with the latter. If a Diesel breaks down it may have to spend days in the shops. Any handy man can patch up a wheelbarrow in a few minutes and be on his way.

Overalls versus Tweeds

And yet, if you will ramble around Democratic headquarters long enough, you can't escape the impression that perhaps the Roosevelt machine is too clever, too well lubricated. You are pretty sure to catch more than a hint of dictatorship.

In Missouri we talked to a farmer who had been induced to buy an incubator from a new firm whose device sounded almost too good to be true—and probably was. After it had destroyed a hundred chicks by roasting, the farmer returned it, complaining that it was much too efficient. "The trouble with your machine," he wrote, "is that it leaves nothing to the imagination."

But you also learn that Mr. Farley and his scampering assistants are not unaware of such danger. They will tell you quite frankly that they must win without the assistance of two powerful contributors to the 1932 victory—repeal of prohibition and Mr. Hoover's unpopularity. Moreover, they will admit that the country is not looking today for a savior as it was in 1932. It has one. The job is to convince the public that they ought to keep him on—in case of emergency.

All of which makes lovely oration material to be delivered with throbs at beautifully timed hours and skillfully selected places. And between these general raids upon the emotions, the fight is being carried on in local terms—attacks upon Wall Street in New York, upon the industrialists in Pennsylvania, upon Back Bay aristocracy in Massachusetts, upon public utilities in Illinois, upon coal barons in West Virginia and Kentucky, the open shop in Michigan and so on to no end. Thus the Republican aspirants for state and municipal office are chased over to the defensive.

All of which, stupid or otherwise, may be extremely interesting—to Mr. Farley and his ballyhoo spreaders. But still we feel somewhat cheated. We should have known better. To contrast Capitol Park in Topeka, baked to a brick by a merciless sun, and the velvet lawns of Hyde Park would be as idle. The difference between the visitors is equally wide. It is the scuffed and battered public square against the manicured manor park; the cornfield against the polo field; overalls versus tweeds; the stubble field looking toward a pampered suburb; hard-bitten conventional politics of the McKinley era opposed to liberalism in cap and gown.

You Do the Voting

Governor Landon's office is filled with politicians and industrialists of the old school all talking about "getting back to" this and that. They are more earnest than enthusiastic, more apprehensive of the future as they would have it than of the present which, they will go so far as to admit, might be worse. The President is receiving governors who are finding it expedient to carry his banner, and carefully tailored Ph.D.'s whose eyes may be overbright with inspiration and whose cheeks may be pink and white from amateur living. Even the Honorable Jim when he calls does not modify the flavor of Hyde Park. In dignity and urbanity he's a match for the matchless, although knowing Mr. Farley you detect, perhaps, a Broadway glitter in his polish. But you may be quite sure that Mr. Farley's brow is not the lurking place for theories and experiments in philosophy. Too many facts and figures. Jim furnishes the meat for the sandwiches, the cups for the tea, the nose for the lavender.

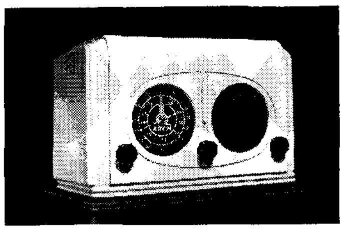
In both camps and their branches there is but one departure from the professional prophecy of sure victory. If you should carefully poll the newspaper reporters assigned to the Landon headquarters you will gather that the governor of Kansas is not going to become President of the United States. It is wholly possible, perhaps, that their conclusions are of no greater value than Mr. Hamilton's victory bawls. Summer in Topeka is neither inspiring nor conducive to blind optimism.

But make the same inquiry in the same field in Washington and you are told that Mr. Landon's chances are far, far from puny. And while we have no right to assume that it is a majority opinion, certainly we were impressed by the number of Washington correspondents who "wouldn't be surprised to see Roosevelt licked."

Not that this is hugely important nor worth carrying around as something to worry over in your spare moments. If it proves anything it is merely that it is not good for your enthusiasms to know a candidate too well or an incumbent too long.

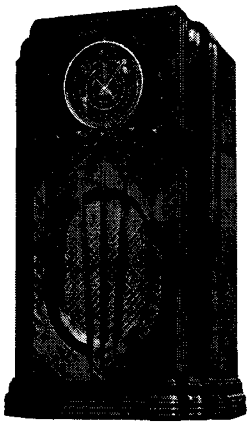
So perhaps we had better get away from headquarters—both sides—as quickly as possible. After all, all they do is the shouting. You're doing the voting. So we had better leave this and chase around the country a bit to see you. Anyway, we've told you all we saw at headquarters. All, that is, except that when we left New York Mrs. Roosevelt was having her daily press conference (with photographers) in her favorite tea shop. And as we departed from Topeka, Mrs. Landon, who would be quite happy if there were no such things as political campaigns, was having her picture taken twanging her harp.

"None of my girl friends has a radio as grand as this little Arvin, Mother."
"It's lovely, Jane, and I've asked Dad to get a big Arvin for the living room."



- The Arvin Rhythm Baby, Model 417, shown in daughter's room, is priced at only $19.95. Arvin Rhythm Belle, Model 467, above, in walnut, ivory or maple-finished cabinet of your choice, $24.95. Arvin Rhythm Queen, Model 927, at right, a 9-tube all-wave console in matched-grain walnut cabinet, $99.50. Other Arvin consoles as low as $49.95 and up to $150. Slightly higher Denver and West.

Lovely to look at . . . and lovely to hear! The smartly styled little Arvin Rhythm Baby, shown in Jane's room, is the answer to the prayers of thousands of girls and boys for personal radio service. This smallest and lowest priced Arvin will thrill anyone with its fine performance and delightful beauty. It's a perfect "personal" set to supplement the family radio in your living room—where you should have one of the splendid Arvin Rhythm Consoles or larger table models. There's an Arvin Rhythm Radio to fit every purse and purpose—and every model is a beautiful piece of furniture as well as an inspiration for increased family happiness.



GIVE YOUR YOUNGSTER A "*Personal*" *Arvin*

Treat the Family to an Arvin Downstairs, Too!

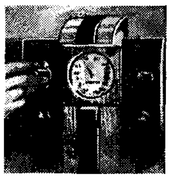
With such a variety of splendid programs on the air, everyone should have the privilege of hearing the entertainment of his choice. Father and Jack want the ball game. Mother enjoys the symphony. Sister likes to listen to her favorite dance band. And a foreign-station-fan in every family is not unusual. Obviously, no *single* radio can satisfy everyone *at the same time.*

The new 1937 Arvin Rhythm Radios were designed and built to satisfy the desires of everyone in your family—and the reasonable prices enable you to buy the two or more Arvins you need for complete radio enjoyment in your home. The little "personal" Arvins are excellent radios. The bigger Arvins bring world-wide reception to those who want it—and the way they reproduce American broadcasts is beyond description. If you live out beyond the power lines—or spend week-ends in a country cabin—there's an Arvin battery radio that will fit your needs perfectly.

The new Arvins have every modern feature known to radio science—and many exclusive Arvin developments, such as the traveling spotlight station finder on all-wave models—big reverse lighted clock-face dials—high-low-speed tuning drive controlled by one knob. See and hear the new Arvins—sold on easy terms by most dealers.

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, *Inc., Columbus, Ind.*
Also makers of Arvin Hot Water Car Heaters

ENJOY THE SAME FINE RADIO RECEPTION IN YOUR CAR, TOO

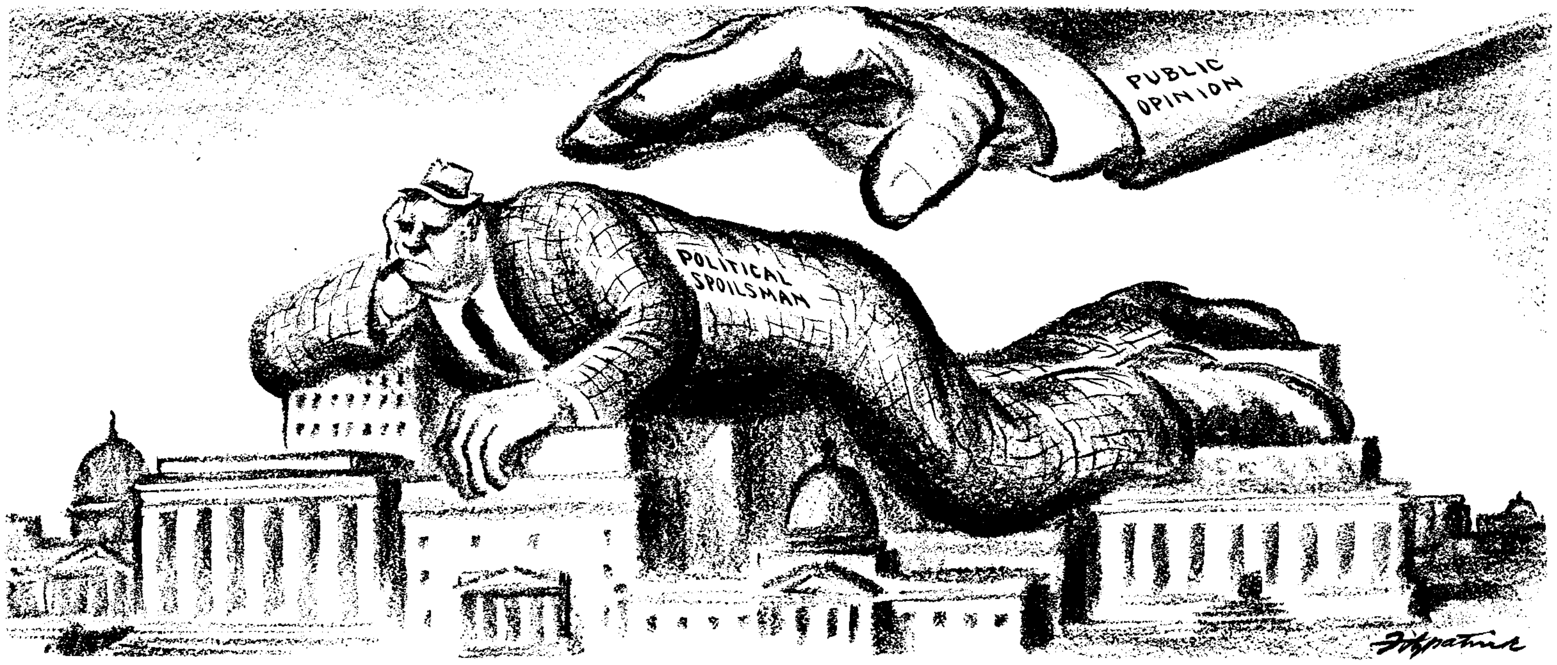


Now, in your car, you can have a radio that gives you the same high quality reception that Arvin Rhythm Radios bring to your home. Arvin *Tailor-Fit* Car Radios are distinguished by their station-getting ability and better tone. Installation to match the fittings of any car—with overhead, in-the-set, or dash type speakers—instrument panel or steering column control. Priced as low as $39.95.

ARVIN *Rhythm* RADIOS

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



No More Spoilsmen

WHOEVER is elected this November, improvement in the civil service is due. Both parties have at least given lip service. However insincere the politicians may be in their protestations of a new-found zeal for efficiency in office, unquestionably something must be done to appease an increasing public irritation.

Our national attitude toward public employees is easier to understand than to justify. We began decently enough, possibly in protest against the corruption of the English system of a hundred and fifty years ago. By 1830, however, American politicians had devised their own spoils system. This turned out to be quite as rotten as anything abroad.

Since the famous Andrew Jackson there has been little to choose between Republican and Democratic spoilsmen. The great advocates of the merit rule in public services were mugwumps at heart. Honest Republicans and honest Democrats alike have campaigned to rescue public jobs from the hands of spoilsmen.

The spoils system of selecting public employees cannot be justified by any consideration of the general interest. The only right test for any job, public or private, is fitness. No rational private employer would dream of applying another standard. No private business in a competitive field would hope to continue if any test other than competence were applied.

Political managers, however, are interested in the money to be squeezed out of jobs and not in the quality of the service performed. The spoilsman's test is the value of the applicant to the party, not his fitness. The spoilsman says that he must have public jobs for political workers or else the party organization will languish. He is willing to sacrifice the public interest to his partisan needs.

We have put up with this effrontery with surprising patience. Particularly shocking examples of the betrayal of the public interest have from time to time goaded us into action. The murder of President Garfield by a disappointed office seeker stimulated Congress into the first great wave of civil service reform more than a half century ago. Assassination, is, however, a high price for simple reform.

Until the economic emergency the merit rule was gradually extended to include most classes of federal employees. On June 30, 1934, the United States had 675,592 civilian employees. Of these 461,587 were under the merit law.

Emergency administrations have resulted in an immense increase in the number of federal employees excepted from the provisions of the Civil Service Act. The World Almanac for 1936 lists a total of 719,440 such employees. Obviously not all of these were chosen by politicians. So vast a number of public jobs exempt from civil service requirements is, however, an irresistible temptation to politicians seeking to consolidate their positions.

Both Democratic and Republican parties are committed by this summer's platform pledges to an extension of the civil service. The Democrats said: "For the protection of the Government itself and promotion of its efficiency, we pledge the immediate extension of the merit system through the classified civil service—which was first established and fostered under Democratic auspices—to all non-policy-making positions in the Federal Service.

"We shall subject to the Civil Service law all continuing positions which, because of the emergency, have been exempt from its operations."

The Republicans said: "We pledge ourselves to the merit system, virtually destroyed by New Deal spoilsmen. It should be restored, improved and extended."

Governor Landon, on the eve of his nomination, in his telegram to the convention added these words: "I believe that there should be included within the merit system every position in the administrative service below the rank of assistant secretaries, of major departments and agencies and that this inclusion should cover the Post Office."

Subsequent to the convention, President Roosevelt by executive order transferred 14,000 post-office jobs to the supervision of the Civil Service Commission. Both parties this year are, accordingly, committed to the rule.

It is high time. Eighty-one years ago Great Britain passed its great Civil Service Act which took government jobs away from political spoilsmen. During generations the British have created a civil service which for competence is unsurpassed anywhere. Government employment, consequently, attracts the most gifted young men and women.

American industry is certainly as skilled and as efficient as the industry of any nation. We should be able to create a national civil service which is the equal of any. We cannot, however, expect competent public employees when political zeal rather than fitness for the job is the means of selecting workers.

The parties have promised so much this year because the managers sense the public irritation. The whole Civil Service law should be revised and extended. All applicants should be selected on merit as indicated in competitive examinations. Promotion and even retention of employment should be made to depend on a continuing proof of useful service. One of the great historic opportunities to strengthen and improve the very structure of our government is at hand.

Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

AFRICA SPEAKS..

C. E. Jenkins writes from Rhino Camp, Africa: "When we trek through the jungle, we travel extra-light. But one thing I always take along — and that goes for most Europeans here—is a stock of your 'Canadian Club'. I've never tasted a whisky I liked half so much."

Wherever you go, "Canadian Club's" flavor has won rare favor—has gained a reputation unequalled by any other whisky distilled on the North American Continent.

Whether you prefer rye or bourbon—bonded, blended or straight—you'll find a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at clubs, bars, hotels everywhere. Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, Ontario.

HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB" CANADIAN WHISKY. 6 YEARS OLD. 90.4 PROOF

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"

"YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS to take just *one* ride," says Al McKee, shown at the controls of one of the swiftest and steepest scenic railways in the country. "I do it all day long. Yes, sir, there's a lot to that phrase, 'Camels set you right!' I've found Camels promote good digestion."

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Famous Polar Explorer. After a Meal of Bare, Rugged Arctic Fare . . . He Seeks the Comfort and Cheer of Camels!

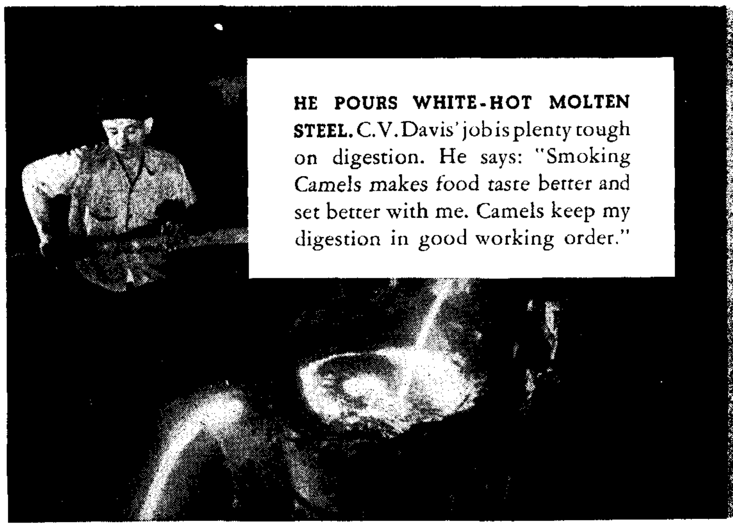
He is one of the world's most famous explorers. He has known abysmal cold and fought his way step by step through howling blizzards. He has lived on pemmican and biscuit. "Where I've gone, Camels have gone," says Sir Hubert. "An explorer needs good digestion," he continues. "In the Arctic, food is monotonous—concentrated. Smoking Camels adds gusto to my meals and brings me a great feeling of well-being afterward. Camels set me right!"

ENJOY CAMELS OFTEN . . . FOR A CHEERY "LIFT" . . . FOR A SENSE OF WELL-BEING . . . AND

"For Digestion's Sake . . . Smoke Camels!"

PEMMICAN and dry biscuit for Sir Hubert Wilkins . . . perhaps a thick, juicy steak for you. It's not alone *what* you eat. How you *digest* it counts a lot. And, day by day, explorers, famous athletes, and interesting men and women in every level of American life add new experiences, showing that smoking Camels encourages good digestion and a sense of well-being. Experience for yourself the contentment that Camels bring during and after meals. Camels help in two special ways. Tension is eased. And the flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is restored to a normal, healthy level of activity.

Join the Camel smokers! Enjoy Camel's mildness and finer flavor—Camel's energizing "lift" and aid to digestion. *Camels set you right!*



HE POURS WHITE-HOT MOLTEN STEEL. C. V. Davis' job is plenty tough on digestion. He says: "Smoking Camels makes food taste better and set better with me. Camels keep my digestion in good working order."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOME
BLEN
CIG
CE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—*TURKISH AND DOMESTIC*—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

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